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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

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GEORGE GIBBS

has just completed the greatest novel of his long career as writer and painter—the story of an American “girl like thousands” who sets for herself an exalted goal and bends every effort to achieve it. Everyone who begins this delightful novel in the next, the January, issue of this magazine will read it with mounting interest to the end. Its title is—

“FIRES OF AMBITION”

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Advantages of Private Schools for Boys

By John Wayne Richards

President of The North Central Academic Association, 1918-1919

The aim of all reputable schools, public or private, engaged in the education of our youth, is to play a large part in developing the boy into the man fitted to take his place in the affairs of life as an upright, worthy and able citizen of his country. This training may be divided into three parts as applying to mind, body and character—the last being not least but greatest. The private schools surpass the public institutions in offering greater opportunities and incentives in each of these three fields.

The good private school has a strong faculty—men who are experts through training and experience in the realm of education. They are competent to lead and instruct, and a high standard of scholarship is required. Their number is sufficient to admit of small classes and considerable individual attention. Thoroughness is a prerequisite fundamental. Thus not only is the mental field more thoroughly developed, which is of great value *per se*, but the field of character is also enlarged and improved by that same fundamental—thoroughness.

A sound mind in a sound body—an old adage and a good one. To make the trained mind effective for the game of life there must be a body of health and strength to support it. The private school with its wholesome food, thoroughly regular regime for hours of sleep, study, recreation and meals; with supervised athletics and scientific physical training for every boy does wonders in building up virile rugged bodies to enable its graduates to meet successfully the various and unexpected problems as well as the regular grind of life. Good health and physical endurance are very necessary in addition to the trained mind.

The wisdom of Solomon and the body of Samson are as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, if there be not sound character as the fundamental actuating principle. The cry of the world always in the past has been and especially today is in this country, for men of character—reliable leaders in the battle of life. In the field of character the private school finds and rises to its greatest opportunity—in this field it is superlatively effective. It does splendid work instilling into the boy during his character-forming years self-control, loyalty, good manners and courtesy, respect for womanhood, perseverance, initiative and leadership, spirit of service, democracy, patriotism and, finally, respect for law and order. With the many present regrettable tendencies in the social order, the private schools are a bulwark of safety for growing youth. They still hold fast to the "old fashioned" belief in the necessity and efficacy of hard work, moral continence, substantial honesty and honor and a faithful persistence in following right ideals.

There is ample ground for sharp disagreement with the idea sometimes advanced that a boy in a private school leads a sort of cloistered existence out of touch with life. Not at all! He is out of touch, in a great measure, with many of the dangerous and objectionable things of life in his plastic years, but is most distinctly in contact with the essential and wholesome factors of life making for growth and manhood.

John Wayne Richards



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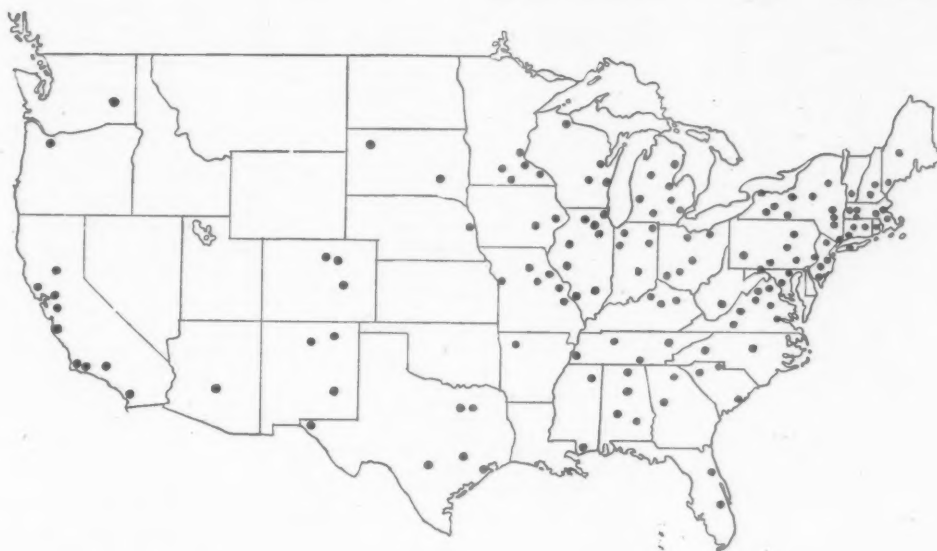
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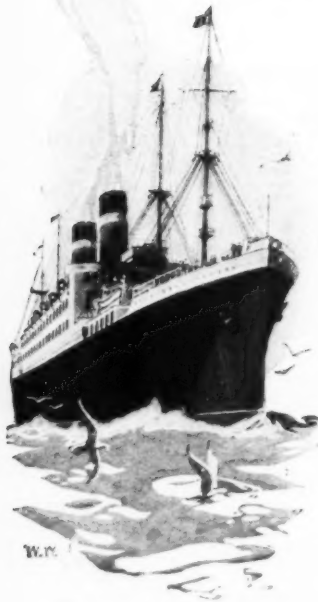
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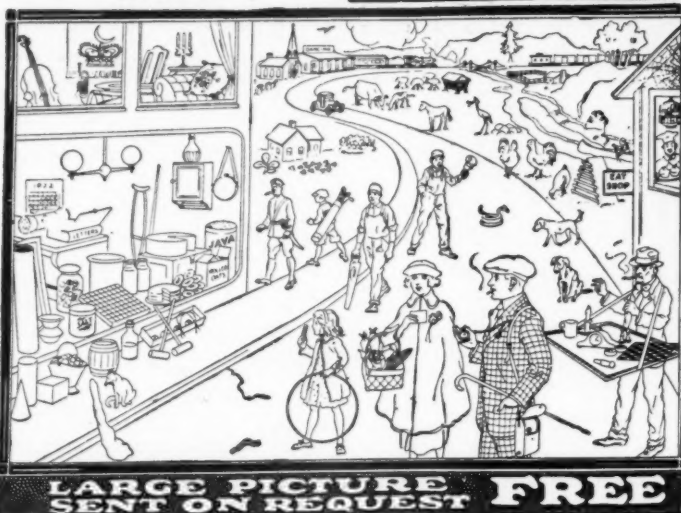
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A scientific poultry tonic, used by half a million poultry raisers with great success to increase egg production during Fall and Winter. A highly concentrated preparation. Makes rich, red blood. Helps the digestive apparatus. Sharpens the appetite and helps prepare for healthy egg production. Does not contain one particle of bran, or grit, or any filler.

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E. J. Reeper, Dept. 1799 Philadelphia, Pa.

No goods bought during this sale are subject to exchange, refund, approval or C. O. D.

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1—Any one excepting our employees and their relatives, may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.

2—All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reeper, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, February 15, 1923.

3—Contestants who have sent lists or orders before February 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes, provided orders are received through the mail, postmarked on or before February 28th.

4—Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or the plural of a word may be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or teatime will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.

5—The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "C" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "master" list.

6—For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.

7—Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.

8—You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive rotation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.

9—The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J. Reeper Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering the contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the lists winning first prize and correct list determined by the judges and the names of the prize winners will be published and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

10—An additional prize of not over \$600 for promptness, as specified above, will be awarded.

11—In case of ties for any prize offered, each trying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.

"Good-Bye - I'm Very Glad to Have Met You"

But he *isn't* glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he has just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?

HE couldn't know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister's best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the most charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy boor he must seem to be—how ill-bred they must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

What Was His Blunder?

Do you know what his blunder was? Do you know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you"?

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say, we hesitate—and blunder. Often it is very embarrassing—especially when we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Are You Sure of Yourself?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function to-day, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely sure of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make "good mixers." If you always know the right thing to do and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively

respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

Famous Book of Etiquette in Two Volumes, Sent Free for 5 Days' Examination.

You have heard of the Book of Etiquette, of course. Perhaps you have been wishing that you could see it, examine it, read one or two of the chapters. Perhaps, even, you have had a secret desire to have your very



own little problems solved for you by this famous, authoritative work.

Here is your opportunity to read, study and examine the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette absolutely without cost. For 5 days you may keep the set and examine it at our expense. Read the chapter on wedding etiquette, on the bride's trousseau, on speech, on dancing. Don't miss the chapter called "Games and Sports" and be sure to read about the origin of our social customs—why rice is thrown after the bride, why black is the color of mourning, why a tea-cup is given to the engaged girl.

You be the judge. If you are not thoroughly delighted with the Book of Etiquette, if you do not feel that a set should be in your home—in every home—just return it to us and the examination will not have cost you anything.

Surely you are not going to miss this opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette free? We know you are going to clip and mail the coupon at once.

Send No Money—Coupon Brings Books.

When the Book of Etiquette arrives, glance at the illustrations, read the introduction, read a page here and there through the books. Look up and solve the little problems that have been puzzling you. Within the 5-day free period decide whether you are going to return the books without obligation, or keep them and send us only \$3.50 in full payment. Remember this is not an order—it is merely a request for free examination.

Clip and mail this coupon at once, before it slips your memory. There is no time like NOW to do it. Get it into the mail-box today. NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., Dept. 512, Garden City, N. Y.

Free Examination Coupon

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Garden City, New York

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obligated to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full leather binding at \$5, with 5 days' examination privilege.

(Price outside U. S. \$3.50 cash with Order).



for Christmas

"HOUBIGANT, PARIS." Where is the woman who does not respond to the magic of this name upon a gift? It is not only an emblem of quality, but is also a charming compliment to the fastidiousness of her taste.

For, to-day, as in the century past, Houbigant perfumes are preferred by all those women who have accustomed choice of the world's finest things.

These perfumes are available in America, as in France, in many exquisite odeurs—*Quelques Fleurs*, *Mon Boudoir*, *Un Peu d'Ambre*, *Le Parfum Idéal*, *Le Temps des Lilas*, *La Rose France*, *Violette Houbigant*, *Parfum Inconnu*, *Jasmin Floral*, *Mes Delices*, *D'Argeville*, *Premier Mai*, *Coeur de Jeannette*, and *Quelques Violettes*. At smart shops everywhere, priced from four to twenty dollars. In a size convenient for the purse, one dollar.



Quelques Fleurs

HOUBIGANT, PARIS, Parfumeur to
Queen Marie of Roumania, 1922,
Queen Victoria of England, 1839,
Empress Eugenie of France, 1857,
Empress Josephine of France, 1805,
Marie Antoinette of France, 1790.

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Un Peu d'Ambre

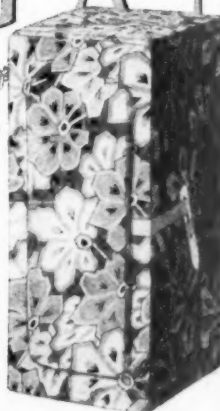
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36-Piece Set in Black Leatherette Case, Grey Velveteen Lining, with Hollow Handle Knives, \$60.25. With Solid Handle Knives, \$54.00

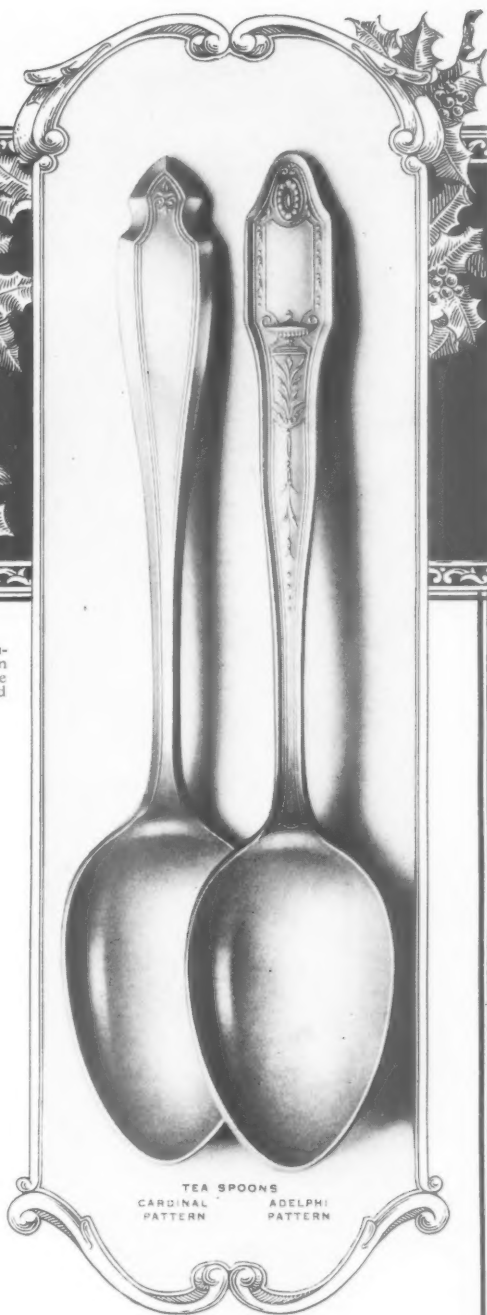
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From Generation to Generation



LENORE ULRIC

in "Kiki"

Photo © by Ira L. Hill's Studio, New York

Beautiful Women



VIRGINIA VALLI

Film Star

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VIOLET ANDERSON
in "The Rose of Stamboul"
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Beautiful Women



JANE WARRINGTON
in "The Cat and the Canary"
Photo by Campbell Studios, New York



CORLISS PALMER

Film Star

Photo by Lumiere Studio, New York



MARGIE CLAYTON

in "Sally"

Photo by Ira D. Schwarz, New York



Consider the

By THOMAS L. MASSON

THE most misunderstood people in the world are the lightest, those who are apparently care-free, who seem to be occupied only with trivialities. The big, important, solemn, epic ones, the lonesome leaders of mankind, are not really misunderstood by the majority. The people follow them silently, seeing themselves magnified in the struggles of these great ones. Even their enemies recognize their power.

BUT the butterflies! What cosmic labors have been expended upon them to make them as trivial, and generally as beautiful, as they are!

TO whom do you go when in trouble? First to those who listen, and then to those who don't. You go to those who listen, thinking, in your self-pity, that they will help you. Then you go to the others, that you may forget yourself. Make a list of all the light-minded, careless, gay, illusively irresponsible people you know, and revise your opinion of them at once. They are the ones who are carrying the world along. All the important things that you keep counting on are constantly vanishing over the waterfalls of Time. But the glint of the sunlight, the many-colored

EVERETT SAINN
1922



the Butterflies

Decoration by EVERETT SHINN

hues of the spray, the song of the water and playing breeze—these are imperishable.

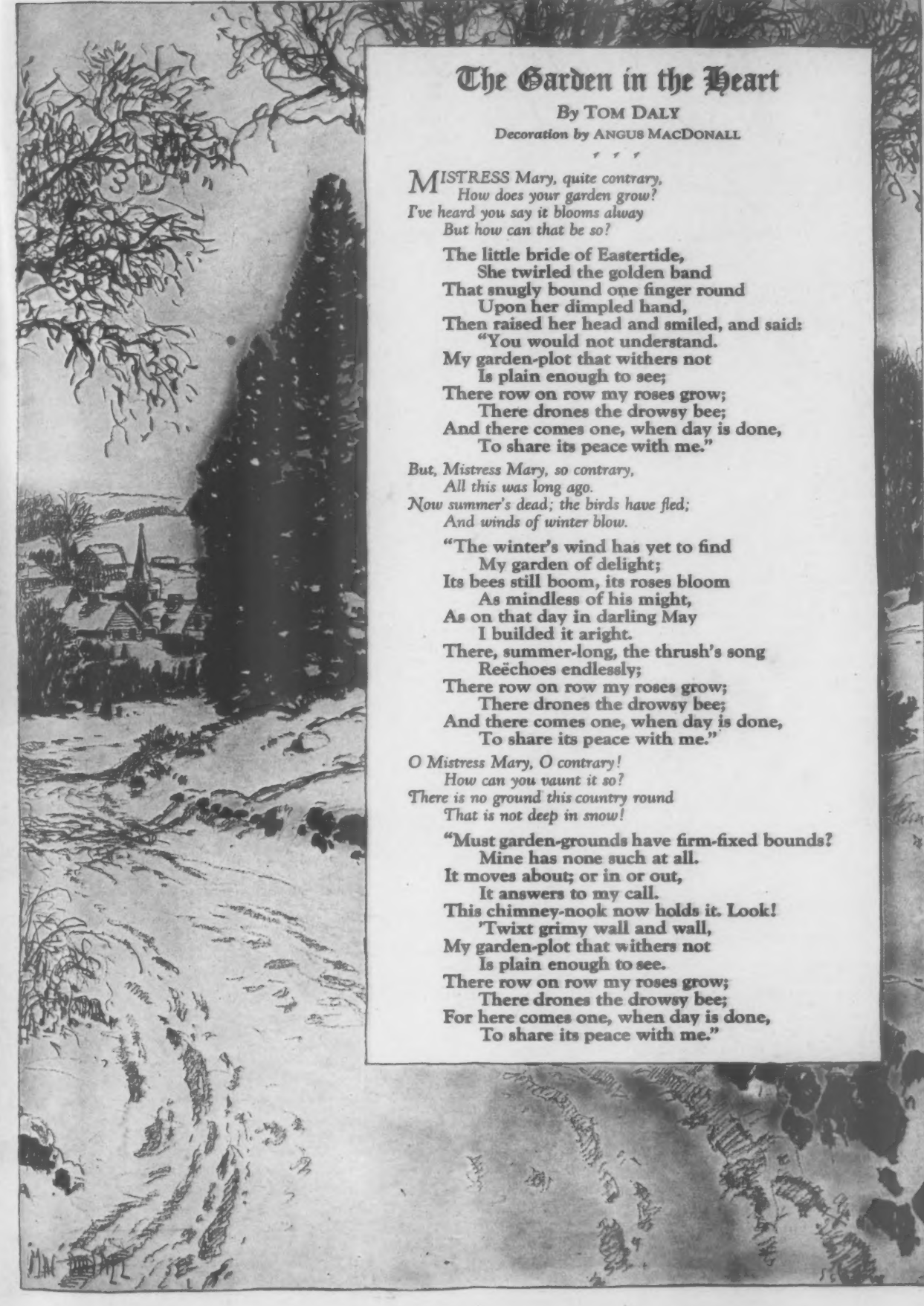
CONSIDER the flapper; she toils not, neither does she spin—how many mothers were that way once! Consider the joker—poor fellow, he has nothing but laughter for your dirge; no wonder he should bethought of small consequence! Consider them all, those butterflies of life, those who are forever going on picnics, those who are always dropping their work for play, those who toss their duties about with snatches of song. Their very greatness consists in their divine

faculty of concealing their own tragedies, of minimizing these tragedies until they pass—for all tragedies pass. And that is why they must necessarily be misunderstood. Upon the aimlessness of the butterfly depends his salvation; for he lives on faith alone.

DO not now, literal-minded as you may be, misunderstand the writer of these lines. He is not defending vice, no matter in what tinsel form it is displayed. He is only calling your attention to the much misunderstood butterflies of life, eternal messengers of beauty and power.







The Garden in the Heart

By TOM DALY

Decoration by ANGUS MACDONALL

MISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
I've heard you say it blooms alway
But how can that be so?

The little bride of Eastertide,
She twirled the golden band
That snugly bound one finger round
Upon her dimpled hand,
Then raised her head and smiled, and said:
"You would not understand.
My garden-plot that withers not
Is plain enough to see;
There row on row my roses grow;
There drones the drowsy bee;
And there comes one, when day is done,
To share its peace with me."

But, Mistress Mary, so contrary,
All this was long ago.
Now summer's dead; the birds have fled;
And winds of winter blow.

"The winter's wind has yet to find
My garden of delight;
Its bees still boom, its roses bloom
As mindless of his might,
As on that day in darling May
I builded it aright.
There, summer-long, the thrush's song
Reëchoes endlessly;
There row on row my roses grow;
There drones the drowsy bee;
And there comes one, when day is done,
To share its peace with me."

O Mistress Mary, O contrary!
How can you vaunt it so?
There is no ground this country round
That is not deep in snow!

"Must garden-grounds have firm-fixed bounds?
Mine has none such at all.
It moves about; or in or out,
It answers to my call.
This chimney-nook now holds it. Look!
"Twixt grimy wall and wall,
My garden-plot that withers not
Is plain enough to see.
There row on row my roses grow;
There drones the drowsy bee;
For here comes one, when day is done,
To share its peace with me."

Your hair can be improved by one of these tested treatments

Different types of hair need different treatment. There is a special treatment that will bring back beauty to yours. Are you using the RIGHT treatment?



HAIR that is oily, dry, brittle, dull and without lustre, full of dandruff, or thin and falling—one of these may be your misfortune.

But now it is known that practically all hair troubles come from one source—that oil in the scalp called Sebum.

And now that the cause is known, its ill effects can be removed. There is a special treatment for your type of hair that should make it respond almost at once.

Your general health, of course, affects your hair, but it is now known that most of all hair troubles come from a local scalp disorder.

For many people in good, general health, suffer unattractive hair. Your scalp is a separate organism and must be treated separately.

Sebum—that oil in your scalp which is the cause of most hair troubles—is the oil that nature uses to give your hair its silky gloss and life.

So, when your hair is healthy it is the boon of your hair and Nature's beautifier. But like other skin secretions, it is often in excess. Then your hair gets oily and dandruff and scales may follow. This is the danger signal. For Sebum, once exposed, decomposes quickly. If neglected, it becomes the chief source of harm to your hair. It forms fatty acids which, held in contact with the scalp, inflame it and in most cases if allowed to continue, burn away the

tissue, and kill the hair root.

Scales and dandruff choke the hair follicles. This, with lack of stimulation, suppresses the oil. Then comes dry hair that is brittle and dead looking.

The first step, of course, is the same as in any skin disorder. Remove this surplus and purge the pores. But you must dissolve the Sebum—remove it. Not with ordinary soaps—they are often too harsh—but with scientific tested methods.

Our chemists have evolved in

Palmolive Shampoo the best way that is yet known to do this. This is the first essential. Combat this Sebum oil regularly, scientifically. Don't rely on guess-work or untested treatments. Your hair means too much to you.

The next step is to bring out the natural lights and lustre in your hair. To give it a softness that makes it feel like silk when you touch it.

Dandruff?



To do this our chemists have mixed with this shampoo a matchless blend of Palm and Olive Oil. Nothing throughout the ages has ever compared with these, as Nature's aid in bringing out the glories of your hair. And in fitting the scalp to maintain healthy hair roots.

To bring back youth and beauty to your hair more rapidly, we have gone still further. We have prepared

You Need This Book

This book explains the scientific treatment each different type of hair needs to restore it to health and beauty. It was prepared under the supervision of leading scalp specialists and is approved by them. Your copy, sent free, is waiting for you. Mail the coupon.



Falling?

a book of tested treatments, approved by leading authorities. It will tell you exactly what else to do for any wrong condition of your hair. It will tell you exactly what to do for dandruff, dry or oily hair, or thin or falling hair.

So, if you have been using hit or miss methods, for your own sake, stop them at once. Select and use that one treatment for your type of hair,

Oily?

which will restore the crowning glory that nature intended you to have.

We make it easy for you to start.

Just fill in the coupon, mail it to us and we will send you this book, clearly indexed, together with a sample treatment of Palmolive Shampoo free.

For whether your hair is dry or oily, afflicted with dandruff or falling out, scientific shampooing is first aid to correct the trouble. This palm and olive oil blend puts your scalp and hair in the proper condition to benefit by the needed scalp treatment. Mail coupon today to Dept. B-359.

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Please send me, gratis, your book, "How to Take Care of the Hair" and a trial treatment of your Palmolive Shampoo.

Name

Address

The Magazine of a Remade World

He Wanted to Clean Up

A Common-sense Editorial by

BRUCE BARTON

THE other night as I was taking my usual walk I noticed a man who seemed to be wandering aimlessly about the streets.

He did not recognize me, but I recognized him. I met him several years ago when he was in his glory.

He came to New York from a country town with a fixed determination to get rich. For some years things went remarkably well with him. He formed a fortunate partnership, became the president of a successful enterprise, had his own home and motor-car, and the other things that go with a generous income.

But the eagerness for money would not give him a moment's peace. He saw that the enterprise in which he was engaged offered the possibilities of very much larger profits; he began to figure how much faster he could grow rich if the profits came to him alone instead of being divided with his partner.

One day he forced his partner to sell out at an unfair price. Power was in his hands at last; he confided to his friends that he intended to make a "clean-up" and retire.

Well, he had part of his wish, at least. He is retired; rather, he is engaged in a business so small that no one hears of him any more. The big, successful enterprise blew up; he strained it too hard, and it broke.

There is a curious thing about money,

as a very shrewd observer of human affairs recently remarked:

"Did you ever notice that the man who starts out with the deliberate intention of making a lot of money seldom makes very much?" he asked. "Great fortunes do not come that way. But let a man render a real service, make something better and sell it cheaper than it has ever been made and sold before, and he can forget about the money. It will take care of itself."

To be sure, the business world is full of men who fight and scratch and gnaw their way to fair-sized fortunes. But the men *at the top* are almost always of a different stamp. Most of them would subscribe to this sentiment from George Bernard Shaw:

"This is the true joy in life," writes Shaw, "the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy."

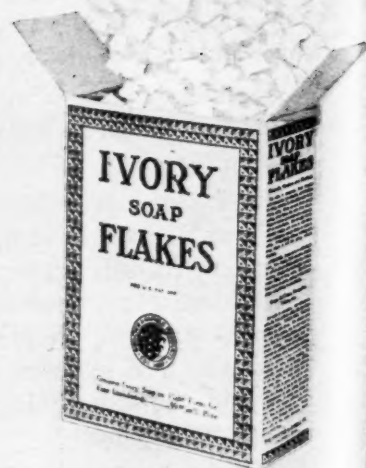
The man who regards that sentiment as only a bit of fine writing, wholly impractical and visionary, *may* realize quite a substantial sum as a result of his efforts. But he runs a very good chance of ending like my friend who wanders aimlessly about the streets—"cleaned out" by his feverish desire to "clean up."



This dress answers the question:

Will CRÊPE METEOR wash?

Many women think not! Yet this beautiful dark blue dress of crêpe meteor, paneled with heavy silk and gold-thread embroidery, first daringly washed as an experiment, has since been washed successfully four more times with Ivory Flakes. This dress and the owner's letter are on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.



Crêpe Meteor will wash- but first consider this test for washing safety

FREE—this package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 28-LF Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



It is not always easy to tell whether or not a soap is perfectly safe for laundering the very finest garments you own.

How many women have built up confidence in a soap while using it for the hardier of their dainty garments! Then comes the day for washing a costly, delicate-hued silk blouse, or dress. What a sinking of the heart when the garment comes out—only a little faded, perhaps; only a little streaked—but really ruined.

Is there no way to avoid such disasters?

Yes. There is a soap-test, as simple, yet as conclusive, as choosing between black and white. Here it is:

Would you be willing to apply the soap to your face?

Apply this thought to the soap, whatever its form, which you are planning to use for your finest silks. If that soap is Ivory Flakes, your confidence in it will be redoubled.

For Ivory Flakes is simply the flaked form of Ivory Soap, and Ivory Soap has been the gentle friend of women's complexions for 43 years.

You may use Ivory Flakes economically for ordinary laundry work, of course; but it has a reassuring margin of safety for the most precious things you possess.

Pure, mild, safe—thin as a butterfly's wing—Ivory Flakes comes from its dainty blue-and-white box ready for instant suds and the luxury of wash-bowl laundering without worry or fear.

May we send you a small package of Ivory Flakes with our compliments and a useful booklet of washing and ironing suggestions? You will find the proper address in the lower left-hand corner.

The full-size package of Ivory Flakes is for sale by grocery and department stores.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1922. VOL. XL, NUMBER 2

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*



The ruling passions of three strange and strong-willed lives bring about a curious conflict that will interest you deeply in this exceptionally impressive story by the distinguished author of "Babel," "The East Wind" and many other unusual works—

"I thought that might be it," she said, "when I saw you hiding. You're going to rob him."

The Mainspring

HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

A KIND of courage came to Stephen Hobart as he reached the edge of the woods and caught his first sight of the house at the foot of the hill. He felt, distinctly, a change in himself, as if the nearness of Nathan Hobart's house had recreated him. His lips and hands tightened, and he drew his lungs full of air suddenly stimulating. His doubts died abruptly, and the fears which had ridden him along the way dropped from his shoulders. He was bold enough, now, to strike across the open pasture, straight toward the house, to face Nathan Hobart on his doorstep, grapple with him and take by force what he had come to steal. The bottle of chloroform, wrapped in surgical gauze in his inner pocket, seemed a needless precaution.

He stood behind the high snake fence, deliberately enjoying the consciousness of this new spirit in himself. It was pleasant to discover that he was not afraid any more, that he no longer vacillated between conflicting desire and doubt. He even laughed softly at the thought of tonight—the thought which had alternately checked and spurred his feet over the day's march from the Junction. He hated Nathan Hobart too much to fear him, and the sight of the solid homestead at the foot of the hill somehow brought this hatred to a new heat which warmed him, in his thin, torn clothes, like a friendly fire.

He glanced at the sun, dipping toward the farther hill, and estimated the time accurately, by old habit. It would be dark

in another two hours. In two more, Nathan would have gone to bed. In another, at the most, it would be easy and safe to climb the apple-tree beside the kitchen door, drop to the low roof of the ell and so reach the window of his own room—the window with the broken catch which had let him come and go so often in the old days when he had walked in fear of Nathan's anger.

Five hours to wait! He remembered suddenly that he had not eaten since morning, and barely eaten then. The thin blue smoke above the kitchen chimney brought a tormenting edge to his hunger; supper would be ready pretty soon, down there—corned beef and eggs and crusty bread—apple-sauce and gingerbread, perhaps, to wind up with. He thought of Nathan Hobart eating alone, in that slow, grave habit of his, relishing his food the more by keeping a stiff rein on his appetite. And Stephen's hatred flamed again, as hunger fed it. He could help himself to food, too, when he had taken the money. He could risk a few minutes in the big pantry—he wondered if it still smelled of cookies—before he left. But five hours—

The need of food dom-

pleasure in the taste. And between the rails he could watch the smoke of the house and promise himself a filling meal before he left it, tonight.

His thoughts came back to the heart of his errand, the money he would find in Nathan Hobart's "secretary." He had timed it right, he told himself. Nathan would have collected some of his loans, at least, by now. The flatlands between the hills were bare; Stephen could see the gold of tall strawstacks lifting above distant barns; only the corn still stood in the

inated even his new-wakened hate. He glanced about him and saw a hickory tree, the leaves already turned. He filled his hat with nuts, remembering the autumn days when he had carried home a grain-sack from these woods, the evenings when he and Nathan Hobart had shucked the nuts before the fire, the unused room upstairs where he would spread them to dry out, and where, sometimes, the mice would roll them noisily about at night. He scowled now as he came back to the fence-corner to crack them between hard-heads. He had hated Nathan Hobart even then—hated his stiff-necked dignity, his relentless discipline, his austere piety. He could not remember a time when he had not hated his uncle, when he had not looked forward thirstily to growing up and getting away.

He bruised his fingers between the clumsy stones, mashed the shells flat, so that fragments grated on his teeth as he ate the crumbed kernels—too green to satisfy even the first sharpness of his hunger. But he kept on, as much to kill the time as for any

shocks. Nathan Hobart would be sure to have taken his repayments from the first crops harvested, and there would be a sum worth stealing in the locked drawer of the desk in the bedroom.

It would be easy to manage it, too, unless Nathan had got him a new dog in place of the collie who knew Stephen as well as his owner; that was the only risk he ran, and he could almost discount it. Shep had been three years old when he left—three years ago. Barring accidents, he would be alive, a young dog

"Stephen, this passes bounds. Brawling, on market-day! You came here for money; well, I will pay, if you'll go."



still. He could quiet Shep easily enough; the old whistle would bring the dog bounding toward him as if he had left yesterday. Collies didn't forget. And once inside the house, it would all be simple. Nathan Hobart slept with his door unlocked. A little chloroform on the gauze—a bit of a struggle, perhaps, before it worked—and then plenty of time to break open the desk and help himself.

He was a fool not to have thought of it before. He ought to have done it before he left. If he'd taken a little money away with him, things would have been different; he wouldn't have had to take the first job that offered. He could have found something worth while, something that paid a decent wage. He glanced at his hands, bleached and soft, and his anger lifted in him at the memory of what had whitened them; the flat, foul air of the jail suddenly assailed his nostrils. If

Well, tonight would settle that debt, anyway. He grinned at the prospect, but it was not the money that tempted him now. He hugged the thought of his uncle's wrath as something far more precious than a confused vision of pleasures bought with stolen coin. The money had led him here, but once his eyes rested on the house where Nathan Hobart dwelt, he ceased to hunger for it and wanted only to strike at the man he hated. It would have given him the same savage thrill of pleasure to set fire to the bills under Nathan Hobart's eyes.

A step sounded behind him; the slight noise magnified to a thunder in his ears as he sprang up and whirled, his fists clenched, his lips drawing clear of his teeth, sure that he would face Nathan Hobart himself, and hot with an impulse to kill.

His arms lowered as he met the level glance and recognized the face for Retta Duncan's. His hatred dulled to the old careless contempt bred in him for this girl and all her blood. In the first clash of eyes he regained a measure of Nathan Hobart's own stubborn pride of family, slipped back into his hereditary attitude toward the Duncans. Retta had grown taller, in the three years, but that was all the change in her, he thought—the same thin-lipped, sullen mouth, the same hard, straight eyes that had always seemed to be watching him as a cat watches a dog—hostility and distrust and a shade of scorn in them.

"Hello, Stevie!" Her voice still held the harsh quality he remembered. Once, over some petty disagreement at the schoolhouse, he had felt it bite. He realized, now, that those direct eyes,

seeing him in his stained and battered clothes, read their meaning truly. He felt that she was glad to see him thus brought down and humbled. And his wits awoke to the extent of his misfortune in this chance meeting.



he'd taken money with him, he wouldn't have botched things that way. He'd be a success, now, instead of a tramp, with the jail-bleach showing where his summer had been spent.

The idea quickened his hatred afresh. He had a right to whatever he might get, tonight. He'd had a right to it when he asked for it, three years back. The interview came to him distinctly—his uncle's grim headshake of refusal, his own sullen protests. Twenty-one, free to go if he chose, but compelled to go barehanded, if he went, after twelve years of labor on Nathan Hobart's farm! Board and clothes and schooling for his only wage! He ought to have helped himself then, instead of taking it tamely, going out into the world with nothing to show for all those years.

Retta Duncan would know that he had come back to the Glen, and when the news of the robbery spread, she would know whose work it was—know and tell, gladly. He did not blame her; he would have welcomed such a means of striking back at Nathan Hobart, in her place. The old man would suffer from the disgrace on his name even more keenly than from the loss of his money, and this girl was shrewd enough to know it. The thought of it comforted him suddenly. So much the better! Let her guess and tell; by the time she talked, he would be out of reach, lost in the city where nobody would ever find him. It only added to the force of his blow at Nathan Hobart if the Glen should know that he had struck it. He chuckled.

"Scared me, Retta, sneaking up that way."

She nodded. "Saw you jump." Her glance left his, and rested briefly on the litter of shucks and shells at his feet. "Cracking nuts, were you? I couldn't guess what that noise was." She looked up again. "They're no good yet—too early—"

"Not much." He hesitated, divided between the remnant of his old pride and an impulse to shame his uncle in her sight. "But they're better than nothing. And that's what I been living on today. Got kind of hungry, walking over from the Junction."

"Bad as that?" He felt a change in her voice. She spoke almost eagerly.

"Just about. Guess it from my looks, wouldn't you?"

She studied him silently.

"Why'd you come back?" She jerked her head in a sidewise gesture toward the house. "Think he'll help you?"

He yielded to a sharp, urging impulse. "Not if he knows it." He grinned. "But maybe he'll help me without finding it out till he can't help himself."

Again she watched him in silence. Then she nodded and said: "I thought that might be the way of it, when I saw you hiding in a fence-corner like that. You're going to rob him, when it's dark enough."

He grinned at the faint hint of shock in her voice. At school he had never earned a name for daring; it pleased him to have her see, now, that he wasn't afraid of something more dangerous than a tall tree or a risky dive from the milldam.

"You must need money pretty bad," she said slowly.

He shook his head, realizing suddenly that the money was the lesser motive. If there had been nothing else to tempt him, he would have gone back as he had come. He had almost forgotten his vague dreams of spending lightly, of lazy days and sated appetites as the fruit of this raid. It was Nathan Hobart's rage that drew him on, Nathan's anger at the loss of money and his shame at the disgrace of—but he wouldn't know who had robbed him, after all, unless Retta Duncan told. The old hatred took him by the throat. He forgot the fear of pursuit and arrest and punishment.

"Say, Retta—you make sure he knows I did it, will you? Tell folks you saw me hiding up here, so he'll be bound to guess it was me—"

She shook her head decisively. "I won't give you away, Stevie—"

"But I want you to! I'm only doing it so as to hit back at him. There's easier ways of getting money—and safer. I'm doing this to get square with him; and you know how he'll hate it—having folks talk the way they will! I want you to tell—"

"But—but they'd catch you—put you in prison!" He could see her eyes widen, feel the reluctant respect in her voice. She thought he was afraid, did she? He laughed.

"I'm not afraid of that. I don't care if they do—much. Every day I spent in the pen! I'd think of how he'd hate it—you know how he would! A Hobart in prison! Why, he'd—"

HER face darkened. He guessed that she was thinking of Nathan Hobart's stiff contempt, never concealed or withheld from the shiftless neighbors whose unkempt farm marched with his own. She hated the old man too—with cause.

"You better come down and have supper with us," she suggested. "You must be about starved."

Refusal came to his lips instinctively. He had been bred in disgust for the Duncans, and the old feeling woke at the thought of sitting at their table. But she went on quickly, as if to forestall his denial.

"If nobody else sees you, he might not believe it was you. He might say I made it up."

There was force in this, he saw. And he was hungry—so hungry that the thought of food shook him.

"All right. Much obliged."

"I got to find the cow, first. She broke through the fence, back yonder."

He grinned. The Duncan half of the line-fence had been at the root of many bitter quarrels; Nathan Hobart did not pasture cattle in his own wood-lot, so that the young trees might spring up where the dead wood had been cut down, each winter. He believed that the Duncans deliberately let their share of the fence go unattended so that their cows could break through and find fresh pasture on his side of the line. Stephen remembered more than one ugly trial in the office of the justice of the peace at Glenville, over this same dispute.

"Still pestering him with that fence, eh? He sued you lately over it?"

She shrugged. "Guess he's got tired of paying law bills. Never proved any damage. There she is now—you head her back, and I'll get her through the break."

He stumbled through the rustling undergrowth toward a lean, rangy cow of mixed breed—the same sort of stock the Duncans had always kept, he thought as he ran—no good either for milk or beef. He drove the animal back skillfully enough, checking abortive attempts at sidelong escapes. The girl had thrown down a panel of the fence by the time he reached her, and the cow, suddenly resigned, it appeared, walked deliberately through the gap. He replaced the rails behind her, with Retta helping, and they followed the beast down the slant along a narrow path.

THE Duncan place revealed the same slipshod condition he remembered. The wide gate of the barnyard was unhinged and must be lifted shut; the pin was gone from the post, and a loop of rusted wire served as lock in place of it. The old barn was more dejected than ever—discolored hay protruding through gaps in its sides, the shingles of the roof rotted and broken, the door leaning against the wall. He felt something of his hereditary contempt for such farming; no wonder Nathan Hobart looked down on them. Too shiftless to nail a plank back in place, or fix a broken hinge!

"I'll milk for you," he volunteered, as Retta closed the stanchion on the cow's lean neck and took up a pail. "Guess I haven't forgot how, yet."

"All right. I'll be up at the house." She turned abruptly. He set himself to the old detested task, pleased that the trick of it came back to him, his mood soothed by the spurting music of the jets, so that he sang softly to their tempo, his head against the beast's flank, the grind of her jaws like a low-pitched accompaniment to the tune.

He grinned again at the level in his pail when he had stripped her; Nathan Hobart would have given a robber-cow like this to the butcher, free, rather than carry her through a single season. He carried the milk to the kitchen door and noticed that the house was shabbier than ever. The front chimney had begun to shed its upper bricks; paper had been tacked to the window-sash where a pane was missing. He saw the place through Nathan Hobart's eyes and grinned contemptuously. Shiftless and godless, Nathan called them, as if the two offenses were almost equal.

The idea came to him that his having broken bread under this sagging roof would annoy his uncle almost as sorely as the graver deed he contemplated. A Hobart, coming back to the Glen to associate with the Duncans, a Hobart indebted to them for petty charity! He bared his teeth. If only Nathan would drive past while he was here!

He helped Retta with supper, thinking of the big, clean kitchen at the other house, of the meal to which old Nathan and his housekeeper would sit down, presently. He could foresee that his own would be different—bread and tea and fried potatoes seemed to constitute it. The Duncans lived as shiftlessly as they farmed, evidently.

"You'd get more, up at the other house," said Retta suddenly. "I'd cook some eggs, only—" She stopped, and he thought her color deepened a little. He guessed the unspoken words, easily enough. She kept the eggs for trading, at the store. They were her one sure source of ready cash, too precious to be eaten.

"This'll suit me fine," he said good-naturedly. "You saw what I was going to eat, didn't you?"

She did not answer. He heard steps in the woodshed and grew suddenly self-conscious. Old Duncan mightn't want him here, might blame him for Nathan's persistent enmity. He waited for the old man to speak first, observing his shabby clothes, the bristling gray stubble obscuring his jaws. But Duncan seemed glad to see him.

"Well, Steve—what you doin' in these parts? Home for a spell?"

"Just going through," said Stephen uneasily. "Retta said I could get some supper—"

"That's right, I guess." The old man stood his gun in a corner and hung a battered hat above it. "Thought I'd mebbe get a rabbit, but they're skurse, this year. Game's about gone, round here."

He drew a bucket of water and washed briskly. The three sat at the oilclothed table, Retta within reach of the stove. Stephen Hobart ate savagely, his head down, half ashamed of his hunger. The old man talked disconnectedly, chiefly about the disappearance of fish and game. Even the squirrels were almost gone, he said; and he could remember when there were deer and bear in these hills, and the wheat-stubble was a sure sign of quail.

By Hugh MacNair Kahler



"I guess people have to have mainsprings, same as clocks. Dad hasn't got any."

"Gettin' so the only way a man c'n git meat is to raise it," he grumbled. "Wish't I'd had the spunk to git out and go West. Too late, now."

Stephen listened absently, a little impatient of the complaint. It was better to raise meat than to hunt it; pork and veal and beef were easier to get and better to eat than any game.

"You could raise all you want without much trouble," he said. "You got pasture enough for a few steers, and you could fat up four-five hogs, I guess—"

The old man scowled. "That's what Retta says," he complained. "But I aint a butcher. If I raise a critter, I get so's I hate to kill it. Game's different. Some fun gettin' your meat in the woods, with a gun."

Stephen Hobart bent his head to hide his grin. No wonder the Duncan farm didn't pay, with this man running it! He glanced at the girl, curious to see whether she was amused, too, at the quaint idea. But her face puzzled him. He could not understand the look he saw there. He emptied his plate and pushed back

his chair, his fingers seeking his pocket for tobacco. They came away empty. He hadn't smoked since morning, and he watched the old man fumbling with his pipe and pouch so intently that the girl silently passed the cotton sack across the table to him. He found a bit of rice-paper in his pocket and rolled a cigarette.

Old Duncan smoked placidly, while Retta cleared the table. His eyes inspected Stephen with a frank question, his lips faintly quizzical.

"Been up to see Nathan yet?"

He wagged his head in the direction of the other house. The name woke Stephen's half-drowsing hatred. He had almost forgotten what he was here to do.

"No. Guess I'll go up pretty soon."

"Figger to stay awhile, do you? Goin' to patch it up with him?"

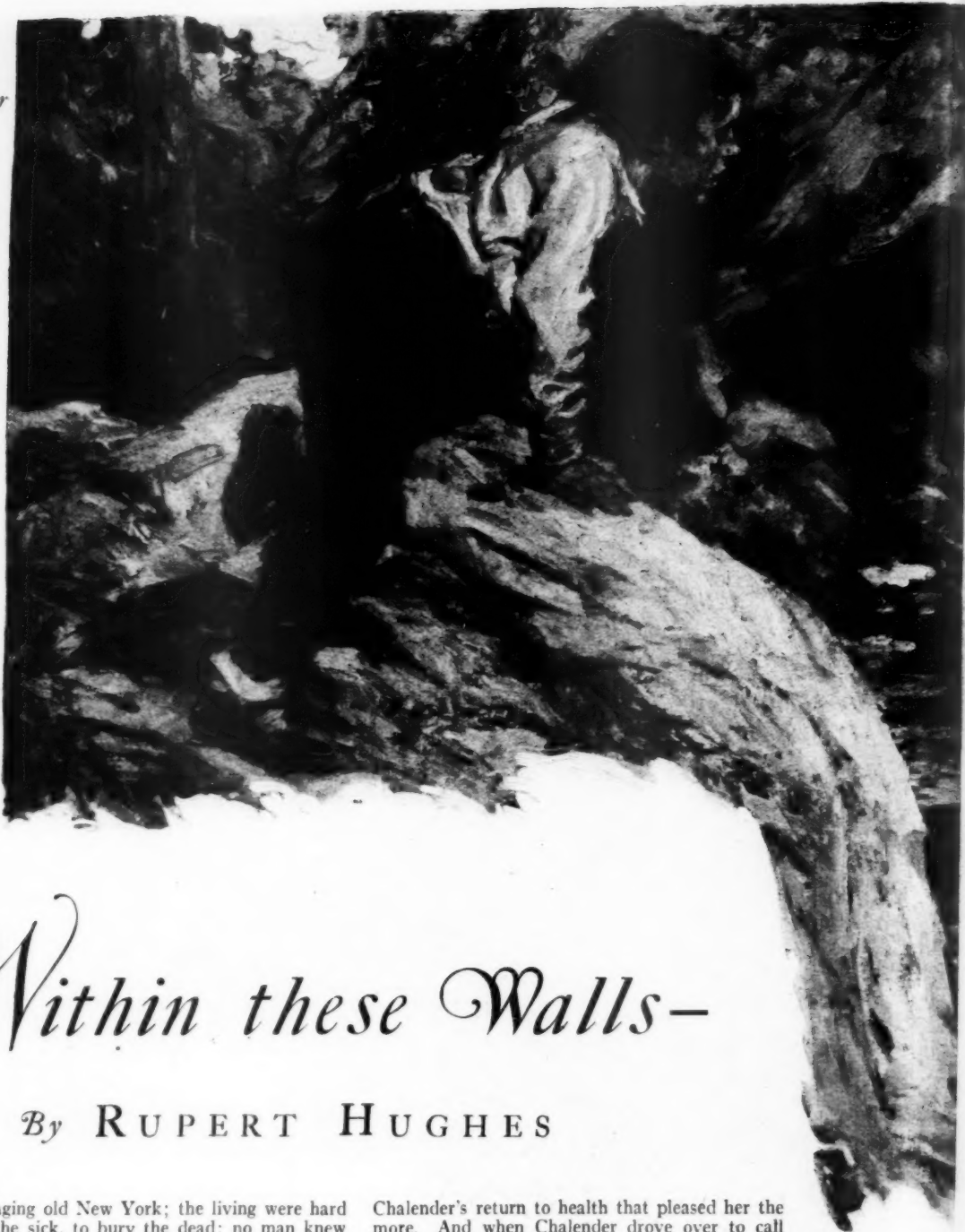
Stephen shrugged. The old man nodded deliberately.

"Better not leave him know you had supper here. He'd take it kinda hard, I guess."

(Continued on page 118)

Illustrated by
Arthur I. Keller

Never has even one of Mr. Hughes' works evoked such widespread and enthusiastic discussion as this wholly admirable novel. Don't miss it—if you have been so unfortunate as to overlook the initial installments, the synopsis below will enable you to pick up the thread of this great story without difficulty.



Within these Walls—

By RUPERT HUGHES

The Story So Far:

THE plague was ravaging old New York; the living were hard beset to care for the sick, to bury the dead; no man knew if he himself might not be the next one smitten; and soon panic followed the pestilence.

Patty Jessamine was one of those whom terror drove to rash decision. Among her suitors were the handsome, dashing young engineer Harry Chalender and the steadfast young lawyer David RoBards. When the disease had in succession killed an uncle, a cousin and her brother, then struck down her father and Chalender, her courage failed her and she fled to RoBards, crying: "Marry me, Mr. RoBards! And take me away before I die!"

"God knows how gladly!" RoBards responded. And rejoicing even in this fashion to have won her from Chalender, he arranged a hasty wedding and drove off with her to his birthplace, Tulip-tree Farm, up in Westchester, beyond White Plains.

There they remained while the plague ran its dreadful course; and presently they learned that both Patty's father and Chalender had won their duels with Death. Patty expressed her great joy at her father's recovery, but somehow RoBards felt that it was

Chalender's return to health that pleased her the more. And when Chalender drove over to call from his home near Sing Sing, whither he had gone to recuperate, RoBards was sick with jealousy.

Chalender pretended a professional reason for this and other calls. The plague, he averred, was caused by lack of adequate water-supply in New York, and there was great agitation for a project to bring the pure water of either the Bronx, the Passaic or the Croton to the city. He was examining the availability of these streams. When he decided against the Bronx, RoBards was well pleased; but when he announced that he should bid on the contract for the construction of the Croton project, and that this would probably keep him in the vicinity for some years, the young husband's joy was dampened. Very soon now he acceded to Patty's desire to escape the loneliness of Tulip-tree Farm, and moved with her back to New York.

They went back to Tulip-tree, however, for the birth of Patty's first baby, a girl. A few months later Patty enjoyed a brief interval of gayety at Saratoga. And the following year, after

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The pool was so shallow that Jud's face was not covered. But RoBards knelt on him and twisted his face round and held it under the water. To Keith the look on his father's face was so strange that he hardly knew him.



the birth of her second child, a son, she plunged into the social whirlpool with an enthusiasm that provoked gossip.

The winter of 1835 fell bitterer than any known before. The Croton water project was not yet even started; such water as the city had in wells and cisterns was frozen; and it was at this time that the RoBardses were aroused one night by the alarm-bell and a flame-reddened sky. In spite of Patty's protest, David dressed, snatched up his fireman's helmet and hurried to the station of his volunteer fire-company. With Chalender and the other members of the company David did his ineffectual best to stay the flames. Once Chalender saved his life when he was by himself unable to escape from the river into which he had plunged with the hose. Later they made some headway against the conflagration by blowing up buildings with gunpowder.

But in this activity some evil spirit led RoBards and his marine-

officer companion to the warehouse of his father-in-law Jessamine. They persisted in sacrificing this building, with its rich contents, to the general good like the others. Patty forgave him in time; but her impoverished father was not appeased by David's long and futile endeavors in the courts to obtain compensation.

The years passed; the city was rebuilt; work on the great Croton waterway progressed. Patty's third baby came—and died; so too the fourth.

Chalender was injured in separating two fighting workmen and was carried to Tulip-tree Farm. Some time later RoBards returned joyfully home from a business trip to New York—to find Patty in the arms of the convalescent Chalender!

RoBards could not bring himself to kill a wounded man; Chalender remained unaware that he had been discovered; and Patty's remorse seemed keen and sincere. So with the passage of time, and with the realization that but for his mercy toward Chalender his family would not now be happy around him, RoBards' anguish and bitterness abated. And then—a new blow fell. Little Keith came crying to him that a half-witted youth of the neighborhood, Jud Lasher, had carried off his sister. (*The story continues in detail:*)

BACK of the house and above it on a hilltop too rocky for clearing, too rough for pasture even, was a little pool ringed around with huge boulders. No one could explain them, though the Indians had believed them to have been hurled in a battle of giants. Tall trees stood up among them and canopied the pool with such shadow that on the hottest days there was a chill there.

RoBards had brought Patty hither on their first visit to Tulip-tree Farm as bride and groom fugitive from the cholera plague. She had cried out in delight at the spookiness of the place, and he had called it the Tarn of Mystery. He was not quite sure what a tarn might be, but the word had a somber color that he liked. And Patty had shuddered deliciously, rounding her eyes and her lips with a murmurous "Ooh!" like a girl hearing a ghost-story late at night.

He had helped her to skip from rock to rock like an Alpine climber among glaciers, but when they came close to the pool glowing like an emerald of unimaginable weight, she had recoiled from it in disgust, because it seemed to her but a sheet of green scum. He explained to her that what revolted her was an almost solid field of drenched tiny leaves. But he could not persuade her to come near and admire. She hated the look of it, and when she saw a tiny water snake wriggling through it in pursuit of a frog, she fled in loathing.

The children loved to play there. Patty told them stories of Indians that had murdered and been murdered there. She whis-

pered to RoBards that when she saw the Tarn it always hinted of suicide or assassination. The farmer, Mr. Albesson, laughed at this; but his wife Abby—even the children called her Abby—said there was stories about the place. She had forgotten just what they was, but like as not they was dead bodies there. Folks enough had vanished during the Revolution, and maybe some of them was still laying out there waiting for Judgment Day to rouse them up.

It was to this moody retreat that RoBards hurried now. He took one rail fence at a leap and landed running like a hurdler. He stumbled and fell and was up again. Keith clambered after his father, crawled through the fence and over the rocks till he came where Immy lay bruised and stunned. Keith saw his father drop to his knees and lift the child, clench her to his breast, and shake his head over her, then raise his eyes to the sky and say something to God that the boy could not hear.

The boy had always been reproached for tears and had been told, "You're a big man now, and big men don't cry." Yet he could see that his father was crying, crying like a little frightened girl. This strange thing twisted the boy's heart and his features, and he pushed forward to comfort his father.

Before the boy could touch him, RoBards lowered Immy gently in the autumn leaves and put up his head and let out a strange sound like a wolf's howl.

Then he struggled to his feet, and ran here and there, looking, looking. He climbed one of the high boulders about the Tarn and stared this way and that, leaped down and vanished.

Keith ran past Immy whimpering and struggled up the steep slab of the same boulder on all fours. Before he reached the top he could hear voices, his father's in horrible anger, and another voice in terror. It was Jud Lasher's voice, and there was so much fear in it that Keith's own heart froze.

Sprawling at the peak of the boulder, he peered over, and there he saw his father beating and kicking and hurling Jud Lasher about on the sharp stones. He swung his fist like the scythe the farmer swung, and slashed Jud's head and swept him to the ground. Then RoBards picked him up and raised him high in the air and hurled him flopping against a rock and plunged down upon him.

His father was like a mad dog that Keith had once seen worrying a sheep.

At last he shoved and knocked Jud over into the green pool, all misty now with dead weeds and brown fallen leaves. The pool was so shallow that Jud's face was not covered, and he threshed about, bawling and choking and begging for mercy.

But RoBards knelt on him and twisted his face round and held it under the water. To Keith the look on his father's face was so strange that he hardly knew him. He was so afraid of the great fear that filled the Tarn like a cold wind that he let go his grip on the rock and rolled and scuffled down the side of the boulder to the ground.

His father heard him fall, and rose, forgetting Jud Lasher, and ran to Keith. The boy cowered, expecting to be beaten, but when his father drew near, his face was so charged with tenderness that he was surely a different man. The boy wondered who it was that had just been destroying Jud Lasher. RoBards knelt by Keith and felt about him to see if any of his bones were broken, lifted him and set him on his feet, and said in a hoarse tone:

"Run back to Immy and wait."

Keith started to return, and was slipping through a narrow cleft between two boulders when he heard his father's voice and turned.

He saw Jud Lasher struggling weakly from the pool. He was all slimy and weedy like a green-brown snake. But his face was white, washed clean with water and terror. When he sprawled at the edge of the pool and tried to rise, Keith saw his father move forward and set his foot on Jud's hand, heard him say:

"Listen! Can you hear me? Then listen hard! You're dead by rights. I was killing you. I will kill you—dead—if ever I see you again. Only one thing holds me back. It's no pity for you. You've got no call to live. But people might learn about Immy if they found you dead. It would follow her all her life. But if you'll get out of our sight forever, I'll let you live. Go kill yourself somewhere—or run away—anywhere you please, so I never see you. For if I ever find you, by God, you're dead. Do you hear?"

From the cringing thing on the ground came a whisper:

"Ye-yessir, thanky, sir. But where could I go, Mister? I can't think very good. Where could I go? What'd I tell Ma?"



"Oh, I couldn't abear it, Mr. RoBards. I need Jud at home. He's strong."



and helps me sometimes when the strange tempers are not on him."

There was a silence, and Keith could feel in the tormented toss of his father's head that it was hard for him to do the thinking for this dolt. But at last he muttered:

"Tell your mother you're going to sea—on a whaler—anything. My God, have I got to help you to get away from me?"

Jud hung panting and slavering like a dog that had been run over by a heavy wagon and waited to be put out of its misery. RoBards spoke again at last:

"Tell your mother you're going to New Bedford and ship before the mast."

"Where's New Bedford, Mister? How'd a feller git there?"

"I don't know! What difference does it make how you get there—or where you go? The thing is to get away from this country. Haven't you brains enough to run off and save your own life? Look here, do you know the way to Poughkeepsie?"

"Yessir—yessir, I been there."

"Well, there are whaling vessels there. Go there and ask them to take you. Tell your mother you're going to sea."

"She'll cry awful hard. She always does when I talk about runnin' away."

"Let her cry! She'll cry harder if I kill you, wont she? And I will if you let her keep you here! But don't tell her why you're going. Don't tell her what happened here. Just get away—far—far! And never come back. Oh, you poor thick-witted toad! Oh, Immy, Immy! My baby! My little girl."

He broke again and sobbed, fell against a tree and beat upon its harsh bark and wept, wagging his head and twisting his mouth like a boy's, and the tears came pelting down.

Keith dared not go to him. He felt that he ought not to look upon the nakedness of his father's agony. As he slipped through the gape in the rocks, his last backward glance showed him Jud Lasher scrambling weakly to his feet and shambling off into the thicket.

Keith went to his sister. She was crying so softly and wearily that he was afraid to speak to her. He stood wondering what to do, until by and by his father came lurching up and dropped down to her side. Her voice rose at once to a loud wail:

"Papa! Bad man—hurt Immy!"

"Hush! Hush, sweetness! Don't tell—don't tell! Promise Papa you'll never tell anybody about this—not anybody on earth."

"Not Mamma?"

"No—never! Never!"

"Not Abby?"

"Nobody on earth!"

"God?"

"He knows, honey."

He picked her up and went on as dazed as any little girl whose doll has been bitten by a playful dog. Keith tagged after them, wondering. His father took note of him at last and paused to turn on the boy and say with pleading anxiety:

"You're not going to tell?"

"No, Papa, 'course not. Big men don't tell things."

His father did not take comfort from this braggart wisdom. He groaned:

"Never speak to anybody about Jud Lasher—never say his name—never think of it."

"All right, Papa. I p'omise."

He could not speak the word, but he accepted the pledge. The top of the hill was almost as high as the crest of the big tulip-tree, and as they descended to its level, the tree seemed to grow upward above them.

Halfway down the rough slope they saw Mrs. Albeson clambering toward them difficultly, fat as she was and short of breath and full of autumnal rheumatism. She sent her garrulous voice ahead of her:

"What o' mercy's happened up there? What's the voices I heard?"

RoBards could not answer her in words. She glanced from his white face to the burden he carried, and she tried to thrust from her mind the guess it made:

"Not—not? Aw, no!"

"Hush!" said RoBards. She knew. And RoBards was glad to surrender to this big woman the tiny woman.

His last word was: "You wont speak of this to your husband—or anybody."

Abby gave him a look and drew the child to her own breast, smothering the little fainting wail: "Abby—big bad man—"

"Hush!" said Abby.

"Hush!" said the tulip-tree, and kept reiterating its watchword at the window of the library where RoBards sought the dark quiet and paced the floor wringing his hands and beating back into his mouth the mad atheisms that came up as vainly as the bayings of a hound against the imperturbable moon.

He did not see his boy hiding among the young tulip-trees about the children's graves. There was a little hillock there, and Keith could see into the library and see his father weaving to and fro like a caged fox. He wondered what it was all about. There was something terrible beyond the terrible thing that Jud Lasher had hurt Immy. But the mystery was impenetrable to his little mind. And his father would not tell him.

Keith wanted to go to his father and help him, but he knew that he wanted to be alone. Fathers did not call for little boys to help them at such times.

It might have helped poor RoBards to feel that he himself was at just such a distance from his own heavenly Father, and he as helpless to explain. But that would not comport with any theology he understood. And he paced his cage.

Chapter Nineteen

WHEN RoBards had cried out all the blasphemy in his heart, he fell to praying for some divine miracle to undo the past, to erase the fact and turn it into a mere nightmare. But soon he was put into God's place and proved himself as adamant to prayer.

He had walked until he fell upon the old sofa. He rose from that, remembering that Harry Chalender had lain there when he was wounded. To escape, his eyes went longingly to the window where they could release their vision like the bird set free upon the flooded world.

He rose and leaned upon the casement and stared into the sky, and saw nothing but blue emptiness, the infinite idle azure, soulless, sorrowless, loveless, hateless, deaf, dumb, indifferent, without shame or mercy, morals or duties: the inverted ocean of the heavens, the topless pit where souls went hurtling when the earth flung them into its depths to drown in eternity, to emerge upon some inconceivable shore and crawl forward to the feet of judgment for everlasting doom or everlasting bliss.

Rebellious thoughts stirred RoBards to mutiny. He was ready to defy Heaven and denounce its indifferent tyranny as Lucifer had done, and the other angels. Better to be thrust over the Jasper walls and to fall for seven days into hell than not to protest.

And then he was himself put to the test of an appeal for his mercy. He heard a voice below him and looked down from his window as from a little heaven to a petitioner on earth.

"Please, sir, could I have a word with you, if you please, sir?"

As he looked down and with a kind of divinity understood beforehand just who was praying and what the prayer would be, and that it would not be granted, he felt that God must find it hard at times to look into some of the wrinkled old faces that are upturned in desperate appeal, like shriveled flowers praying for rain.

"I'm Mrs. Lasher, sir, of down the road a bit. You're always passin' our house. It's not much to see, and I've not had luck with my children, for all they're so many; but today—would you—could you spare me a minute of your precious time, sir?"

He was afraid to ask her in or to encourage her at all, for he dreaded his own weakness. He leaned on the window-sill and abstaining from any temptation to courtesy, said:

"Go on."

She took complete discouragement from his manner, and went into a panic, pursing her lips and doddering and mixing her fingers together in a silly restlessness as she spoke:

"It's about my son Jud, sir. He says he's goin' to sea for a sailor."

"Why?"

"His only reason is because you gave him the advice to go."

"Well, why not?"

"Oh, if it comes to that! He's not much brains, and he knows nothing of the ships. He is none too good here in this lonely place, and what wouldn't he be were he to mingle with sailors and the like? Oh, I couldn't abear it, Mr. RoBards. I need Jud at home. He's strong and helps me sometimes, and when the strange tempers are not on him, he's as good a boy to his mother as ever boy was; and when the strange tempers are on him, he needs his mother more than I can tell you.

"Today, now, he came home all bloody and battered-like, and I misdoubt he was trespassin' on your property, often as I've told him never to bother you. He said he fell out of a tree into your pond up there whilst he was robbin' birds'-nests. I don't believe him, and it's likely you had to thrash him. I see your knuckles is all scarred, and I'm sorry for any trouble he gave you, and welcome you are to whip him whenever he annoys you, and the punishment is what he needs; but don't send him away, Mr. RoBards. I came over only to ask you would you take back your advice and tell him not to go to sea."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lasher, very sorry; but I can't. I can't help you. I'm sorry—very sorry."

Her wildly beseeching eyes fell before the sad sternness of his. She nodded meekly:

"All right, sir. Thank you, sir. You know best, I suppose."

And with this Thy-will-be-done she accepted her fate—turned and moved across the grass toward the gate.

She left RoBards in as much confusion as his benumbed spirit could feel. Jud had evidently told his mother only a part of the story. He had remembered enough to lie about the cause of his punishment. But how long could he be trusted to keep the rest concealed?

Who could keep a secret? Immy's future was already at the mercy of her own babbling, of her little brother's wondering, of the farmer's wife who loved gossip, and of twist-wit Jud.

Once the truth was uttered, it could no more be recalled than the dead itself. It was cruelly easy in this world to do, to say, to think; and hideously impossible to undo, unsay, unthink. One could only add repentance and remorse to guilt or carelessness.

Repentance and remorse were dangerous, too, to the soul, for one could repent a good deed, a mercy, an abstinence, as easily as evil. In this room he had sorely repented two deeds of pity: sparing Chalender's life and Jud Lasher's. What a poltroon thing pity was, after all?

The next day RoBards rode over to White Plains and found a letter from Patty among his mail. He read it on the way home, letting the reins lie on the mane of the horse while he conned the pages. They were dashed off in a mood of girlish hilarity. New York was a fountain of renewing youth to her. It had grown enormously, she said, since she left it a few months ago. The railroad journey was a sensational adventure. Like most of the other passengers, she had been fairly choked with smoke and riddled with cinders, and one of them had stuck in her eye a long while. But New York with even half an eye was heaven.

She hoped that he would come soon. She would have the house ready for him in a few days. St. John's Park, that had been way uptown when they moved in, was already slipping downtown. It was mighty pretty, though, and the water would make it a paradise of convenience. She reminded him to keep the children off the highway and away from those miserable Lashers.

Her solemn edicts were as girlishly innocent as her gayeties. It made bitter reading, that warning—that *ex post facto* warning—against the Lashers. Whatever happened, she must never know this blighting truth.

IN a few days Immy was playing in the yard again. She seemed to have forgotten her experience as she forgot the nightmares that sometimes woke her screaming from sleep. But now and then she would cast upon her father a look of old amazement. In her games with Keith she shrieked more easily, in a wilder alarm. Her shrieks stabbed RoBards, and made him dread that the experience had worked some permanent injury in the fabric of the child's soul.

Immy must at all costs be sheltered from any further hazards. It seemed unwise to take her to the city where dangers thronged everywhere. But when he hinted that it might be better not to go to town for the procession, which was to celebrate the completion of the Croton project, Immy almost went into a convulsion of protest.

RoBards granted the wish to silence the argument. He wondered if Jud Lasher had left yet, but dared not ask. When he rode past the hut, he put spurs to his horse lest the mother accost him again, but his sidelong glances never caught a glimpse of Jud.

He did not know that the wretch had lain abed for days while his bruises mended, and that when he was up again and saw RoBards in the road, he ran and hid, stealing out again to shake his fist at the vanishing figure and gibber new threats.

At length the parade-day drew near. Mr. and Mrs. Albeson decided to go in the farm wagon drawn by their own team. Mrs.



"Swear that you will never mention Jud Lasher's name to anybody, or breathe a word of what he did or what I did to him."

Albeson would not risk her bones in the steam railroad, and she quenched her husband's enthusiasm for an experimental ride on the devil-wagons. She cooked a dinner for RoBards and the children, and set it out for them, and drove off.

RoBards had promised the children a ride on the steam-cars and planned to leave the house the next morning. After the Albesons had clattered away, he went to his library to select such books as he might want in town during the winter. He walked now and then to the window to watch the children playing on the lawn.

As he stood there he once caught sight of a lone pedestrian, a hulking youth who carried his belongings in a bag hung on a stick slung across his shoulder. He recognized Jud Lasher—evidently on his way to sea.

Without telling them why, RoBards called the children indoors.

They scampered about his feet for a while; then their game led them gradually into the hall. There they played hide-and-seek, with long silences broken by loud outcries and a racket of running and laughter.

After a vague period RoBards woke from a reverie like a deep sleep and realized that he had not heard their voices for a long time. He called; there was no answer. He cried their names up the stairway. A sense of some uncanny horror set his heart athrob. He went back to the library window puzzled, calling.

Then he caught sight of Keith standing chubbily against a huge tulip-tree with his hands over his eyes. He was counting loudly. RoBards smiled at the solemnity of the everlasting game of hide-and-seek—grown-ups and infants hiding their eyes and hiding themselves and making a sport of what should be a serious business.

(Continued on page 102)



Craven came out of the hotel without a glance into the dining-room.

Illustrated by
H. Weston Taylor

Furniture

By

SOPHIE KERR

The distinguished author of "Love at Large," "The Golden Block," "Painted Meadows" and many other notable books here contributes a powerful story of life among people of an interesting sort.

passion for what she called "nice things."

Tonight she looked about the place with a real joy. It *had* an air. And it was charmingly homelike. Elsie herself had made the corded net curtains, an exact copy of some she had seen in the

establishment of a famous decorator. She had made also the golden taffeta over-draperies with their smart narrow golden fringe. She had scraped and polished and waxed into beauty the walnut tip-top table. She had bought the furniture piece by piece, and each thing was beautiful and distinguished enough to accord with far finer surroundings; yet it made a perfect ensemble, even in this little room. The upholsteries were of a mellow color. There was a great wing-chair for Fred, overstuffed and comfortable, with a certain fine precision of line that told of the hand of an expert and artistic cabinet-maker—the two are not necessarily the same. The small table that stood beside it was another "right" piece, and the luster bowl she had put on it to hold his smoking things made a pleasant accent for the eyes of those who love harmony.

Beyond, the dining-room presented still another finished interior. The very simple black-oak dresser held rows of Italian pottery plates that were at once decorative and unobtrusive. The black-oak table was laid with runners of *filet*, and in its center an old Spanish brazier of beaten copper held a mass of glowing fruit. At equal distances about it stood candlesticks of amber glass holding orange candles without shades, as yet unlit. Even the silver was unusual—she had bought it here and there, at auctions, on rainy days when bargains are often obtainable, or in East Side junk-shops where its grime and tarnish made the usual buyer pass it unseeing.

It was all very satisfying, Elsie Craven thought—very satisfying, indeed. She pulled to attention a drooping daffodil in the white Wedgewood bowl on the living-room table, turned on one bulb of the lamp, and hurried back to her bedroom to slip into the dull-blue chiffon dress she kept for such small occasions—two guests, and they old friends, did not warrant her getting into the velvet evening-gown that was her pride and delight. Meantime she kept one eye on the clock. What in the world was keeping Fred? Now he'd be so late he wouldn't want to

SHE had been what is called "a sweet girl." She was just as undeniably "a sweet woman." If you are little and fair-haired and brown-eyed and low-voiced and willing to let other people take the initiative, averse to argument but always open-eared to other folks' views, if your tastes are "domestic" and you "can't understand what women want with the vote," you can hardly escape being described as "sweet"—that is, by the unobserving, of which there are nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand.

Beneath this sweetness you may have your own ideas, your own plans, your own desires, and cling to them tenaciously, and ultimately get them all, without sacrificing one iota of your saccharine quality. Indeed, it isn't a half-bad thing to be known as "a sweet woman"—Elsie Craven always enjoyed being so described, and had fully accepted herself at that valuation.

People who didn't call her "sweet" always spoke of her as "a real home-woman," and to see her working about the little apartment where she and Fred Craven had lived for the four years of their marriage—this too seemed to fit her accurately. It was to this apartment that he had brought her from their own up-State home-town, the bride he had gone back for with such elation. He had come to the city, to "make good"—the usual promise. When he had reached the dizzy eminence of three thousand a year on the advertising staff of a metropolitan newspaper, according to all small-town standards he had plenty to marry on. Elsie had been waiting, filling her hope-chest with embroidered guest-towels, monogrammed table-linen, and a lot of other things that she found were out of style when she got to New York. Elsie had known Fred would come back for her—she knew she wasn't going to be one of the many, many small-town and country girls whose lovers forget them for gayer flames of the city. She could have married other men—a "sweet" girl, anywhere, always has many offers; but she waited for Fred, with a surprised pride in her own perfect faithfulness—but none at all in his.

The three-thousand-dollar salary had risen to five since the date of their marriage, but they had not moved from that first apartment. The additional money had enabled Elsie to indulge her

put on his dinner-coat—and she loved to see him in it. It made him look quite as well-off and far more distinguished than the youthful multimillionaire he had pointed out to her at the theater last week. Besides, she liked to have Billy Traill see how nice Fred could look—how handsome he was, how justified she had been in choosing him instead of Billy, despite the fact that Billy was making ever so much more money than Fred.

It was a matter of constant and not very pleasant surprise to Elsie that Billy Traill had been so successful in New York. Up home he was only a struggling young lawyer, looked on as something of a shyster. She had a complete and impenetrable ignorance of how valuable an acute and unscrupulous brain may be in the services of a firm of corporation attorneys.

No, Elsie did not know this. She only knew that Billy had made quantities of money and was rather inclined to reticence about it. His car was his latest theme. She almost decided that she wasn't going to ask Billy Traill again if he kept bragging about his car, even though it gave her a fillip of pleasure to see him and know that this highly prosperous man might have been hers—if she'd wanted him—and that he'd never found any other woman he could care for. There's nothing like a man who cherishes a tender sentiment for her—oh, unrequited, of course—for keeping the attention of a happily married woman. She loves it.

But Billy was getting to be a little too insinuating in his comparisons of his own salary with Fred's. Elsie sighed. She looked at the blue chiffon dress discontentedly, though she knew it was exactly the shade that brought out the gold in her hair, the rosy fairness of her skin. What wouldn't she give for clothes that weren't mere frocks and dresses, but gowns, creations, *toilettes*, French things of daring color, of crisp elegance! And in the apartment there were so many more things she wanted, wanted terribly—wanted with consuming passion. And no matter what she said to Fred, there he was, peg-

ging away at five thousand. But yet—he was as good as gold, and never complained at how much she spent, so long as she didn't run into debt. He *had* rather raised his eyebrows over those Italian lace runners.

"Aren't we getting too grand?" he asked quizzically.

Yet she knew perfectly how he adored his home—and her. Into that little *cloisonné* box on the mantelpiece where she kept the money saved for little luxurious house-adornments she loved, he was always putting coins that represented some small self-denial of his own. There was no money in it that represented

self-denial of hers, though she was quite unaware of that.

The doorbell rang—that probably would be Ada Grable, the feminine guest. And Fred not home yet. Provoking! But she smiled as she ran down the hall to open the door, and kissed Ada with great heartiness.

"Oh, how nice to see you!" she exclaimed. "Come on back and take off your things."

Ada Grable, tall, handsome, with that indefinable poise and aloofness that comes to many self-supporting successful women, dropped off her fur-collared Mandarin coat nonchalantly. "I'm tired," she said. "I've had a day. When anything happens, no matter what, I'm the goat. Today it was a lot of Georgette waists

that weren't up to the jobber's sample—and the jobber is a friend of the boss, my dear, and he'd made it very clear that he expected me to buy from him. I wish to heaven I was in some

other line of work—this being a buyer is a maddening job."

"You know you don't really think so," laughed Elsie. "You wouldn't change places with the Queen of Spain."

"Certainly not, if I had to have Alphonso for a husband. Think of that underjaw! Oh, how heavenly sweet and peaceful your home looks! You do create an atmosphere, Elsie. I've tried again and again to fix up my room at Mrs. Hart's to look right, but—I haven't the time, nor the knack. It's a gift. This place is my ideal of a home."

A latchkey was heard in the door, and Fred Craven entered, his keen boyish face warming to pleasure as he saw the two women. "Well, Ada—this is fine. Don't look at me reproachfully, Elsie, honey—there's a good reason for my being so late." He threw a quick glance about him. "Anyway, I beat Bill."

"Don't talk that way—it isn't you. I know we're going to have everything, just everything."

Weston Taylor

"I suppose the subway stopped running," said Elsie with gentle sarcasm. "Run along—your things are all laid out. No, don't frown. Ada and I can't eat with you unless you put on your dinner-coat. Look at us."

"You're a slave-driver," said Fred, drifting down the hall. "Listen to her order me round, Ada—don't you feel sorry for me?"

"I'm sobbing about your wrongs this minute," Ada called after him. "Then Bill's coming, is he?"—to Elsie.

"Oh, yes."

"You love to torment that man, Elsie—showing him what a wonderful housekeeper and wife you are to Fred. For all Bill's getting fat and losing his hair, he never forgets what he missed when he didn't get you, believe me."

Elsie glanced into the mirror over the mantel—the Georgian gilt mirror she had hunted so hard to find. She tucked up a lock of hair with an unconscious little preening gesture.

"Oh, no, Ada—Bill's all over that long ago. He's nothing more than a good friend now."

"You'd be sore if you really thought so," said Ada with real divination. "There, he's ringing. I'll let him in. Hurry up, Fred—don't prink too much. Bill's here, and if he's as hungry as I am, we'll have to begin without you."

Billy Traill was stout and debonair, his round-eyed innocent look an effective mask for a very shrewd and far-seeing mind immersed in endless schemes. He pranced in, very much at home.

"Hello, girls! Ada, you're looking stunning—Elsie, you get prettier every day—there ought to be a law against it. Observe your Uncle Billy's expensive new dinner-clothes, worn in your honor for the first time. Rather nifty, what? What about these studs—and that quiet but elegant waistcoat? Say, now, you two women are experts,—do you think the coat sets right at the back of the collar? I told the tailor it pulled away, and he stood me down it didn't. Put your eagle eyes on it, and tell me the worst."

AFTER prolonged scrutiny the collar was pronounced a perfect fit, to Billy's palpable relief. Then Fred came in, and in a few minutes more the four of them were at the table, and the Martha-by-the-day engaged by Elsie for such occasions was serving dinner.

"This place looks like one of the colored pictures in those big fancy magazines," said Billy, letting his eyes wander appreciatively over the table. "View of the artistic dining-room in the home of Mrs. Blah-blah, wife of our distinguished citizen, Senator Blah-blah of Washington, New York and Newport. Believe me, there's none of 'em got anything on this place. And nowhere do you get better food."

"I'll say you're right there, Bill," said Fred. "The food at this hotel improves with every meal. Elsie's a wonder."

"But you're not eating much," said Ada solicitously.

"Bet he's robbed a bank or something, and his guilty conscience won't let him eat," said Billy.

Fred laughed, but he looked excited, nervous. It was true—he wasn't eating much; and it wasn't necessary to talk much, for with the roast, Billy began about his new car and kept it going until dessert and black coffee were near. And though Elsie listened and smiled and said that he must take her out on Sunday, positively, she was filled with a hateful envy. Old Bill ought to have more tact than to be flaunting that car all the time before people who had none.

But finally he folded his hands over the rounding promontory of his lower torso, and sighed with utter contentment. He lighted a cigar and tilted it to an angle indicative of perfect bliss.

"Some pudding—oh, boy!" he murmured.

"Don't sit there like a stodge," commented Ada acridly. "I suppose we're going to have our usual game, aren't we? Ten-cent limit?—What's the matter?" she went on in an undertone to Fred. "Don't you really feel well? Do be careful—there's a lot of flu around." She laid a caressing hand on his arm.

"I'm all right—honest," said Fred, and moved so that her hand dropped off of its own weight. "I'll get the chips, Elsie, and the cards. You make Bill unfold the table—a little work will wake him up."

"Everybody's always picking on me," mourned Billy, obediently struggling with the card-table's fractious legs. "I suppose what you win off us tonight goes to the furniture-fund." He pointed toward the box on the mantel.

"It certainly does," said Elsie. "So don't you sit there playing

like old Grandpa Tightwad. I've got my heart set on a grandfather's clock, and I mean to win something toward it tonight, if I have any luck at all."

"I'll be delighted to contribute; that pudding was worth anything I could lose, even if we raised the ante indefinitely."

FORTHWITH they settled themselves round the card-table but it was not a very engrossing game. Ada played the very worst sort of feminine poker, exclaiming over every hand, calling when she should have dropped, pouting over her losses, feigning childlike glee over her winnings, and keeping up a running fire of comment and distracting chatter, particularly designed to keep herself in the foreground of Fred Craven's mind. Elsie was an unimaginative player: when she drew three cards, you knew she had a pair; when she called, you could be sure she had nothing less than four of a kind.

"Elsie's a sure-thing sport," chuckled Billy after one of her perfectly obvious raids.

"Why not?" asked Elsie simply, scooping in the pot.

Billy and Fred were both poker men par excellence—silent, aware of all that went on round the table, filling with shrewd daring, making their bets and their bluffs always to realize on the unexpected. They played with the psychology of the others as much as with the cards and chips.

Tonight Fred was both careless and absent-minded. Billy might joke him, and Ada might languish at him, but neither of them got a rise.

At last Billy said: "I believe old Fred has been up to something wicked—and I think, Ada, we'd better get safely out of here before the police arrive. I don't want to be in on this crime-wave thing."

They all laughed, and Billy continued: "And anyway, I've got a fierce day before me tomorrow, and I need my beauty-sleep. Here, I'll figure how we stand. Pick up the cards, girls, and give your Uncle Bill elbow-room. Let me see—that your stack, old man? You didn't do so bad for a criminal. That's twenty-five—thirty-five—ah, I see the woman pays, as usual—also the man. Elsie, the grandfather's clock is hereby enriched by fifteen cents from Ada, if she can be induced to pay her gambling-debts, and forty cents from me. Now, Ada, get on your wraps, and I'll run you round home in the dandiest little car in all of little old New York. Don't forget next Sunday afternoon, Elsie lady—then it'll be your turn. Wasn't I clever to get a runabout? Husbands always left at home, you see. Good-by, folks—and thanks for a scrumptious dinner an' everything."

WHEN the door closed on their guests, Fred Craven turned and caught Elsie in an engulfing hug.

"I thought they'd never go," he said. "I thought they'd never go! And I wasn't going to tell you while they were here. I tried my darndest to get home before they came, but there were so many things to settle—"

"What are you talking about?"

The words fairly tumbled from his lips. "Elsie—it's come—it's started. I've got my first big boost. Bickel and Glaum want me to take charge of all their advertising—head of their department. They've liked the way I've handled things for them on the paper. So today they made me an offer—"

"Oh, Fred—how much—how much?"

"Babe, you can buy yourself the grandfather's clock, and some new frocks, and something to dangle round that lovely little neck of yours, and still not nick the old bank-roll too hard. And—"

"Yes, but Fred—how much is it? The salary?"

"Ten thousand to start—and twelve next year, if I make good."

"Oh, Freddy—Freddy—really! Oh, I knew you'd do it—I knew it! Oh, I'm so proud, and so happy—"

"I couldn't have done it without you, Elsie. I've been pounding away, putting in overtime, though I didn't see where it was doing me any good, and all the time kicking myself because I hadn't done as well as Billy Traill. I know how you've wanted things, honey, and it's been fierce not to give them to you, and now—out of a clear sky—why, think of doubling my salary, just like that, in one jump. If I do it many more times, we'll land on Fifth Avenue in a marble mansion before I'm forty."

"Oh, I knew we'd do that. I've got the marble mansion all picked out, right next door to the Vanderbilts. Oh, Fred, do you think we can get a car? Billy makes me sick about his."

"We'll see—old Bill certainly does rub it in, doesn't he? Come here and sit in my big chair with me, and let's talk. I can't go to bed yet; I'm too excited. I thought I'd die before Bill and Ada left."



"Observe your Uncle Billy's expensive new dinner-clothes, worn in your honor for the first time. Rather nifty, what?"

"I knew something was the matter—I had to laugh, Fred; Ada was so anxious about you. She certainly does like you, old dear."

"Oh, no, she doesn't—Ada's just one of these professional vamps trying it out on whoever's around. Gee, she makes me feel right foolish sometimes, though. If you acted like that to poor old Bill, I'd be sore as a pup, and I know he really is crazy about you, too."

"But Fred, Bill knows that he could never be anything to me—if I'd wanted him, I could have had him. You're not jealous, are you, at this late date?"

"Lord, no—I'll admit he gave me some anxious moments before we were married, but since—that for Bill!"

She put her hand against his shoulder. "Don't let's talk about Bill and Ada—I want to think how I'm going to spend all that money. Oh, Fred, I've hoped and wished and wished and

hoped for this so long, and it seemed as though it was never going to happen. But I know exactly what we're going to do."

"Tell me. And don't take your head away."

"We'll live here a little while longer, and then we'll get a better apartment—not a walk-up. I don't care if it's small, but I want it in a good location, and with a decent elevator and nice smart boys in uniforms downstairs. Lots of elevator apartments are so cheap and ramshackle, and have such dreadful hallboys. I'd rather be here than in one like that. And we'll use the furniture we have, and add a few lovely, lovely things, good rugs, and a piece or two of really good antique stuff, and some more old silver—"

"Listen, Babe, I said ten thousand—not eighty—"

"Oh, I know—but the eighty thousand's coming. I know you. And oh, how I do want things."

"I know you do—that's why I've slaved away on the paper."

But look here, Elsie; if it shouldn't—if I should stop with ten thousand—if I don't make good with Bickel and Glaum—what then? Sometimes you make me almost afraid, you want so much, you're so sure you're going to get it. I'm sure, too, but—but—not so sure as you. I get awful dubious fits sometimes—"

"Don't talk that way—it isn't you. I *know* we're going to have everything, just *everything*. If we didn't—what difference does it make? We've got a darling little home, and we've got each other. That's enough, isn't it?"

"It's enough for me, Elsie—you know how crazy I am about this place. It's the only home I've ever had, and it's perfect. I guess you remember what my stepfather's house was like. And as for you,—my girl, my darling,—all I can ever get or make or give you'd never be as much as you deserve, never be as much as I want to give you. And when you say nothing matters so long as we've got each other—dear—that was what I was waiting for."

"Well, it's true—it's true."

She closed her eyes and leaned contentedly against him, her mind busy with wonderful pictures of herself, in shops, attended by obsequious clerks, choosing, rejecting and finally possessing. Her finger-tips tingled with the prospect of new possessions.

THE boy who invaded Fred Craven's private office at Bickel and Glaum's looked just a little bit too knowing.

"Lady to see you, Mr. Craven. Said it was personal. But I made her gimme a card."

He offered the card, and Ada Grable's name met Fred's surprised, impatient gaze. What on earth could she want with him? He pushed away the pile of drawings, samples of type and preliminary sketches that his head artist had brought in.

"I'll take these up with you in a few minutes, Sam," he said. "I've got to see this lady—she's a friend of my wife's. Leave the stuff, and I'll let you know as soon as I'm free."

As Sam went out, Ada entered, heralded by a wave of the French perfume that she loved and used a little too freely. It struck Fred that he had never seen her so smartly dressed. By Jupiter, she *was* a stunning woman—if you liked that style.

"What's up?" said he, coming round his desk to meet her, "that you're off your job in the middle of the day? Lost your purse and want to borrow carfare?"

She looked at him with the faintest of smiles, and her eyes were boldly direct. "No—not that. It's nothing much; I was downtown, and hungry, and it was so near noon I wondered if I couldn't tempt a busy man to—to take me out to lunch. Could I—do you think?"

"Say—that's too bad. Bickel's got one of his conference luncheons scheduled for today, and it makes him sore if anybody ducks out. If it was anything else—"

She sat down beside his desk. "And you wont duck out—even for me?"

Fred Craven laughed the uneasy laugh of a man who perceives vaguely that a determined woman is stalking him, but means to ignore the fact. "My dear girl, you make me feel like a perfect hound—but I can't. I've got one or two things to put over in this conference that I daren't neglect. I'm just as sorry as I can be. Some other time—any other time—"

A strained silence fell in the room. Ada leaned forward and went back to the beginning of his speech. "Fred, do you think you ought to call me your dear girl?" Her lips curved mockingly, yet with invitation.

They looked at each other straight for a long moment. There was no misunderstanding what she meant; there was no misunderstanding his reply. He pushed his chair back, and got up and walked to the window.

"I'm awfully sorry about luncheon," he said with forced casualness, "but if you and Elsie'll come down tomorrow—"

Ada leaned back in her chair and watched him. "I don't want to lunch with Elsie. I want to lunch with *you*. What's the matter? Are you—afraid of me?"

Something of disgust, something of anger held Fred Craven silent for another long moment. Then he wheeled round. "No, I'm not exactly afraid of you, Ada, though if you want it flat, I suppose any man might be afraid of a woman like you. Now, you run along like a nice girl, and we'll just forget all about this visit. I like you, you know, but—I'm no good at this sort of thing, and wouldn't be even if there wasn't the biggest reason in the world—Elsie."

And now Ada had risen too. "You poor deluded idiot! You're as blind as a bat—and like it. Just because Elsie's little and has blonde hair and big brown eyes and that fluty little voice, you think she's got a heart, too. So she has, but it isn't a flesh-and-

blood one, and it doesn't belong to you. No, no, Fred; Elsie's heart is polished mahogany, trimmed with diamonds and furs, and autos and gold-mesh bags. She loves you—or seems to—because you give her things. And she gives you—nothing. As for me—I ask you for nothing—but I'd be willing to give—everything—just for the giving of it—the giving of it—to you. Now, do you understand?"

"No," said Fred Craven doggedly, "I don't. And I'm not going to try to. We'd just better forget all this, as I said. I shall be tempted to talk to you like a Dutch uncle in a minute. What's got into you, anyway, Ada? To say things like that about Elsie, the best and sweetest—"

"Oh, yes, Elsie's 'sweet'—like caramel. And as sticky as a caramel when it means holding on to what she means to get out of you—"

"Say, cut that out—Elsie's your best friend—"

"Oh, no—she hasn't any best friend—unless it's the things she's made you walk to business and eat hash to save for. She cares a darn sight more for that big chair in your living-room, or her new evening-coat, than she does for me—or for you either. Elsie's just a little mass of greed. What does she know or care about the real you—the you that I know—that I care for—that I—"

"Cut it, Ada—that's too absurd."

"It's not absurd. Don't you suppose I see? Don't you suppose I know? She drives you, and drives you so that she can have more money to spend on the things she really wants—any man would do, as well as you. She only chose you because she thought you were her best chance, and till you got this last raise, maybe she wasn't feeling peevish because she didn't take Billy Traill instead—"

"That's not so, and you know it."

"It's the truth, and you'd know it, if you'd only look at her once and see her as she really is. Has there been a day of your married life when Elsie hasn't reminded you that you'd got to get on in the world? And for what? So she can spend what you make. And you're such a fool you think that is love. While I—I could love you—"

She was pleading now, and her beauty was torn by real feeling, real sorrow.

"Hush—hush! Good Lord, suppose some one in the outer office should hear you."

Anger flamed in her. "And that's all you have to say to me—'Hush, somebody might hear you.' Very well! I'll hush. Don't look so scared. I'm going. It was my mistake. I thought maybe you were a real man, and not another piece of Elsie's furniture. But I see now you're as wooden as the favorite chair."

She opened her vanity-case, and though her fingers shook, she touched her lips with color, tucked away a vagrant lock.

Something in that slight unsteadiness of her hands touched Fred Craven far more than anything she had said. He went over to her and stood there helplessly.

"I know you didn't mean a word you've said—and I'll never tell a living soul. It'll be as if this hadn't happened. I don't want to spoil your friendship with Elsie, you know," he floundered.

"You're a wonderful little fixer, Fred," she replied. "But there're some things even you can't manage. And I tell you now you're going to regret this day as long as you live. You evidently set me down as a woman who runs around trying this sort of thing on with every man she meets. Or no—if you thought that, you wouldn't be so concerned lest your sweet Elsie's friendship for me might be spoiled. Oh, heavens—if I once begin again to say what I think of her—and you—"

She opened the door and was gone.

Fred Craven subsided behind his desk. "Well, for Pete's sake!" he ejaculated feebly. "Ada! Can you beat it! Ada! The fellow that said that thing about 'hell hath no fury' sure had something on the ball. I'll say so. Ada! Elsie's friend! I guess I made an enemy for life, all right. But there wasn't anything else to do. And the only thing now—is to forget it." He looked at his watch and leaped to his feet, snatched his hat from the rack as he went out. "By golly, the old man and the bunch must have been waiting for me ten minutes!" And that thought somewhat obliterated the shock and strain of the late interview.

OF course, Fred, it looks rosy enough. All the same—you really ought to have more capital. A man can't open his own advertising agency on a shoestring, and a borrowed shoestring at that. I realize perfectly that you've got a fistful of splendid accounts to start with, and I don't blame you in the least for taking the chance. It's only my duty, as your lawyer, to point this out to you. You're safe so long as business is good. But you know, and I know, that there's nothing (Continued on page 136)

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*An epic in miniature of
the Grand Banks fish-
ermen, of the hazard
and the tragedy which
are their constant ship-
mates—by the noted au-
thor of "Crested Seas."*

By

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Illustrated by James D. Gleason

When the Fishing's Good

SHE was a fisherman on the Grand Banks. The fury of the gale had passed, but it being yet too rough to put the dories over, all hands, except those on watch, were taking it easy below.

The fo'c'sle crowd, hunched on lockers or stretched out in bunks, were making talk of whatever subject the tides of thought had borne to them, when there came to their ears the hail of Sam Leary.

Sam was one of the watch on deck, and his hail of course would be for some vessel just arrived on the grounds. The forward gang were curious to hear what news she brought from home; but the hatch had been drawn tight to keep out the rain and spray, and almost under the hatch was the cook paring apples; and the cook is the boss of a fisherman's fo'c'sle.

A muffled word or two from the strange vessel came down to the forward gang followed by a sudden loud, surprised, "What's that—who'd you say?" from Sam Leary. There was a longer muffled reply from the stranger, and then a longer silence from their own deck-watch.

Another low hail and reply from above intensified the curi-

osity of those below. Three weeks from home they were, and in three weeks—why, the world ashore could be capsized in three weeks. But the cook was still paring his apples, and it would be a hero of a man who would cross the cook at that work; and there were no heroes among them.

There were two Roy McKinnons in the crew—Big Roy and Little Roy. It was Big Roy who bunked forward. Any little excitement stirred Big Roy to a fresh hunger for food, or to the reciting of what he called poetry, usually his own:

From out of the Void hails the Voice
And we, victims of muffled senses, what know we—

Big Roy began to chant, standing up at the same time to have a mug-up for himself.

"You hear what
she hailed? Bat
Roughan's lost!"

The boot-heels of one of the watch could be heard going aft, and of the other coming forward. "Must be great news," said Big Roy, "when the watch goes both fore and aft to pass it. Babe Ruth, I bet you, has broke his arm, or the Frenchman has maybe slipped a lucky one across—"

The fo'c'sle hatch was slid back. By stretching their necks, those near to the hatchway could see a black sou'wester and a yellow oilskin coat framed against the heavy sky.

With the sliding back of the hatch, a splash of sea-water slopped down onto the cook's pan of apples.

"Who's that up there?" demanded the cook. "What in—say, Sam, close that hatch afore you float these pie-ap's out the pan, will yuh?"

Sam made no move to close the hatch. He lowered his black-sou'westered head and yellow-oilskinned shoulders down over the ladder, looked at the cook, and from the cook to what others he could see below. He waited for a moment, and then: "That was the *Hebrides* passing. Didn't any of you hear what she hailed, I don't s'pose?"

"Hear in a half gale o' wind, and the hatch drawn! Close the hatch, will yuh, Sam, and for—"

The cook had been shouting loudly enough to hail a dory a cable-length to windward, and suddenly he had gone silent.

Big Roy was about to unhook a coffee-mug from off its nail overhead; he held his hand.

"What is it, Sam?" asked the cook softly.

"Bat Roughan's lost!"

"No!" The cook's paring-knife rested loosely in the half-closed palm of his hand; slowly the palm opened; the knife fell point-first into one of his pie apples.

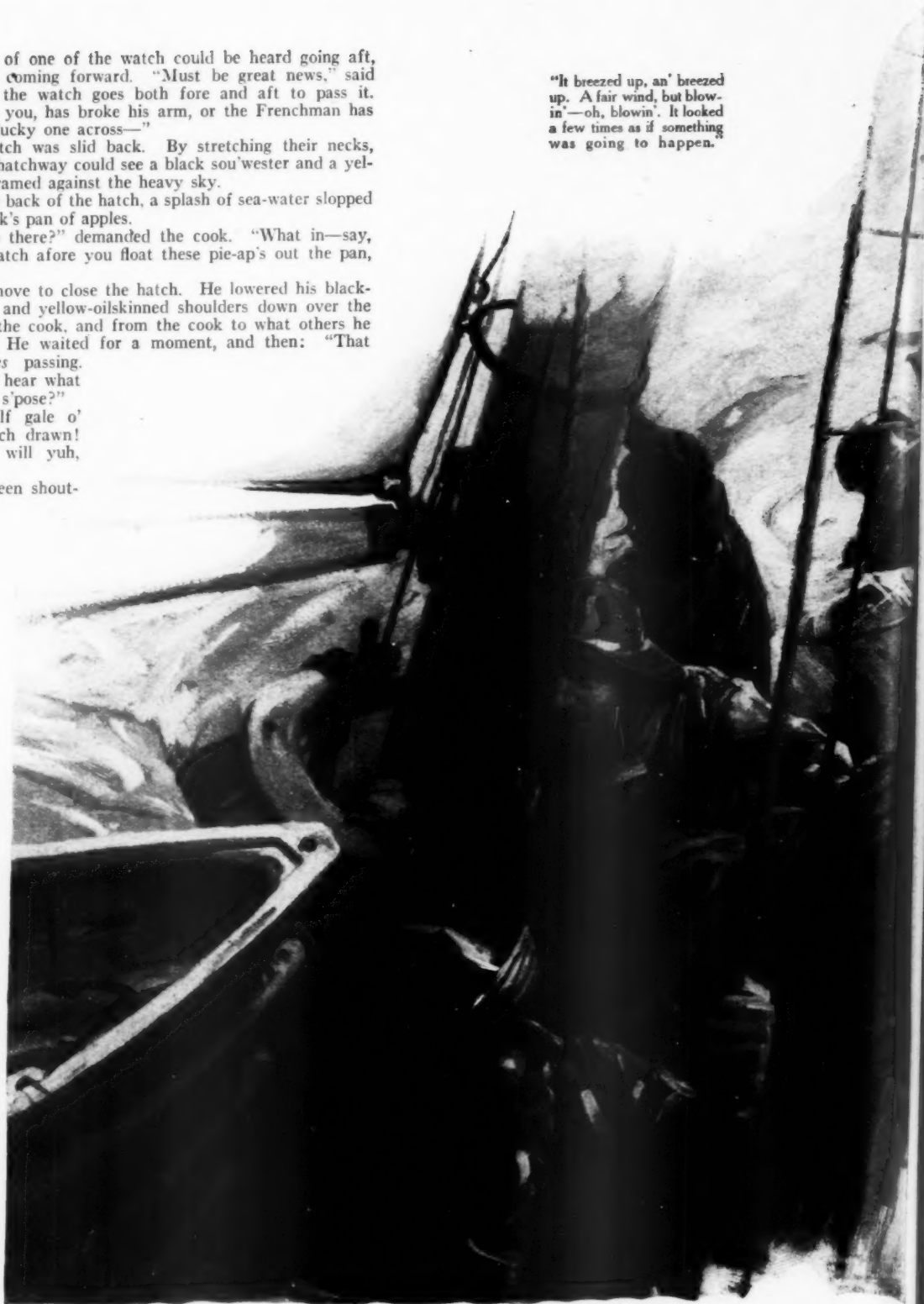
"No!" Big Roy forgot all about his mug of coffee and came back to his locker seat.

"No, no—oh, no, Sam!" Men sitting listless and hunched straightened themselves up on the lockers; men half asleep

in the bunks swung their legs out over the bunk-boards; others, supposed to be sound asleep, came all at once awake.

A strident, everlasting *zung—zung!* from the dim recesses of the forepeak had been telling everyone that Ed Harper was still hard set on getting the best of his new jew's-harp; now from out of the darkness of the peak Ed came blinking and saying dully: "Bat Roughan gone, Sam?"

"It breezed up, an' breezed up. A fair wind, but blowin'—oh, blowin'. It looked a few times as if something was going to happen."



"Yes," came the answer. "They say Bat's gone!"

Outside and above them a fresh squall of wind swept *whoo-oo-*ing through the rigging; a curtain of rain drove—*whish-lik-* across the open hatch. The vessel leaped high and rolled low; down the ladder came the cook's pan of apples. With no protesting word or other bit of action the cook lifted the pan away from the hatch. No one said a word; all were waiting for Sam.



"The *Hebrides* hailed she passed the *Mary and Battie*, she bound in and the *Hebrides* bound out," resumed Sam. "The *Mary and Battie* had her flag to half-mast. It was blowin' hard, and the *Hebrides* says she got what word she could in passin'. Bat was washed overboard in a gale. There was something else—the *Hebrides* didn't get it."

Sam slowly closed the hatch. They heard his boot-heels scuffling the deck again.

Little inarticulate and half-articulate words and phrases floated around the fo'c'sle.

"Bat Roughan gone! A pity!"

"Man, man, what a pity!"

"A pity, yes. Sometimes it do look as 'tis the best among us do be always gettin' lost!"

Johnny Duncan, who had been standing volunteer watch with Sam Leary on deck, brought to the cabin the word of Bat Roughan's being lost, where the gang also received the word in sadness, and receiving it, waited respectfully for their skipper, John Larkin, to have his say of it.

John Larkin, by his men sometimes called the Scholar, was a great one for reading books and a great one for puzzling things out. Captain John, sitting back in his easy-chair in the corner of the cabin, began by and by to speak:

"A curious difference: A man of no great account dies ashore,

and what happens then? There is a notice in fine print in the death-column of the daily paper. And reading the death notice, those who knew him in life will call at the house of the dead and extend a word of sympathy to those he left behind. It may be that some will kneel and say a prayer beside his coffin. Later there will be one and another who will lay a wreath on his grave.

"Now the difference: A fisherman of no great account is lost at sea. There is no coffin to pray beside, no grave to bank with flowers at sea. We who knew him,

who were once his mates perhaps, may draw an extra deep breath and say, 'Hard luck!' or, 'It's tough on the wife and little ones!' if he has a family, or, 'Well, if it isn't one, it's another!' But hardly more than that, because, as we all well know, it is all part of the fishing, and the hard old ocean is always there to be claiming his own."

Low, assenting murmurs went around the fo'c'sle. Captain John waited for silence, and then:

"Now, let a high-placed, notable man die ashore, and what happens? Why, then the papers will have their front-page columns of him. There will be formal ceremonies; officials will pass solemn resolutions; orators will pronounce praiseful eulogies; and marching-clubs and the like will escort his body to his grave. Later in magazines there will be pages of pictured articles about him, perhaps a book or two.

"So much for him. Now, let a notable man in the fishing be lost at sea, a man as great in his seagoing way as that other man was great in his shore-going way, and then what? Vessels sail miles off their course to pass the word, and around the cabin stove or across the fo'c'sle lockers, in every vessel on the grounds which has the word, men fore and aft will sit and talk of the lost man; and talk of him by such as us must be his requiem, for neither coffin nor altar nor grave ashore will ever have chance to hold his body. As for columns on front pages of the papers, or chapters in the magazines? No, no. Most of us knew Bat Roughan and what kind he was, but how many of the shore-going world will ever hear what manner of man he was?"

Johnny Duncan left the cabin and went forward; he slid back the fo'c'sle hatch-cover and dropped quickly below, not forgetting to have a mollifying word for the cook and to shut the hatch as he came down.

"That's right, boy; close it tight," smiled the cook, who rarely saw Johnny without recalling when Johnny's uncle, part owner of the vessel, had said to him: "There's a nephew of mine coming out for a trip. He's been cruising with a crowd that make me think of a lot of baby lobsters in a dealer's trap, who look out through the slats in pity at the poor unfortunate other fish who have to hustle for their feed. Let him bunk in for a while now with free men. Don't be backward in speaking to him should he need speaking to."

The cook had not been backward in speaking to him, even while

privately he would be asking the crew to save the sea scallops caught in their trawls. Scallops baked fresh on the hot galley coals were great eating for growing boys. They had had many a trip together since.

THE cook motioned Johnny to a seat on the lockers; and Johnny took a seat and listened to the talk of the fo'c'sle about Bat Roughan. By and by he ventured to speak himself, repeating Captain John's talk and emphasizing the closing words: how many of the shore-going world would ever hear what manner of man he was?

"Damn few," said the cook. He wiped his hands on his apron. "Bat was one time a dorymate of my old Uncle Dan's, an' I was cook in the same vessel; she was one o' them fast haddockers out o' Boston. They were out in the dory one winter's day on Brown's Bank, Bat in the bow o' the dory haulin', and Dan in the waist coiling the trawl into the tub. It was a dory-killer of a day, the wicked little seas coming pretty regular, and Dan just as regular grabbin' the oar in the becket and fetching the dory end-on to them.

"One big sea came along too fast for old Dan,—he coming on to middle age and not so spry as he might be,—and over goes the dory and into the sea with them. When my Uncle Dan looks around, the dory is half a vessel's-length away. 'Well,' thinks Dan to himself, 'if I've seen the last o' the wife and the six young ones at home, I've only myself to blame that didn't put her stern-to in time,' believing he would find himself drowned in a few seconds, loaded down as he was with red-jacks and so on, the way he was, an' he not able to swim.

"He'd gone down and come up twice, and he told afterward how he remembers saying to himself as he came up for the second time, 'It's hard on young Bat if my slackness should cause the loss of him at his age,' when he feels somebody taking hold of him and towing him along. The next thing Dan knows, he's alongside the capsized dory, and Bat is pushin' him up on to the bottom of the dory.

"Take hold the plug-strap!" says Bat.

"Dan does, and hauls himself up and lays safe enough astraddle the bottom o' the dory.

"It was thick weather besides being rough, and it's all of twenty minutes before we see them and bear up and get them. They're weary enough when they're hauled aboard, but no harm done that two cups o' coffee hot off the galley stove couldn't offset. And I says to Bat then:

"Whatever held you up today bobbin' round in that sea for so long a time, I don't know."

"I dunno, either," says Bat, "less it was the air hangin' round loose inside my oil-jacket."

"Air inside your oil-jacket—huh!" I says. "There was more than air in your oil-jacket holdin' you up today. There was a stout heart."

"What odds, what it was held me up?" laughs Bat. "Old Dan and his doryload o' children home—he's still alive, isn't he?" Bat wasn't much more than a boy."

The cook resumed his apple-paring. Big Roy stood up and stepped across the fo'c'sle floor.

"Speaking of hot coffee, cook, I believe I will have a mug for myself now. I was one time shipmates with Bat, and the wet hand o' Death could have Bat with all ten fingers by the throat, and Bat, he'd still smile cheerful! And being cheerful, be the wind high or low, is a great thing in a shipmate, too. Next to a shipmate that you know will stand by till her keel is bumping the deep bottom somewhere beyond soundings, give me the lad that never lets on he's worrying about anything. I was with Bat fresh-halibutin' in the old *Cressida*, and one Febr'y day we're layin' to an anchor on the Western Banks. It'd been rough for two days and was still rough enough, but moderatin' this afternoon and looking as if we might be able to make a set in the mornin'. For'ard and aft the gang were laying round the same as we are here to-day, and I was havin' a little mug-up, same's I am now, when —*wo-oh-oo!*—away goes my mug o' coffee into the ear of the cook, who's rollin' piecrust alongside me. An unlucky sea had caught her. We could feel her being picked up and then thrown down hard. And down she stayed.

"She was cert'nly hove down. We climb out, bein' just able to slip up the fo'c'sle hatch through the water that lay on her for'ard deck, and have a look. And man, it's a clean sweep on deck. Not a big enough splinter left of her gurry kids to draw through the stem of your pipe, and all we could see of the dories was the bow of one hanging by her painter and twisted round the weather main rigg'n' halfway to the masthead.

"She'd been layin' to her chain cable, and the chain cable was parted, and there she is on her beam ends, and she driftin' to the Lord knows what or where, with her two masts flat out before wind and sea! And there the crew were, studyin' the wreck and ruin, and most every man aboard thinkin' the same thing I was: 'What a hell of a piece of luck to be lost now, and forty thousand o' halibut in our hold! The middle o' Lent, too!' was what I was thinking. For one pipeful o' tobaccor,—of good tobaccor,—anybody could've had my share right then o' the forty thousand.

"The skipper has a look to wind'ard and to loo'ard, and not a word fit to repeat could he find to say of what he thought of the mess around deck. But Bat is standing behind the skipper.

"Never mind, skipper; maybe it's the best thing ever happened us!" says Bat, who's maybe twenty-one years old then.

"The best thing ever— If this is the best, what in hell would the worst be?" says the skipper, looking at Bat as if he's between heavin' him over the weather rail or down the cabin hatch. Bat keeps smiling up at him, and all at once the skipper busts out laughing. And from then on we all begin to forget our troubles.

"In good time the vessel righted, her spars and sails and rigging standin', and there being nothing else left to do, the skipper swings her off for the Boston market. And we pick up a strong, fair wind. And watching her go along, Bat says: 'An open rail and a clean deck! No gurry kids, no high nests of dories clutterin' her deck—not a thing to check her way through the water. I'll bet you she never sailed like this before!'

"I guess she never did. And when we made Boston, there hadn't been a hundredweight o' halibut into the market for a week, and it's the middle o' Lent, and we get the biggest price 'T Wharf ever paid for halibut. Well, we make a record share, and it's the insurance company, not us, who have to pay for the damage to the vessel. 'There now,' says Bat, 'wasn't our bein' hove-down the best thing could happen us? We growl and growl,' says Bat, 'and half the time we don't wait to see if what we're growlin' about is good or bad for us.'"

ED HARPER had replaced his jew's-harp against his teeth; and all the while Big Roy talked, Ed's forefinger would go up, and a soft, almost mute little *zu-ung!* would issue. When Big Roy had done speaking, Ed took down his jew's harp.

"Do you, Big Roy,—or any of you,—do you remember Bat's first vessel? She was an old, old lady before Bat ever saw her. And loose? Give her no more than a two-reefed fores'l in a breeze o' wind, an' the creakin' and rattlin' of her old planks an' timbers would keep a man off watch awake in his bunk.

"But Bat wouldn't let on he could see a fault in her. He was one day praisin' her up,—this was in the store of Johnny's uncle there in Gloucester,—and there's half a dozen skippers listenin' to Bat. By and by somebody passes out that old one about a young skipper with his first vessel, and a young mother with her first baby,—about how the baby could be the loosest-built baby and so on, and the mother find no fault in the baby. And the same with a young skipper and his first vessel. But Ben Rowe butts in then, saying: 'Taint right to talk like that. O' course I'd hate myself to think what would happen to the old lady an' all hands if ever she gets caught in half a gale o' wind an' as much canvas as a whole riding-sail showin' on her. But she's all right. For her age, I dunno but I'd call her a wonder,' says Ben.

"Go on—keep it up," says Bat. "But I'll yet have a vessel, and you'll see, that'll make the rest of you look like driftin' derelicts if ever I meet you in a passage."

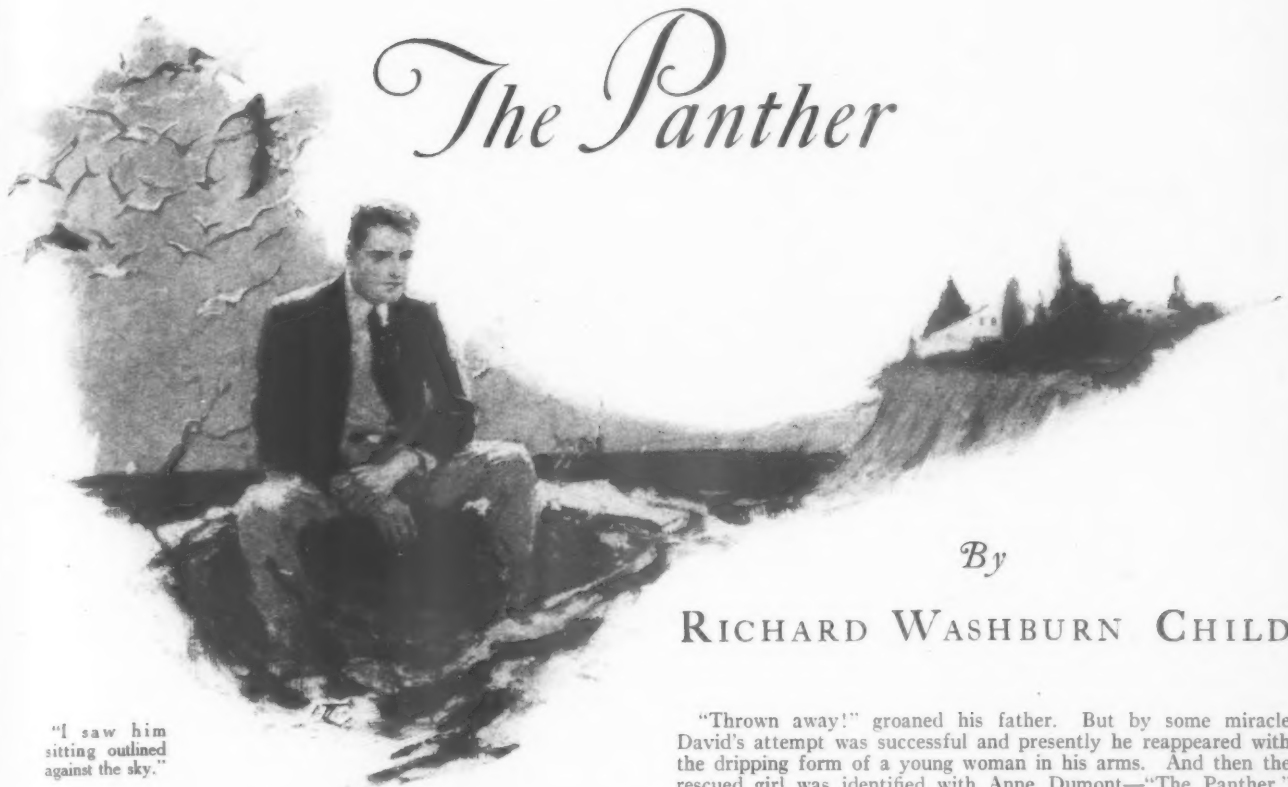
"And Bat by and by builds the *Mary and Battie*, named for his wife and young Bat. And boys, oh, boys, there was a vessel! She overhauled us one time in the *Half Moon*, both of us drivin' into the teeth of a muzzlin' northwester. We saw this vessel ten miles astern at breakfast, an' by lunch-time we saw her ten miles out in front of our bow. The vessel that can take it winged out, or quarterin', or broad on, is all right; but the great vessel after all is the one can go to wind'ard. The *Mary and Battie* came up from astern of us, and if I never see it again, I saw that day a vessel goin' properly to wind'ard in a livin' gale. She laid half a point nearer the wind an' went half as fast again through the waters. Into the roll an' smash o' the seas she eased herself like they were oiled for her passage, and our vessel buttin' in with her poor bruised shoulders as if it was nothin' but solid ledges o' rock always ahead. Bat beat us three days home from the Western Banks, that passage.

"I got a chance later in the *Mary and Battie*, and I was in her that day we fell in with Ben Rowe (Continued on page 156)

This vividly dramatic story of conflict between young love and old money is being hailed as the best thing yet written by the eminent author of "The Hands of Nara," "Velvet Black" and "Much Stranger."

*Illustrated by
Ralph Pallen Coleman*

The Panther



"I saw him
sitting outlined
against the sky."

By

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

OLD DeKay Stelling, master of men and millions, sat after dinner with his personal physician, young Farraday, on the veranda of his great house high on the cliffs above the sea, and spoke of his hopes and fears for his son David. He wished David to marry a neighboring heiress, Faith Hasbrouk, a woman of high principle and fine character.

"I should feel," he said, "that he was in a safe harbor from his chief passion."

"His chief passion?" inquired Farraday, who himself secretly aspired to a marriage with Miss Hasbrouk.

"The passion to throw himself away. . . . Some day," Stelling added, "he'll throw himself away on a woman."

And later the old man assailed his son directly. "You drift," he complained.

"I did not drift during the War," David replied. "The War was worth while. Big game—the War."

"But there is bigger game in peace," persisted his father. "A useful life, a place among big men. . . . I think your way to it is through one woman."

The battle of wills went on. David protested that he had tried to love Faith, but could not. She wanted to make him over.

Miss Hasbrouk and Farraday presently rejoined the Stellings. And then it was that the cry of a woman in distress came to them from the angry waters below the cliff. There was no time to descend the long stairway. Aid must be immediate if at all. And David—despite his father's and Faith Hasbrouk's agonized protests, and Farraday's attempt at physical interference—dived over the parapet into the darkness.

"Thrown away!" groaned his father. But by some miracle David's attempt was successful and presently he reappeared with the dripping form of a young woman in his arms. And then the rescued girl was identified with Anne Dumont—"The Panther," as the daughter of a notorious woman fortune-hunter had been called in the neighborhood. Worse yet, David announced that he loved her, was engaged to her.

This statement was followed by an angry scene and his father's declaration of war: "No!" the old man roared. "I won't have it. The fools! They forget that they will have to deal with me!"

And afterward he followed David and the Panther to her cottage and in a stormy interview announced that if David persisted in this engagement, he thereby cut himself off from the Stelling money, at once and wholly. And Anne, the Panther, made dramatic *riposte*: The elder Stelling, she averred, had removed the one bar to her marriage with David; she, a penniless woman, could marry a poor man with no qualms of conscience. But when Faith Hasbrouk came to see Anne still later that evening, she persuaded the Panther otherwise. If because of Anne, David were alienated from his father and his inheritance, the fault would lie with Anne—would be "a scar on her soul." And so successfully did she persuade Anne of this that the girl promised next day to break with David. (*The story continues in detail:*)

THE DeKay Stelling estate was submerged in the morning sunlight that filled the overturned blue-lined bowl of the universe.

The day was not one for tragedy; it suggested little but the joy of outdoors, the pleasure of health, of warm but brisk autumn air, and the gayety of youth returning for a few hours at least, even into old bones and old minds.

With this day, Dr. Hollis Farraday's mood was quite in keeping. He came from the breakfast-room, after a night of watchfulness directed at the great banker's overtaxed heart. Although

he had shaved and bathed and dressed before coming down for coffee, he still carried in his side coat-pocket the stethoscope which he had used more than once during the night to listen to the tiny feeble ventricles within DeKay Stelling's giant chest. The banker had withstood the strain of the evening better than Farraday had expected. He was asleep upstairs in his spacious chamber above the library where Farraday, smiling contentedly, now lighted a cigarette, opened the long French windows to let in the light of the gleaming garden and the odors of the southwest breeze, and threw himself down on an English overstuffed sofa in the sun.

Dr. Farraday congratulated himself upon his good fortune. Young Stelling had been trapped by two adventuresses, mother and daughter—just respectable enough to be dangerous and make their effect permanent. What of it? David would have made, perhaps, an equally bad mess of it later. At any rate he had now put himself out of the possibility of marrying Faith Hasbrouk. And he, Farraday, at a time when Faith was suffering from an injured pride and when old Stelling was suffering from the first defeat of his career, might be the comforter and aid of both. Faith liked Farraday. She even had for him an affectionate regard. He did not doubt at this moment of lazy, comfortable, satisfactory reflection in the sunlight, that she would gradually absorb and enjoy the courtship he would gently give forth to her. To Farraday it appeared that the long, hard fight he had made to establish himself with a fine professional reputation was won, not only crowned by success, but with the prospect of alliances which he once would have thought far above him. He thought of the comfort of the Hasbrouk money, the pride one could take in the Hasbrouk social position, and finally of Faith's stately beauty.

THE reality walked into the frame of his imagination; at the moment when he was thinking of the rewards of a calculating and irreproachable career, Miss Hasbrouk herself, rather pale but with her usual cool poise, came along the path beyond the French windows and suddenly appeared on the threshold.

"Faith!" he exclaimed.

She caught at once all the meaning of his surprise, all the meaning in his leaping up from his relaxation to greet her with an air of tender solicitude. When she answered him, there was a note in her voice that disclosed the tenseness of her nerves, even though her words did not.

"Mr. Stelling?" she said. "I came over to ask—"

A motion of Farraday's hand reassured her.

"I came for another reason, Hollis."

He waited for her to go on. She said: "Where is David?"

"I think he went out for a walk along the cliff. I saw him outlined against the sky on the top of Beekman's Point. He didn't go to bed."

"His father—"

"Yes, his father told me in a word last night after I had quieted him. He has chucked him out."

Faith passed the back of her hand across her eyes.

"So David probably had some foolish notion that he ought not to sleep under this roof," the young doctor continued. After a moment he added: "I'm surprised you did not meet him if you came along the Beekman Drive."

Miss Hasbrouk shook her head. "I didn't," she said; "I went over to the Chapel."

"St. Johns? There are no services there this morning?"

"No," she said. "I was alone for an hour in the Chapel."

"Oh!"

Farraday could be expressive; he indicated by a gesture that he had unintentionally invaded a sacred and sanctified field.

"You don't suppose that he—David, will go over to see her?" asked Faith with sudden anxiety. "He's coming back here? Surely!"

"Oh, I think so. But why? What more can be done?"

"Much more," Faith answered, and closed her lips tightly.

Farraday exclaimed.

"Yes," said the girl; "she is coming here this morning."

"The Panther!"

Faith nodded. "Soon."

"What for?" asked the startled doctor.

"She promised me—last night," Faith answered in a low tone suggesting an emotion repressed. "After you and Mr. Stelling had gone—well, I—talked with her myself. And—I made her see—"

Her voice died down to a whisper and was almost lost. Farraday took both her hands. "Oh, Faith! You did that?" he said

tenderly. "You are wonderful! You are noble beyond belief, Faith. And I want you to know that if I—if ever the time comes—"

AGAIN she understood him; and because she did, she withdrew her hands, and yet because she understood she looked at him gratefully.

"And she is coming here!" repeated Farraday. "To do what—to say what?"

Faith shook her head, and answered: "She would not say. She only promised to renounce her claim."

Poor Farraday, a little slow to realize the significance of this turn of events, now saw all its consequences. It meant perhaps that David would be restored to his father—and to Faith! It was even worse; a man who had suffered by his own folly would, no doubt, when overthrown, seek comfort by turning toward Faith with a new sentiment akin to love. The Doctor looked upon that possibility with alarm.

"But why does she do this?" he asked. "What persuaded her? Doesn't she love him?"

At this question Faith's expression became one of fear. Only long afterward did Farraday understand why.

"Yes," said Faith, "she does love him, I think." She braced herself to add: "But even then—"

"I know," said he.

He had been standing so close to Miss Hasbrouk that the two stepped away from each other at the sound of the maid's tread on the heavy-piled carpet of the side hall.

The servant came between the rich hangings at the library doorway, and like all stiff, undemonstrative professional house-hirelings, she gave the impression that she did not see Miss Hasbrouk and Dr. Farraday. She went to the mantel above the Italian fireplace and wound the clock there, looking up at the Romney painting of a lady, backed by trees and a patch of sky, exchanging with this old portrait contemptuous glances.

"Mr. David Stelling has come in from his walk, Doctor," she said as she turned to go.

"Thank you! Please tell him I'm here."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed Faith under her breath. She sat down, arranging the light sparkling silk of her gown with the habitual involuntary motion of one always conscious.

"Glad!" said the Doctor, as if awakened from some anxious dream.

"Of course—if she is coming."

"Oh, yes, of course."

David's voice interrupted them. It came from the hall. "Where?" he asked. "Oh, the library."

HE pulled the portières together as he entered, and only when he turned around again did he see Faith Hasbrouk. He indicated no surprise and no sense of confusion.

"Good morning, Faith," he said. "It's extraordinary to say good morning after being up all night. Anyhow, I've dressed for the day and had a long walk; I'm going away today."

The glance which followed these words was clearly a request for understanding without discussion.

"My father?" he said to Farraday anxiously.

"Well, it was hard on him, David," the Doctor said with all proper disapproval. "No denying it. He's quite comfortable now. I saw to that."

David smiled; he was no fool.

Faith gave him her hand in greeting. This was always remembered by the Doctor as a prime example in graciousness; he did not see that Faith at that moment glanced up again at the clock.

"Nevertheless, another strain on your father would be no trivial matter," Farraday said as an afterthought.

David nodded, and opening his large, expressive hands toward them both, said: "I'm sorry—sorrower than anyone. There is only one thing in the world that would have made me give him trouble."

"One thing?" asked Farraday.

"Please!" said Faith, turning a little pale.

The three sat down silently, and there was an awkward pause, while the sunlight and the breeze streamed in through the French windows with the sound of birds rejoicing over the day.

"I'm tired," said David at last. "I'd better admit it." He spoke as if to himself.

Whether the other two thought of the physical strain he had undergone in rescuing the Panther from the Churn and carrying her up the cliff, and also of the mental strain of overturning

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"No, David," said Anne in a harsh voice. "You're a pretty bauble without your money. I love you? I should say not!"



"Bring her here," he said. "Bring her here; she belongs to me."

life completely within a few hours, neither answered his comment. Faith rose and walked to the door slowly—she came to the opening just as the maid parted the hangings and looked with significant glances at the son of the house.

"A lady to see you, sir," she said.

"To see me!" exclaimed David, jumping up, as if suddenly on the defensive. "Who is she?"

"She didn't give a name, sir."

Farraday and Faith had moved toward the French windows as if to escape.

"Wait!" David said to them, and then: "Bring the lady in, Lucy."

Unless one had known the Panther long and well, she might have escaped immediate recognition as she appeared before the three in the library. She was now, as much as ever, lithe and young, and golden. It may have been a new firmness in her chin and lips, it may have been a weariness caused by some great conflict within that appeared in her eyes, but because of other changes, her expression for the moment, with its strange cold smile, only appeared hard and unfeeling.

The sunlight that fell upon her as she stepped forward with a cool, "Good morning, friends," was merciless in its exposure of her new appearance. There could be no doubt that the color of her lips had been intensified by artifice; there could be no doubt that she had too much powder upon her nose and cheeks. She wore a linen frock with a deep V-neck, and about its waist was a scarf of orange brocade. Her hat, with a swaying brim of exaggerated width, was black. She walked with one hand upon her hip, suggesting the affectations of professional manikins, and having nodded pleasantly to Miss Hasbrouk, she examined her fingernails with rapt attention.

"Anne!"

David's explosive utterance of her name had agony in it. It suggested an unwillingness to believe his eyes.

Farraday almost sneered, but probably remembering again that anything which might tend to detract from the Panther

would also tend to rescue David from his illusions, he restrained himself and even drew a chair toward the girl.

"I suppose you think it's funny I came here," said the Panther to David. "You might say I had no pride—after what was said last night!"

She put her hand suddenly upon her throat as if she were unable to breathe.

"I think we'd better go into the garden, Anne," young Stelling said.

"Oh, I don't," replied the Panther. "No, indeed! I came over to straighten things out, David. That's why I came."

Faith looked up with a quick triumphant smile.

"Straighten things out?" David repeated.

"Certainly there's a lot of things to straighten out."

He stared at her; he could not understand why suddenly her voice sounded so loud.

"Better not go into the garden," said Farraday quickly. "If Mr. Stelling heard voices, it would be quite like him to get up and go out on the balcony."

The mention of the banker appeared to wake memories in Miss Dumont.

"I shouldn't have spoken to him the way I did," she admitted. "You know—last night—I was just brazen, wasn't I? And me a young girl! Only he dared me, and nobody can dare me—unless I have a chance to think. Of course, I've had a chance to think, and I guess he could ruin anybody he set out to ruin."

"That's absurd," David said severely. "What's the matter with you, Anne?"

"Nothing's the matter with me," she replied. "You don't know me very well or you wouldn't ask that. I'm a good deal like myself." She shrugged her young shoulders unpleasantly.

There was an awkward pause.

"Well," she said at last, looking toward Dr. Farraday and then at David, "I came here to see Miss Hasbrouk."

"Oh!" Farraday exclaimed. "David and I can—"

He was stopped by a glance from Faith which appeared to him to be an expression of sudden fear.

"I just want a word with her," Anne said, jerking her head toward the open French windows to indicate the exit by which the two men could leave Faith and herself together.

David hesitated. He had looked tired ten minutes before; now his face was twisted into lines of perplexity. The color of humiliation had risen behind his ears. The poise which seldom left him had gone.

The Panther laughed. "Is he afraid that we are going to fly at each other?" she inquired. "Oh, tell him, Miss Hasbrouk, that all I want is a word in private. Just a word."

Faith nodded toward the two men as if she had the full right to determine their actions, and in obedience Farraday and Stelling went out into the sunlight.

The moment they had gone, Anne Dumont whirled around, facing the older girl, whose position was one of so much greater advantage. Anyone would have need of knowing the fundamental material in these two women's characters in order to understand that after all, one was braver, freer, larger of spirit than the other.

"You see that I have come—to keep my promise," said Anne in a low and almost tender tone.

Faith stepped back a pace, feeling for the table behind her.

"I wondered what you would do," she gasped.

"Well, now you know, of course," the Panther said. "It must appear plainly enough."

She drew a puff from a vanity case and touched her forehead with it so that a fine little cloud of scented powder went out into the sunlight. Faith uttered a nervous laugh, almost hysterical in its suggestion.

"Haven't you a word of encouragement for me?" asked Anne.

"You mean to appear as a different kind of person?" gasped Faith. "You mean to tell him—"

"Of course," said Anne calmly. "You know that it is the only way, Miss Hasbrouk. You knew what I would do—didn't you?"

It was a direct question.

Faith said, "No," hesitatingly; but after glancing into Anne's steady blue eyes, she said in a voice filled with pain: "Why, yes—of course—yes—I suppose—"

"Exactly!" the Panther finished. "You knew."

The clock on the mantel, set in the heavy onyx base, announced that it was ten, stroking out the hour in sonorous miniature imitation of cathedral bells.

"I cannot see how I can help in that," said Faith.

"Cannot see? Cannot see!" exclaimed Anne. "Why, this is a sacrifice we make together, isn't it?"

"Together?"

"Yes—and with as little theatrical atmosphere as possible. Of course, I'll have to be rather dramatic. I'll do my best. I will disillusion David about myself, but you'll have to help me."

"Make him think you are some one you are not?" asked Faith in a hushed tone.

"Of course. I am afraid that all this trouble has come about because he—"

"Loves you!" finished Faith.



"Mr. David Stelling has come in from his walk, Doctor," the maid said as she turned to go.

Anne bent her head forward as if the thought were difficult to meet face to face.

"I can't—I can't go on—with your plan," the older woman muttered.

"Come!" said Anne cheerfully. "We must. We both love him, don't we? You said yourself that it would wreck his life—that's what you meant. Perhaps you are right. Throwing himself away on me— That's what you had in mind, isn't it?"

Miss Hasbrouk did not answer; she sat down and buried her face in her hands.

"Why do you ask me to decide?" she pleaded in her desperation.

"Because you love him too—don't you?" answered Anne.

"You are going to tell him that he has been a dupe?"

Anne nodded. "That is—provided we (Continued on page 112)

The glamour and the terror of wild tropic frontiers are presented by Beatrice Grimshaw with unequalled power. This story of a man who fled from civilization and womankind is fascinating indeed.

Peak of the Moon

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

THE forest, on its climbing ridge, hung round about the clearing as hangs an old tapestry on a castle wall, full of mysterious greens and intriguing shadows. Trunks, tall and pale, made threadbare stitches on the giant fabric, where axes of long ago had broken their way to the sun. There was a stream in the bottom of the clearing; it ran between belts of fern-trees like umbrellas of green lace, betel-nut trees, incredibly poised and slim, kapoks with yellow honey-sweet flowers and dangling pods, massed, luscious shrubs and trailers, nameless save to botanists. Lalang grass, kept free by savage hunting fires, filled all the rest of the clearing. And above there was sun, the pouring sun of Papua, not yellow-thick and full of lees, as it shines on Port Moresby plains, but thin and clear like new glass. From the spine of the other ridge, which was over against the forest, one looked down and down, across blue valleys and green clearings, black where the rivers ran between; and a tumbling, crumbled mass of mountains, unbroken by ax or foot; and last, a very long way away, some white beads scattered on the rim of the sea—Port Moresby.

Jimmy Conroy looked round him, from the view to the ridge, from the ridge into the clearing—down to Port Moresby, and back again to the barely visible track on which he was standing. He drew his breath, and let it out with a grunt of satisfaction.

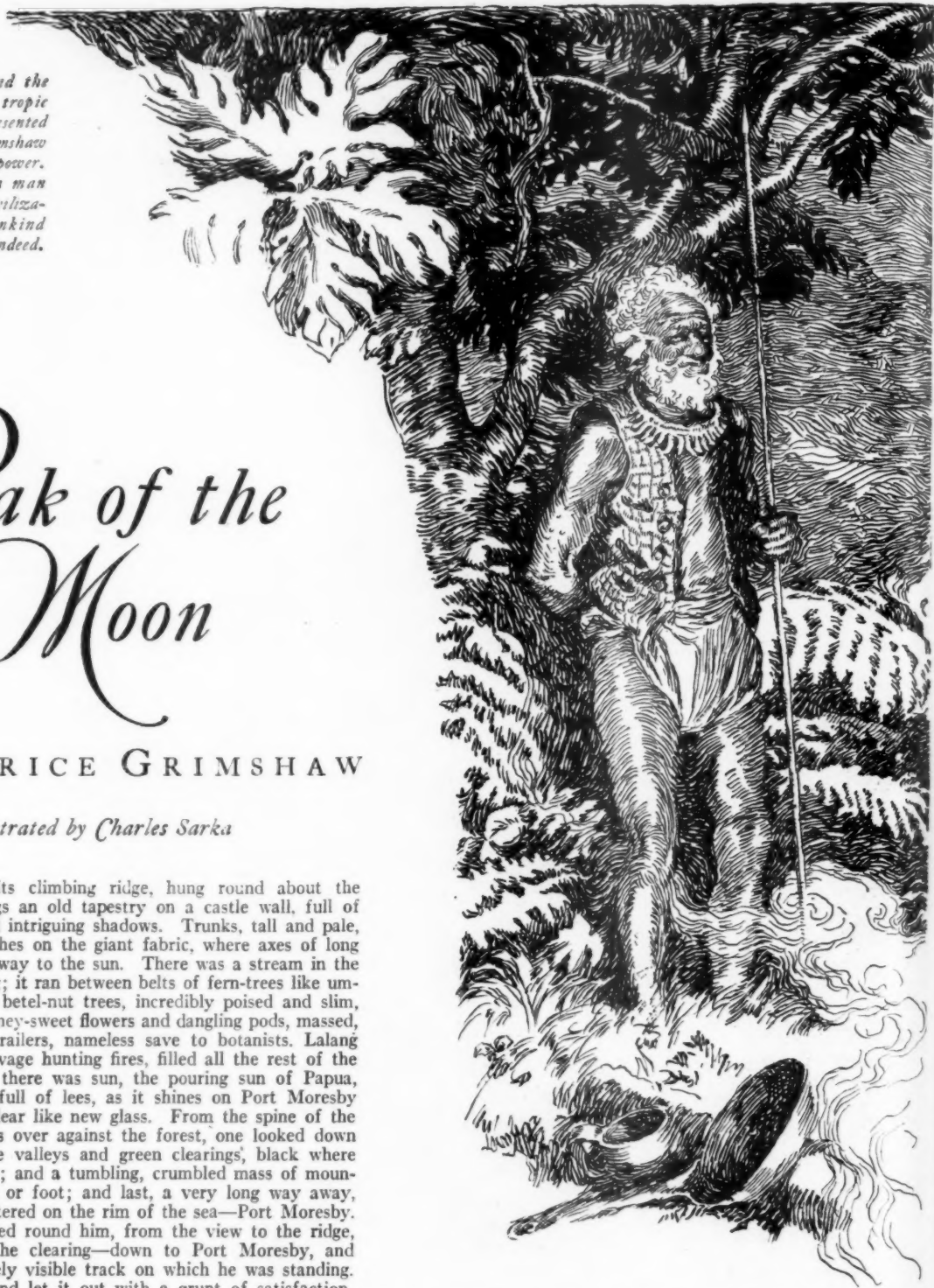
"No damned people," he said.

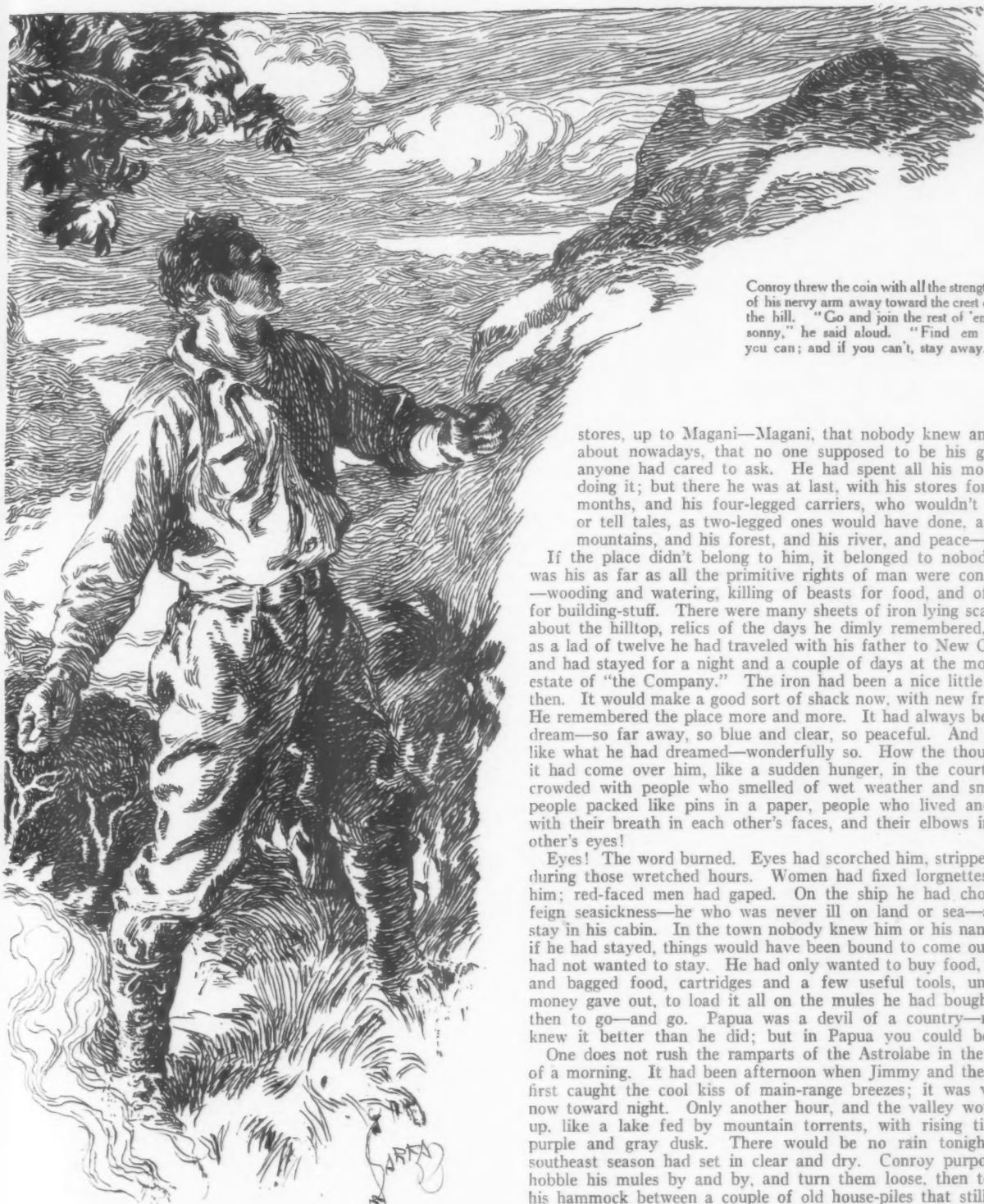
There certainly were no people, damned or otherwise. Conroy had taken two days to travel up from the town, by ways not often used; and once off the one narrow road that led to Sapphire Creek, he and his two pattering mules had seen not a soul, save one old gentleman of the rude Koiari tribe, who was going down on a holiday to the seaside, with bamboos to carry back salt water. The old gentleman, dressed in a string of dogs' teeth and a worn-out check waistcoat, had not noticed Conroy and his beasts, otherwise than to spit at them in passing; and of other travelers there were none.

Conroy knew from a careful study of Government maps, that

among the mountains where they now had climbed there were no settlers or planters of any kind. The land on which he stood had formerly been planted and worked, but was now forfeited to the Government, the owners having given it up as a bad job because of just that which had drawn Conroy thither—difficult, almost impossible approach. To get to Magani, in those days, with the once cleared and dynamited track gone almost back to bush, was no trifling job.

Koiari there were; but the Koiari savage, who still resists, negatively, the civilization that has gathered in almost all his neighbors, is of necessity coy and retiring in his ways. And in any case, this acreage of raw forest and springing ridge, this patch





Conroy threw the coin with all the strength of his nery arm away toward the crest of the hill. "Go and join the rest of 'em, sonny," he said aloud. "Find 'em if you can; and if you can't, stay away."

stores, up to Magani—Magani, that nobody knew anything about nowadays, that no one supposed to be his goal, if anyone had cared to ask. He had spent all his money in doing it; but there he was at last, with his stores for three months, and his four-legged carriers, who wouldn't gossip or tell tales, as two-legged ones would have done, and his mountains, and his forest, and his river, and peace—peace.

If the place didn't belong to him, it belonged to nobody. It was his as far as all the primitive rights of man were concerned—wooding and watering, killing of beasts for food, and of trees for building-stuff. There were many sheets of iron lying scattered about the hilltop, relics of the days he dimly remembered, when as a lad of twelve he had traveled with his father to New Guinea, and had stayed for a night and a couple of days at the mountain estate of "the Company." The iron had been a nice little house then. It would make a good sort of shack now, with new framing. He remembered the place more and more. It had always been his dream—so far away, so blue and clear, so peaceful. And it was like what he had dreamed—wonderfully so. How the thought of it had come over him, like a sudden hunger, in the courthouse, crowded with people who smelled of wet weather and smoke—people packed like pins in a paper, people who lived and died with their breath in each other's faces, and their elbows in each other's eyes!

Eyes! The word burned. Eyes had scorched him, stripped him, during those wretched hours. Women had fixed lorgnettes upon him; red-faced men had gaped. On the ship he had chosen to feign seasickness—he who was never ill on land or sea—and to stay in his cabin. In the town nobody knew him or his name, but if he had stayed, things would have been bound to come out. He had not wanted to stay. He had only wanted to buy food, tinned and bagged food, cartridges and a few useful tools, until his money gave out, to load it all on the mules he had bought, and then to go—and go. Papua was a devil of a country—no one knew it better than he did; but in Papua you could be free.

One does not rush the ramparts of the Astrolabe in the inside of a morning. It had been afternoon when Jimmy and the mules first caught the cool kiss of main-range breezes; it was verging now toward night. Only another hour, and the valley would fill up, like a lake fed by mountain torrents, with rising tides of purple and gray dusk. There would be no rain tonight; the southeast season had set in clear and dry. Conroy purposed to hobble his mules by and by, and turn them loose, then to sling his hammock between a couple of old house-piles that still stood by, and sleep beneath the stars. No mosquito-net for him; down on the plains, men might be cursing and fighting mosquito hordes, sleeping, eating and working under stretched nets; but here, in the blue remoteness of the Astrolabe, the curse of Papuan life had no being.

So many other curses had no being. Conroy, making his fire in the lee of a sheet of iron, boiling his billy, and frying bacon by the light of a hurricane lamp, conned them all over. The curse of the too-many people; the curse of the city face, hard, throwing off a casual glance as a steel plate casts back an arrow; the curse of "appearances"—doing the things you did not wish to do, the things you ought not to do, the things you could not afford to do, because of what somebody whom you despised would

of discouraged clearing, knew Koiari only in the dry hunting days of July and August. Now, in April, there was not a moving thing for miles and days round Magani, save the pigs, black and brown, and the grayish wallabies, and the little, scuttering bandicoots and such small fry, that lived their easy lives in the forest.

THERE were no people. None! Conroy repeated it, stretching himself luxuriously, in unison with the suddenly stretched, freed feeling of his soul. That was what he had come for. That was why he had made the long rush up to Papua from Sydney, after—it—was over, and the short journey from Port Moresby, with the mules, and the sixteen hundred pounds of

think about it; the curse of the airless houses, where you shut yourself away in the stuffy dark, like a punished dog in its kennel; the many curses of noise—street bands, blaring, bullying motorhorns, roaring of trams, the noise of voices, women's voices chitter-chattering foolishly, men's loud, boring tones, never ceasing. Here the stars came out, large and silver, above the empty clearing; and beneath them there was so little sound—ruffle of windy grasses, *lip-lap* of the river—that you could almost hear them shine.

Having hobbled and turned out the mules, having fed, and slung up his hammock, Conroy, before lighting his pipe for a luxurious, sleepy smoke, performed a little ceremony. Out of his pockets, after long dredging, he produced a coin, a copper, useless in Papua, where nothing less than silver will buy anything one wants. He looked at it, bowed his head in mock good-bye, and threw the coin with all the strength of his nervy arm, away toward the crest of the hill.

"Go and join the rest of 'em, sonny," he said aloud. "Find 'em if you can; and if you can't, stay away." He laughed—the first time in many a day—and bent down to light his pipe; the wind was getting up; faith, he'd want his blankets tonight if it got much colder.

When he raised his head again, a brown statue was standing beside him in the firelight, a very old, villainous-looking gentleman, skinny, cottony-haired, dressed in a string of teeth and a worn checked tourist waistcoat.

"Hello, Johnny!" he exclaimed. "So you've turned up here! Now, what the devil brought you along, I wonder?"

He had spoken only to himself, but much to his surprise, he was answered.

"Me come," said the old, villainous gentleman.

"Oh, so you speak English, do you? Well, what did you come for?"

"Me come. Altogether me come." The old man squatted by the fire and began to warm his thin bare legs. "Toback," he remarked.

CONROY, who had memories of the country, guessed that the old man was in all probability starved and neglected by his tribe, and had visited the camp with some intention of fastening himself on to the wealthy white. He felt a little dismayed. Three months' stores for one did not make three months' stores if you added another—an old and useless mouth.

"Me Babakori. Me no kai-kai plenty," put in the old man, with uncanny divination of his mood. "Me kai-kai little bit. All the time, me findem big black fig" (pig), "big wallaby, me tellen you altogether everything." He finished up with another: "Toback!"

Conroy gave him tobacco, and thought rapidly. Mightn't he do worse, after all? This brown, ghostly thing of seventy years was not "people." He could think aloud, before it—he need never feel that it was there; and it would well save its keep for him. The old man must have been camp-boy to some white man in the past. A harmless, mindless thing.

Babakori, shredding tobacco for his long bamboo pipe, cocked an old eye of the kind that Victorians were used to call "leary" and asked:

"Where you' woman, Taubada?" (Chief.)

"The answer, my wise Johnny," replied Conroy in some amazement, "is the reason of my coming up here, which I don't propose to tell."

Babakori chewed that over visibly, like a parrot chewing a biscuit held in its claw, and seemed to come to a conclusion.

"You leaven woman along Sydney?"

"Right—though I don't know how you know."

"Him no like come along a you?"

"Didn't ask her, Johnny. Couldn't." It was a curious relief, almost a pleasure, to talk in this whimsical, half comprehended fashion to the creature who seemed so little of a human being, the almost thing that blended in color and limb with dim shapes of rocks and trees, half hidden in the firelight. It was like talking to oneself.

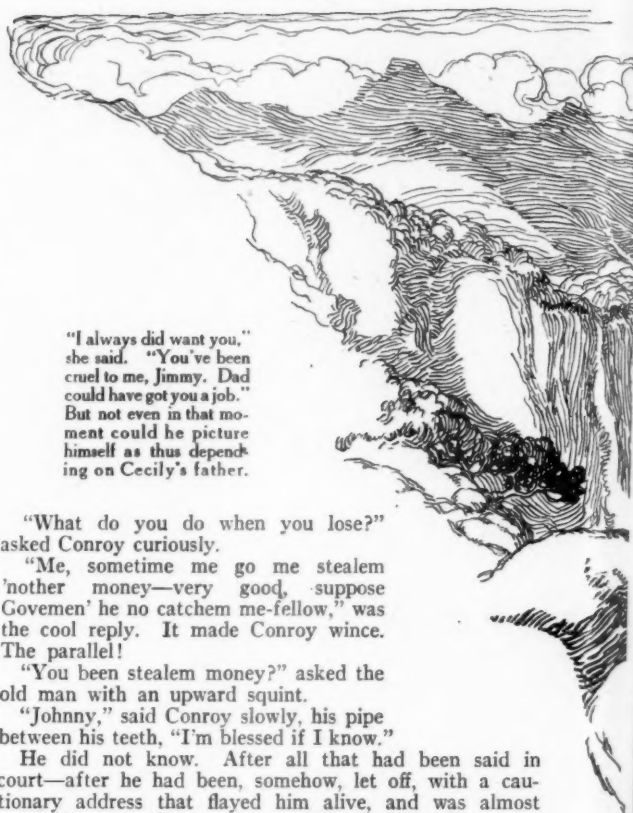
"What name" (why?) "you no askem him?"

"Because I'd lost all my money, Johnny."

"Me-fellow Babakori, no Donny. What name you lossem money?"

"All kinds of ways, mostly way of a damned fool. Speculating, backing wrong horses, cards a bit."

"New Guinea boy him flay cards, flenty him lossem," commented the old man.



"I always did want you," she said. "You've been cruel to me, Jimmy. Dad could have got you a job." But not even in that moment could he picture himself as thus depending on Cecily's father.

"What do you do when you lose?" asked Conroy curiously.

"Me, sometime me go me stealem 'nother money—very good, suppose Govemen' he no catchem me-fellow," was the cool reply. It made Conroy wince. The parallel!

"You been stealem money?" asked the old man with an upward squint.

"Johnny," said Conroy slowly, his pipe between his teeth, "I'm blessed if I know."

He did not know. After all that had been said in court—after he had been, somehow, let off, with a cautionary address that flayed him alive, and was almost worse than jail—Jimmy Conroy still did not know whether he was in his own eyes a thief or not.

He had drawn against a nonexistent bank-balance, and had passed the check. Yes, but the remittance ought to have arrived before the check was presented. It did not arrive, because the man who owed him the money was dead, and had left no sort of proof that money had ever been owed to Conroy at all. He ought not to have paid his hotel bill with the check. Yes, but he didn't think—He was perfectly certain—

It had all been gone over and over in court, till his head swam with it; on that subject his head was swimming still. Out of it all, some few clear facts emerged: he had been arrested at the railway station publicly, horribly. He had been tried for fraud on a hotel-keeper. He had got off by means of the First Offenders Act, and he was just as much ruined for life as if he had been to prison for a year.

If he had not been locally known,—if the horrible thing had occurred, say in Canada or the Argentine,—it would not have been so bad. But the Conroys were a famous squatter family, or had been till his father went through most of the property that the end-of-the-century "big drought" had spared. Plenty of people still knew all about them, knew how Jimmy, left an orphan, was brought up by guardians, who sold the remainder of the property for his benefit; how he took the capital into his own charge at twenty-one, cheerfully certain of making a fortune; how he speculated, muddled, lost, won, lost again; hunted "sure things" at Randwick, played auction bridge, and lent money to ladies whose dividends were, somehow, inexplicably delayed. A breach of promise, privately settled, hit him hard. The war almost put him on his feet again, because in Flanders there was not much opportunity for chasing dead certainties that only deserved the first half of their name, of being "let in on the ground floor," to enterprises that shortly collapsed and dropped you into the cellar. After the war—well, everyone knew what state the money-market was in: money had gone mad. Was it any wonder he could not pull things straight, when Lloyd George and Billy Hughes and the British Empire couldn't?

He had certainly tried as—well, as a man does try when he has met the One Girl, and begins to fear the other thousand million unmarried men in the world may win the race away from him. And it had ended with the shrieking scandal of the police-court, the incredibly unbelieving hotel manager and bank manager and magistrate, and the cruel mercies of the First Offenders



Act—with all Sydney, all Australia, all the whole damned world (or so it seemed to Jimmy's flayed, raw mind) looking on.

And the Girl would marry some one else.

I have not drawn Jimmy as he lived, if I have not succeeded in showing you that he was impulsive by nature. The little boxful of medals that he never looked at, the letters he did not use after his name, proved one aspect of his impulsiveness. The loneliness of the copper coin at present lying halfway up the hillcrest proved another. Jimmy, through his few-and-twenty years of life, had hitherto spent himself and his resources, of body, mind and purse, in action.

About the first thing that had ever caused him to expend nerve-force in thought was the Girl. There was nothing to be done about the Girl. She seemed to like him; Jimmy, swung between the heavens and hells of love uncertainty, was sometimes gloriously certain that she did. He could have stormed a dozen enemy trenches for her, single-handed; he could have fought for her in dizzying midair, walked across the continent of Australia barefoot, done any dangerous, difficult, painful thing, any dozens of such things, for her.

But one cannot marry a girl who is gently bred and who goes to the best dances, on war records, or athletic "stunts." To give her a house in the right part of the right bay down the harbor,—and motorcars, and "little frocks," instead of simple dresses, which do not dress a woman,—one must have money. Conroy had

lost his; and every attempt he made toward getting it back only threw him farther and farther down the social ladder. Now he had reached the bottom in good earnest. Now, therefore, there was nothing to be done about the Girl—nothing but think.

Under the stars, with the mules standing still as black equestrian statues shorn of riders in the half-dark, with old Babakori asleep behind a log, with the deserted clearing of Magani all to himself, and with nothing, at last, between him and his own soul, Conroy fell to thinking. And he found that thought, in such places, during such hours, springs up like grass in rain.

Conroy had not understood the wild desire that drove him on to this desert place. He had only known that he wanted Magani, and had gone straight for it, as he had always gone for what he wanted. He had not known just what it was he wanted in this case, but had rushed toward it, all the same. This night it began to creep upon him that the thing he wanted, and might find, was just himself.

Dimly, through the fog of a mind ill used to piloting itself, a light or two shone out. Might not the finding of oneself be the first, necessary step toward the reaching of that treasure so far above and beyond oneself—the Girl? Jimmy did not know how that could be; yet he fancied it might be so—or might have been, had not the thing happened which had cast him out of his world, and which never, for a moment, could be forgotten.

And immediately he forgot it, in sleep.

DURING the days that followed, Jimmy, to his own amazement, was happy. It came to him with a shock that he, like millions of others, had never, up to this, known the taste of actual freedom. He had thought, on the whole, that he was fairly free; but now he knew. Day upon day, he rolled out of his hammock at dawn and sat pajama-clad on a rock, to drink the tea old Babakori brought him, as slowly as he liked, look out upon the dusky lands below Magani, and watch the marvelous mountain sunrise—

From its cold crown
And crystal silence creeping down.

Day after day he hunted the forgotten woods about the clearing, for he knew not what—rivers unplanned on the maps, peaks no one had marked, strange flowers that stood up like rows of gold candles upon trailing cables of ground-vine, or peered with purple-red, flushed faces, incredibly huge, out of green thickets impenetrable with bamboo. Evening on evening he and Babakori—who seldom spoke, and scarcely seemed alive during the day—waited silently for the right moment of dusk, to creep forth soft-footed, and stalk the wallabies and pigs that came out to feed toward the falling of the night. Back they would hurry, later, laden with food; then there would be a great fire lit, and a lamp hung up, and with big knives the two would butcher the carcass, hanging the choice bits—the tail and thighs of the wallaby, the loin and liver of pork—high in the eucalyptus trees near the camp.

There would be bits fried over the fire, better to eat than Jimmy had dreamed meat could be; and Babakori would rub his old stomach and grunt, and Jimmy would laugh at him, understanding. And while they fed, the giant frogs would keep up their goatlike bleating down by the river, and the night-birds would whistle like a man calling a dog, or scream like a woman dying in agony. And Babakori, wise with strange wisdom that the white man never plumbs to its depth, would whisper, gnawing on a bone, of things that lived in the forest, and did harm; of other things, good to men if men could catch and tame them—as, he explained hastily, swallowing his gnawed meat, men never did.

Conroy, asking him how, then, he could know the good will of the Things, was told, in snatches of English “pigeoned” to shreds, that They would throw largesse, once in a way—throw it and run, for fear of being caught. One had to treat them well.

“Taubada!” whispered the old man, looking round him fearfully in the firelit shadow. “Taubada, you tell along Babakori—what name you frow money long devil belong on-top?”

“Why?” repeated Conroy, puzzled—then remembering his careless casting away of the lone penny, he laughed. “I told him to bring me some more, old boy,” he said. “But the devil of it is, he never will.”

The old man passed this over. “Taubada,” he persisted, “what name, you frow money along big-on-top belong moon?”

“Along what? Oh—you mean the top of the mountain? Why does it belong to the moon, old boy?”

“Belong moon, bee-cause all same moon, Taubada. Moon, bee-foré, one time fall down along top,”—he pointed with a spidery claw, “altogether something he stop.”

“The moon fell down on top of the mountain, and some of it stopped behind. Babakori, you’ve missed your job; you should have been a—real-estate agent,” commented Conroy, forking another choice bit of pig out of the frying-pan. Conroy knew about real estate. A few of his light-heeled sovereigns had run away from him by that road.

BABAKORI, as usual, pursued his own parallel and independent line of thought.

“Altogether we-fellow we fright along that place,” he confided, pointing with a gnawed bone toward the spiring peak that rose above the camp. “Me, one time me go make *puri-puri*” (magic) “there, me see moon, me run away.” Lovingly and slowly he licked his fingers clean of gravy.

Conroy did not pay attention. He was looking down on the silent, moon-sapphired landscape below, sensing its cleanness, its emptiness of crawling, pullulating city life. “No damned people,” would have been too violent a thought for him now. He was growing into the place, almost a part of it. He felt with it; knew that something of its strength and peace were passing into himself.

“If ever I went away from here again,” he thought, “I’d be

different. I’d have more hold of myself. That’s what was wrong. Why, confound it, a horse one rode in the way one rides oneself would bolt. That’s why one does bolt. Hands all over the shop, knees not taking hold—and the animal you ride knows, and plays up like billy-oh! Funny thing that there should be two of you, horse and rider. I wonder if anyone ever thought of that before?”

His mind, unused to effort, slid off the puzzling subject—went, by some zigzag of thought, to the question of stores. Babakori didn’t cut them in half after all; he was such a help about game, and fruit, and wild yams, and the little crayfish in the river that hadn’t a name, and how to catch pigeon at dawn, in snares of bark-fiber cunningly set. All in all, there would be near the full three months he had anticipated. One month was gone. Nearly two to run!

Conroy thought of the little hut he had put together out of loose sheets of iron, for rainy and windy weather; of the home-like feeling he knew at night, sitting under its roof, and reading old newspapers by lantern-light; of old Babakori humming and droning about the place, and the river talking itself to sleep below; of stalking, and shooting, and the strange fresh pleasures savored in thus, like the bush-creatures, “seeking his meat from God;” of the warm smell of bracken in mid-morning, when one lay sheltered from the hilltop wind for siesta; of blue, thin skies above, and blue, far world below; of a place where no one came, where no one knew you to be hid, where no alien minds or lives battered and butted against yours, to deform it out of shape. Of peace, and peace!

HE rose at last, thoughts turning bedward. The moon was sliding down behind the peak; it must be getting late.

Babakori, his banana-leaf cigarette cocked in one corner of his mouth, looked up, and seemed to judge and value him, with a shrewd, leather-lidded eye.

“You good man,” was his comment. Jimmy, aware that the old savage referred to no moral fineness he might suspect, but rather to five feet ten and a half of height, broad shoulders, mat-thick, ruddy hair, and dark eyes not wanting in fire, felt somewhat foolishly pleased. He knew he was a good man, in that sense.

Babakori spoke again, and this time his speech was a cunning plea as old as the ages, on the lips of age. Would not his chief allow him to go and cheapen a nice girl for him? He, Babakori, knew of several such, very good value for the pigs and axes asked as their price.

Jimmy, answering the simple soul as simply as he had spoken, declared an indifference to native beauty. He liked a white girl, he said; and she was not there. Where was she? Oh, a long way off, farther than you could see.

Babakori, in a mixture of pigeon English and native, was understood to ask what the Chief would give him if he brought her along. He recommended himself as an excellent and honest bargainer between parent and purchaser. He also explained that he could walk a very long way, if you gave him tobacco enough.

“I suppose you want a spell,” was Jimmy’s comment. “Well, you can take one, but come back in a couple of days like a good chap. I want you here.”

“Me go?” asked Babakori after consideration.

“Yes.”

The old man got up, tied his bark-fiber belt a little closer and slung his bamboo pipe over one shoulder. Thus prepared for travel, without further ado he turned away from the camp, and trotted, in the moonlight, down the track that led, at long last, to the coast and the road and the little far-off town.

Conroy did not trouble himself overmuch as to what the old fellow might have at the bottom of his mind. Some native nonsense or other.

For three days he hunted, explored and fed alone. On the fourth he was beginning to feel what he had not felt since his arrival—bored. Toward sundown he went to the edge of the plateau and stood looking aimlessly out across the wrinkled map of mountain, plain and sea. It was impossible to get sight of anyone who might be on the way—but one could eye the distance, and make rough calculations.

He wondered what on earth, after all, the old villain had really been about. There was no ripe betel-nut near Magani; in all likelihood Babakori’s holiday trip had to do with the providing of a fresh supply, for the Papuan without his betel-nut is as a white man without a smoke. But you never could tell. The native mind was full of odd turns.

Another day went by, and Conroy (Continued on page 150)



The dramatic conflict between the son and daughter of two Shamrock families transplanted to California is here described in most interesting fashion by a brilliant writer whom all Red Book readers know and like well.

Illustrated by
Gayle Hoskins

The Rose of Kildare

By **GERALD BEAUMONT**

"First the heel, an' then the toe,
O'er St. Brigid's cross we go;
Bog o' Allen, ould Dunmurry,
East and west we skip and hurry;
This way, that way, keep us ever true;
Tip-tap, rip-rap, tick-a-tack-too!"

"SEE now, you've broken my stick; shure, it's the careless lad you are, Barry Nunan! Now we must be doin' it all over again."

The boy frowned at the crossed twigs over which they had been dancing the Charm of the Curragh.

"Sorra take it, 'tis yerself, Eileen O'Moore, that broke the ould stick, but no matter. I be tired, and we'll sing the Droighnean Donn, and sit ourselves down to it."

They sprawled on the emerald turf of the Curragh Down, which lies south of Kildare—a velvet carpet undulating for miles with no tree or shrub to mar its sweet expanse. Their childish voices floated out over sheep grazing contentedly on prehistoric Gaelic mounds.

When they were tired of singing, and the shadows were creeping down from the hills, Eileen picked up the broken St. Brigid's twig and examined it with all the concern of an eight-year-old lassie to whom the fogs of Allen and Drumcree ancestors have brought blue eyes, tresses with the gloss of blackberry, and cheeks that rival a Kildare rose in June.

"I wisht ye did not crush my stick, Barry. If ye go over the wather, now, the charm will not hold. Ye'll be after breakin' me heart, so ye will!"

"Niver a bit," the boy assured. "I'll be writin' me own song for ye, *cushla*, whin I grow up, an' ye'll be singin' it all over the wurld."

They walked home, hand in hand, along the white road that leads to the Lesser Barrow, flowing southward. This is the road into which brown owls come from the moorland when the moon is low, and every gossoon and his colleen can hear the *Sidhe* sing, as they ride past on the steeds of the fog.

When Eileen said good-by that evening, she still held in one hand, disconsolately, the twig that had been broken by the careless brogan of Barry Nunan. For, indeed, the charm of the Curragh, as old Mother O'Moore herself could tell you, provides that they who dance it rightly shall wander far but ever remain true—only the boughs must not be touched by so much as even the lace of a colleen's flying slipper. And Barry, the careless lad, had stepped on Eileen's stick!

The wonder of it was that they both grew up safe and sound, he into as handsome a lad as all Kildare could boast, she into a lass that had no equal for face or figure; and as for her voice, it held the music of the falls of Lough Allen when they call at night to the stars!

When he was eighteen, he wrote the promised song, light as a hare running through the heather, yet wistful as the *Leprechaun* when he is chained to a moonbeam and his fairy love is beckoning. Barry called it "The Rose of Kildare," and Eileen sang the chorus to him on the night preceding his departure for America. Then it was that Barney Sullivan played the fiddle, and the smoke of the peat-fires drifted out into the moonlight, accompanied by the lilt of Eileen O'Moore's warm voice:

"Though the blue seas divide us,
My cushla machree,
The love light will guide us
And waft thee to me.
When the moon's swinging low, 'twill be seeking a kiss
From the Jewel of Erin whose lips I will miss;
And the night wind will sob, while my heart in despair,
Will be all in you, callin' you—Rose of Kildare!"

Troth! It was a sad parting for little Eileen with her broken twig from St. Brigid's oak, but Barry Nunan had a sootherin' tongue, and he promised that he would write, just as other lads have promised they would do.

So he went away to earn his fortune, leaving the Rose of Kildare to wander through the violet-flecked woods and the brown heaths that border the Dunmurry hills.

And in time, long after Barry's letters had ceased to come, the O'Moores hearkened to the distant chimes of liberty, and they too set forth upon the emigrant's trail—old Denis O'Moore with his round-top tin-sheathed trunks, and Eileen with her childhood treasures in a huge kerchief, among them the withered and fractured twig that Barry Nunan had stepped upon—the careless gosssoon!

The charm of the Curragh, struggling against handicaps, saw the scythe of Time level the passing years.

And then one day—

THE Duke of Grand Forks gave a party.

Those who were in the Klondike in the hectic days of '98 will remember that Grand Forks was a small place with a big reputation. Geographically, it marked the confluence of Eldorado and Bonanza creeks, fourteen miles above Dawson on the trail to the Divide. Temperamentally, it slumbered eight months in the year; but when the water was running and men were washing out pay-dirt, Grand Forks became the triple shrine whereat the followers of Venus, Bacchus and Fortuna paid their devotions. The particular breed of stud-poker players who flourished there was of so intrepid a variety, that let a man put his feet under a table anywhere in the Northland and announce, "I'm a gambler from the Forks," and everyone understood that when the stranger arose, he or those who faced him would be cleaned.

It was late in June, and the winter dumps on the Upper and Lower Bonanza and at Hunker Creek had been washed out, yielding the biggest clean-up in history. Men trailed into Grand Forks carrying their dust in pokes made of moose- and caribou-hide. They wanted action, and they got it, each to his liking; but no law of the land was broken—the mounted police saw to that.

Malamute Eddy reaped a harvest with a wrestling show; the little Owl echoed to the whir of the wheel and the clink of glasses every hour of the twenty-four; Black-sand Jones, with his secret method of extracting the last yellow grain from pay-dirt, bought heavily on a bear market; but it was English Bob Avery, proprietor of the Eldorado, and whitest gambler in the North, who came in for the biggest play of all. And in acknowledgment of the compliment, the Duke of Grand Forks, as he was known, gave a party.

Squeaky Joe, emissary of the Duke, passed along Main Street distributing yellow handbills. At the entrance to the Palace he encountered the Proposition Kid, whose daily occupation was to solicit faro-bank stakes from strangers by making them various propositions.

"What's up now?" said the Kid.

"Concert," shrilled Joe. He was a dark little man, weather-beaten and battle-scarred, with the voice of a rat.

"Come on down to the hotel tonight," he squeaked. "The Irish Nightingale's coming up from Dawson, and the Duke's payin' for everything."

"The hell you say!" commented the Kid. "The Duke's getting into society. Aint that the girl that got a thousand a night at the Grubstake Bazaar and then turned it all over to the Hespital?"

"That's her," confirmed the program peddler, "—old Denis O'Moore's girl. He died on the trail last winter."

"Straight, aint she?"

Squeaky Joe nodded emphatically. "You're damn right. She could take her pick of any claim on the Creeks if she wasn't. There's some fellow in the States she's sweet on. There are twenty men who've asked her to marry 'em, the Duke among 'em—"

"And she turned 'em down?"

"Cold."

The Proposition Kid was visibly impressed. The Duke of Grand Forks represented the last word in masculine charm in the

North Country. Tall and blond, and extremely British, no man was a squarer gambler, a better entertainer, or a more faithful friend when a stake was needed, than English Bob Avery, proprietor of the Hotel Eldorado and the gambling-hall adjoining it.

"I'll sure sit in on the show," promised the Kid.

Squeaky Joe shuffled on down the street, dealing out the handbills, and advertising the concert by word of mouth. The news spread to Gold Hill at the junction of the Creeks; to French Hill, two miles north on the left limit of the Eldorado; to Oro Fino and Oro Grande, and to Cheechako Hill. The heavy-bearded, dirt-stained children of fortune plodded into Grand Forks all day long, for when the Duke staged a celebration, most mine-owners proclaimed a holiday. They had learned by experience there was nothing else to do.

In the late afternoon the stage came up from Dawson, and the entire camp turned out to see the Irish Nightingale step down under the protecting escort of the Duke of Grand Forks. Cast-iron Dick, who ran the wheel over at the Palace, summarized the general opinion.

"If her voice is any better than her looks, she can jump my claim any time she wants."

That was a strange concert held that night in the dance-hall of the Eldorado, with the walls decorated with bunting and branches of fir, and the little stage festooned with the flags of all nations. The Ivory Kid was at the piano; Dago Frank plied the violin; and this customary orchestra was augmented for the night by the silent Scotty and his famous "dog-house"—the only violoncello in the Klondike.

But it was the daughter of Denis O'Moore who held the audience spellbound—the Irish Nightingale, with a voice like the falls of Lough Allen when they call at night to the stars. And the songs she sang were the ballads of Erin, which played upon their heartstrings until they forgot that the night sun was shining through the windows, and they were in the land where gold was god, and where death was the house percentage.

They clamored for their favorites, "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "My Wild Irish Rose," and she sang them over and over again, reserving to the last "The Rose of Kildare," into which she always put her soul. She was singing the opening lines, when the double doors swung back to admit a group of late arrivals from the Dominion Creek country, among them a stranger who, as the first notes struck his ears, dropped back against the wall, and stood there staring at the girl on the stage.

When the song was over, and Grand Forks was paying noisy tribute to the queen of the night, the stranger from Dominion Creek shouldered toward the stage steps and paused uncertainly.

The Irish Nightingale saw him as she stepped to the floor, and instantly she was rooted to the spot, eyes wide, one hand fluttering to her throat.

"Barry!" she said. "Barry!"—and waited.

HERE was the place where the charm of the Curragh should have made all things right, but the charm was not working properly. Barry Nunan had been for two years on the other side of the Divide, where no man had heard of the Irish Nightingale. How was he to know what manner of girl it was he found in a dance-room at Grand Forks? His face flushed; his sootherin' tongue failed him just when there was most need for it; and he extended a hand awkwardly.

"Well, well, Eileen—it is you, isn't it! And the old song—I'd forgotten it entirely. What in the world are you doing up here?" And then he flushed scarlet, and she saw it—but all she said was:

"Barry!"

He mistook the inflection, and blundered ahead, trying to make amends, and clumsy as usual:

"You haven't changed a bit, except to grow more beautiful. I'm not joking, Eileen; if I wasn't a married man, I'd be trying to win back my old flame, so I would. But of course some luckier man than I has already won-you, eh?"

Eileen came of sturdy stock, and the Northland teaches self-control, no matter how the cards may run. She looked away a moment, and then smiled at Barry Nunan.

"So you're married, Barry? Well, I'm to be the Duchess of Grand Forks very soon," she announced. "If you haven't met English Bob, I'll introduce you. They say that he and God and Joaquin Miller made the Klondike."

Avery approached in answer to her signal, and she introduced the men.

"I'm on my way out," Nunan explained. "Been up at Dominion Creek, and I've made my pile. Sold out to the Caledonia Company; now I'm heading for San Francisco and home."

He blundered on: "I'm not joking, Eileen; if I wasn't a married man, I'd be trying to win back my old flame, so I would."

forgo a blow-out at Dawson, sister—there's Captain Barrow of the police over there; he can furnish the license; and there's a parson up the hill, with all Grand Forks to serve as witnesses—"

The Irish Nightingale laughed and clapped her hands: "Bob, you're a dear. Bring on your poison; I'm game!"

So the daughter of Denis O'Moore that night became the Duchess of Grand Forks—the wife of the whitest gambler in the North Country, and the celebra-

tion lasted for three days, during which the Eldorado bar did the greatest business in its history, but accepted no man's gold.

Barry Nunan went away with his fortune, back to the wife that was patiently awaiting him. The Duchess established herself as co-ruler of the court of Fortuna, and her husband's exploits and philosophy of existence became her own. She retained her beauty, and added to it—diamonds and still more diamonds.

The charm of the Curragh, struggling against handicaps, saw the scythe of Time level the passing years. Elsie appeared, a pink-and-gold heiress to the Grand Forks duchy; the Duke himself was killed

in a cave-in at Cheechako Hill, trying to save Squeaky Joe; the Duchess closed the dance-hall but operated the hotel and the gaming-tables herself, and her fame spread throughout the Klondike. No miner was ever refused a grubstake; no gambler—with luck running his way—was ever denied the privilege of naming his own limit.

But the glory of the Klondike faded. One by one its children left in search of other adventures, leaving no trace behind. Grand Forks became a ghost-town, mute and motionless. A hydraulic syndicate bought the entire site, and in time buried the frame skeleton of the Eldorado Hotel under fifty feet of gravel.

And then one day—

THE newly elected District Attorney of one of the counties which encircle the bay of San Francisco pressed the fourth pearl button on his desk.

Into the room stepped a deputy. He was boyish, blue-eyed, trim of figure, alert and handsome. A thin white scar bordered his wavy brown hair, and added to his face a certain touch of

Avery congratulated him and asked: "Going into business?" "Law, I guess—studied it a bit before I joined the rush."

The Irish Nightingale slipped a white arm in that of the gambler.

"Nunan and I were kid sweethearts, Bob; I was just telling him that I had decided to become the Duchess of Grand Forks, and learn how to darn your socks. Perhaps, if we move the date ahead, Mr. Nunan will stay and dance at the wedding."

The proprietor of the Eldorado directed a swift glance at the man before him, and then at the girl by his side. With the instinct of the gambler, he sensed how the cards lay, and bid boldly while the luck held.

"No time like the present," he observed. "If you're willing to



A man with a gun rushed to a window. Quickly as Larry moved, some one else was before him. The District Attorney caught the falling figure.



strength and distinction. A trained observer would have muttered: "Officer—aviation—action," and then, noting the other man: "H'm—father and son!"

"Sit down a moment, Lawrence," said the older man. "I'm afraid I've got to stick you with a hard assignment."

"Fair enough," said Lawrence; "shoot!"

The District Attorney's brows knitted thoughtfully. "You and I have sworn to enforce law in this county, and it's a matter of common report that the law is being broken. I was elected on a pledge to clean up the road-houses operating this side of the county line, and it's proving a tougher job than I anticipated. There's one place in particular, the Great Aurora; it's had protection a long time; I can't trust the usual channels for evidence. Lawrence, you'll have to help me. You're not known around here yet, and you've nerve and intelligence. Get the necessary evidence in any way you can."

The younger man pursed his lips, and frowned.

"Orders are orders," he commented, "but I'll admit to not being very keen on this particular detail. I've been in the Aurora once or twice, and I never saw anything wrong. It's a pip of a dance-floor, and they've got the best entertainers in the business. You know, I like to step a little bit, myself."

The District Attorney smiled. "That part of it is all right, my boy; I've stepped in my time, too. But it's the gambling I'm talking about. I understand that the second floor is a rendezvous for professional gamblers, with a dozen tables running full blast."

"Who owns it?"

"I don't know, but the place is managed by Jack Cumberland, former bookmaker. Anyway, I don't care who owns it or runs it; the point is that my reputation and honor are at stake, and I'm asking you, as a sworn officer of the law, to help me put an end to open gambling in this county. Will you do it?"

"Of course. You put it in that light, and I'm with you. What's the matter with the sheriff's office?"

"I'd like to know; either they can't or won't gather evidence."

"And the supervisors?"

"Same thing. The Great Aurora donates ten thousand dollars a year to the County Hospital, and pays the food-bill at the Orphanage. That's the newest method of buying protection."

"Either that, or a conscience-fund," said the young deputy. "Seems like a sporting percentage to me; but as you say, the law's the law. I'll do a little preliminary scouting and report back."

He went out, leaving the District Attorney contemplating moodily a clipping from the morning paper that was unpleasantly frank on the subject of the county's Great White Way.

that still catered to the fancy-free and the world of the fly-by-nights. A rambling Mission structure, its two and a half stories were mute and lifeless during the daytime; but when the blue shadows descended the hills, and incandescent gems twinkled along the highway, motorcars hummed toward the drive in ever-increasing number. The glow of lights and the whimper of the trombones expanded, and the Great Aurora fulfilled its part in the scheme of life.

Those who sat at the tables on the ground floor, or danced past walls lined with relics of the Yukon, found the menu unexcelled, the music irresistible, the entertainers unsurpassed. To dance at the Great Aurora was to quaff deeply from the chalice of joy, and it added only spice to the libation, to realize that upstairs, if the proper introduction could be arranged, the tiger growled in his lair.

In all truth, the laws of the land were being broken behind the barred doors that led to the second floor. Here were green tables where a man could see debonair Jack Cumberland walking around, always smiling, always watching. He was paid to see things, and he earned his money.

Here a man could take his choice of what the house had to offer or name his own weapons. He could try his hand at "African golf," where the odds are 251 to 244 against the shooter. He could chance his luck at the wheel, and run against a house-percentage of 5 and 5/19, or go over to the blackjack game and hear Slim Johnson calling: "Hit me and take it."

But mostly they were old hands who patronized the gambling rooms of the Aurora, because they had been inoculated early in life with the virus of faro, and there is no more soul-grIPPING lure in all the world to the professional gambler than the "call of the bank." It is his religion, his first and last love—the measuring-rod of hope and despair and gameness, differing from other games

A QUARTER-MILE beyond the authority of the metropolitan police, and on the left side of the highway, a circular drive, flanked by red geraniums, leads to the Great Aurora, once a private residence, and now the most popular of all the resorts



roll. This is the human or invisible percentage that underlies all games of chance. The man who has the nerve to place a limit on his losses, and sits to win all he can, is the dangerous gambler who has a fair chance of one day breaking the bank.

There were many such men who gathered at night upstairs in the Aurora, where the bank never dealt less than fifty and a hundred dollars, with a minimum change-in of five hundred. For these men, wanderers from all parts of the world, the thrill of existence came when the dealer was "down to cases,"—an expression which the outside world uses and knows not the meaning of,—and the music of the Lorelei was in the harsh voice of the Dawson Kid, crying over the last three cards:

"Cat hop in the box, boys; pays you two for one if you can call it!"

And the one who was responsible for the Great Aurora with all its lights, its music, its gayety, and the flickering flame of the Goddess Fortuna, was a woman—a woman no longer young, with tired blue eyes, dark hair that retained the luster of the blackberry, and diamonds at her throat that were the marvel of all beholders. Occasionally the Duchess entertained, usually at a round table in the far corner of the long room downstairs, and then she sat with her back to the strong lights, leaving rose-shaded table-lamps to cast a soft glow over her features. At such times men of the world deemed her beautiful, and even women admitted she was interesting, and forever afterwards quarreled about her age.

And then one night—

A NEW entertainer made his appearance on the floor of the Great Aurora. He was boyish, blue-eyed, trim of figure, alert and handsome. A thin white scar that bordered his wavy brown hair was not noticeable under the electric blaze. His voice was a tenor, rich and pleasing, and his first ballad won him three encores.

At one side of the room sat a party of motorists, plainly British. One of their number, a distinguished-looking man with close-cropped white hair, summoned a waiter, asked a peremptory question, and then, rising, made his way to a little table in the far corner where the Duchess was dining alone.

"Beg pardon," he said, bowing stiffly. "May I ask the name of your young entertainer?"

The Duchess smiled and shook her head. "I'll have to find out for you if you wish; you know I don't hire them myself always. Shorty picked him up over at the Seaside Inn, where they billed him as the Irish Caruso. I'll call him over."

"Don't trouble," interposed the other hastily. "On second thought it's clear I've made a mistake. 'Pon honor, it's an extraordinary resemblance, though—he's deucedly like a young American chap, Lieutenant Nunan—Larry Nunan. But of course a gentleman wouldn't be—er, I beg pardon—no offense intended, you know. They look so different out of their uniforms that one

never knows who's who in this bally world, eh what?" He turned away toward the table, but the Duchess detained him with a trembling hand on his sleeve.

"Please sit down a moment," she pleaded. "Of course it is not the same man, but I once knew a Barry Nunan; he was a very dear friend; I should like to hear about this one you call Larry."

(Continued on page 131)

of chance in that the dealer has little more than the "human percentage" in his favor.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine men in a thousand who gamble will limit their winnings and not their losses. The instinct is to quit when they are winning—to "call it a day." But the same men continue to play while they are losing, in the vain hope of recouping their losses, and the limit is only the size of their bank-

Illustrated by Frederic R. Gruger

A Girl of the Films

By ROB WAGNER

The Story So Far:

TESSIE BOGGS, a typical daughter of the Bowery, was working with her pretty roommate Kitty Pilky in "The Pork and Beanery," when Jan Morsowski, a handsome young pugilist whom Tessie had long admired in secret, strolled in for luncheon. So perturbed was Tessie by the encounter with Jan, however, that she quite literally spilled the beans, and her employer, Dorgan, reproved her violently; Jan took her part—knocked Dorgan down. Tessie and her friend were at once discharged. It so happened, however, that the great moving-picture director Jim Driver and his star Montaigne Belmont were in the restaurant at the time, in search of two Bowery-type girls for a film-play they were working on. And as the two discharged girls were marching out of the Pork and Beanery, Driver stopped them—and engaged their services for the Climax Studios.

Kitty's beauty and Tessie's wit enabled them to succeed in a small way at the Climax. And then a ghost rose out of the past to harry them. Some months previously, Kitty had abstracted a small sum of money from Dorgan's till. Because of Tessie's loyalty to her friend, the judge of the Juvenile Court had been unable to fix the blame, and no punishment had been imposed—though both girls had been put on probation. Now Driver summoned them to his office.

"Well," he informed them, "Mrs. Davis, your probation officer, has been here to see me and told me *all* about it. She was inclined to make trouble—but I signed up for your good behavior, and so long as you behave, you'll be able to stay."

Tessie won the hearts of everyone by her courage in a picture where she was called upon to handle an ill-tempered lion. She was soon required to deal with a more difficult animal, however, when Driver and Belmont inveigled the girls aboard a yacht that had been chartered for a movie of marine adventure. Thanks to Tessie's quick wit they escaped that time. But Kitty became infatuated with the handsome Belmont, and believed the way to success lay only through the dearly purchased favor of the men in power. Presently she was installed in a luxurious apartment.

It was through her connivance that Driver made another attempt to take advantage of Tessie; and when the girl escaped a second time, the director was in a vengeful mood. One of the camera-men invited Tessie to a dance, and the girl availed herself, for the occasion, of Kitty's offer to share her wardrobe. Kitty was not at home, and Tessie's evil genius led her to choose a certain mandarin coat that the light-fingered Kitty had abstracted from the property-room. Next day Driver accused Tessie of theft and discharged her.

For a time Tessie worked in a restaurant in Newark; but the lure of the screen was strong upon her, and with barely her railroad fare she set out for the new movie Mecca—California. And there Tessie prospered amazingly, for it was discovered that she photographed unexpectedly well, and her quiet intelligence saved her many mistakes. A year of study, and she blossomed out as Vivian Vane—and a star almost from the start.

In the end, Mr. Wagner brings himself into this remarkable inside story of the film-folk. And perhaps he thus gives you a better chance to guess the identity of his heroine. Anyhow, you'll much enjoy the dénouement.

Five years passed—and the whirl of life brought Jan Morsowski forward again. For Jan had attracted the attention of a wealthy lawyer who had adopted him and sent him to Leland Stanford. And it occurred to a certain Los Angeles woman, Mrs. Westlake, to include among her guests at a garden party both the movie star Vivian Vane (*née* Tessie Boggs) and the engineer Jack Morse, who had started life as Jan Morsowski.

Though neither recognized the other, each felt a strong attraction. And later Vivian contrived a way to further their acquaintance. A play which included a football game was being filmed. The leading man, Beldon, feared to risk his precious neck in the needful rough play; and at Vivian's suggestion Jack Morse, who had been a football star at Stanford, was engaged for the part. Afterward Vivian took the young man home to dinner at her new house. That night Morse acknowledged to himself that he had fallen in love with Vivian. But what could be the meaning of the old picture of himself in the fighting costume of the Jan Morsowski days, which he had glimpsed on her desk?

And now it was that Tessie's old enemy, Driver, reappeared balefully in her life. For Driver had fallen on evil days: the cinema industry had outgrown him, and he had been searching in vain for a position when he saw Vivian, suspected that she was Tessie Boggs and, while working as an extra in her company during the filming of a medieval play, confirmed his suspicion. He obtained an interview, forced from Vivian a confession of her identity, and demanded the position of assistant director as the price of his silence concerning her real name and the charges of theft made against her in the old days.

"All right, Jim," she told him. "I'll see what I can do. I'll let you know tomorrow." (*The story continues in detail:*)

IT was amazing with what ease Jack Morse was able to stall off his Uncle Bill when Vivian's mood demanded his attention in Los Angeles. So disturbed was the lovesick boy over her continued nervousness that he found "serious business reasons" why he had to stay on six weeks over his intended departure. And in those six weeks Vivian lived six years—so many things were crowded into her life.

Three days after her interview with her first director, Driver found himself installed as assistant to Rex in the Vivian Vane Company. And when McGowan, as manager, had protested both against the fellow's employment and the manner of its seeking, Vivian, not wishing to give *all* her reasons, had gently insisted upon it.

"He can't do any harm, Mac, in such a position, and it will keep his mouth closed. Besides, it will give me time to think my way out."

But if Vivian thought Jim would be harmless in his humble position, she had underestimated his powers. No sooner had he gotten his bearings than he began to plot splendidly.

"Beldon," he said one day to the handsome leading man, who



"What is it, Vivian? Aren't you happy in your work?" he asked as they watched the surf. "No, Jack, I'm not," she replied. "And I'd like to go way, way off."

had been given little to do in the Crusade story, "you aint gettin' a fair deal here a-tall. Why aint you a-starrin', I'd like to know? Lord, I'd like nothin' better'n to put you over in a big special."

Not wishing to overplay his hand, Driver let this idea soak into the rather light head of Herbert Con-

ningsby; and so delighted was the fellow that he began to develop an amazing admiration for the abilities of the assistant director.

"I tell you, Beldon, I've been half promised a chance to direct Miss Vane in her next pitcher, but there's so damn much jealousy in this here business I expect a lotta opposition. But if the deal goes through and my name goes on the twenty-four-sheets as havin' directed Vivian Vane, I can get a million dollars to back me as an independent. I've got a great story in mind for you now that I believe we could get for ten or fifteen thousand. Yes, there's big money in you, Beldon, and you're a boob not to go after it. But first of all, I gotta get that Vane contract, so if she says an'thin' to you about me, make it strong."

"Watch me," was the satisfactory reply.

Driver's employment at the Filmart was coincidental with the final scenes of "The Crusade," and so during the next few weeks, while they were cutting and titling, making a few retakes and preparing for the next picture, Vivian kept away from the studio as much as she could, going on short trips to Santa Barbara, Catalina and Coronado—just far enough away, in fact, so that Jack could spend the week-ends with her.

Though the boy was thrilled with the love she so frankly gave him, and which he gave back with all the force of his nature, he knew that she was not wholly happy, and in spite of her efforts to abandon herself to the intoxication of their delicious "two-ings,"

he was aware that she was obsessed with an unspoken dread. Many times he had noticed a furtive look in her eyes, always accompanied by a tightening of her hand on his arm, as though seeking protection from some unseen power.

"What is it, Vivian? Aren't you happy in your work?" he asked one day as they sat on the rocks at La Jolla and watched the surf break into the caves.

"No, Jack, I'm not," she replied with a candor that startled him. "I mean that now that I have you, nothing else matters, and I'd like to go way, way off to the end of the world, where we could be alone."

"But my precious little girl, I should hate to think I'd killed all your desire to express yourself. You've always loved your work, and you've added so much to beauty and happiness in a drab world, that—"

"Yes, yes, I know, Jack. I really do love my work. I guess I'm just tired."

When Jack returned to the city on Monday, he decided to see for himself what was going on at the studio that was haunting those beautiful blue eyes of the girl he loved, and it was but a few days before he learned enough to stir him to decision.

"Hank," he said to Vivian's devoted soldier as they lunched together at the "ham-and" lunch-room across the street, "do you know anything that's going on at the studio here to worry Miss Vivian?"

The property man, loyal to his mistress, and not knowing how much she had told the young man, thought very carefully before he spoke.

"Well, I think she is a bit worried because Driver is slated to direct her next picture."

"Driver? Who's Driver?" It was Jack's turn to be careful, but his acting of innocence was perfect.

"Oh, he's an old-time director, but he's not much good, I guess."

"Then why does Miss Vivian employ him?"

"Well, you know, Mr. Jack, there's always some fella like that on every lot. I only know what the gang says when anybody asks how they hold their job. 'Oh, don't you know?' they say with a grin. 'He knows where the body's buried.'"

"Do you mean to say he's got anything on Miss Vivian?" he asked with surprise.

"Nobody's got anything on her, Mr. Jack. Her life's an open book. She came here right from a swell school in New York—and her family are all fine folks. No, I'm afraid it's some of the higher-ups."

"Mac?"

"Well, I'm not prepared to say, but I sure wish we could unload Driver, if he's worryin' Miss Vivian. For a nickel, I'll bet nobody would ever find out where he's buried."

"Oh, well, perhaps we can get rid of him without violence, Hank." A look of determination spread over the gentle features of young Morse.

"It's the only thing he understands," was the quiet but suggestive rejoinder.

VIVIAN was surprised to hear Jack's voice over the long-distance wire the next morning.

"Hope I didn't wake you up, my dear, but I've had a sudden call to New York, and I'm leaving on the noon train. I'm sorry I won't have time to run down and—"

"But Jack, dear, how long—"

"I'll be back here in two weeks. I won't stay in New York

more than two or three days. I'm going down on a little dragon-hunt,"—they were always joking in medieval terms,—"and if you are a real good little queen and don't worry about the imps that are frightening you, I'll promise to bring you back the dragon's skin."

"No, all I want is you, Jack; so come back to me just as soon as you can."

The studio now became a place of dread and horror to Vivian, and so she decided to stay right on with Eess McGowan at



"No Jim," she said, "I was weak to give in when I did."

Coronado until Jack came back. Bathing in the surf, visiting the battleships by day and dancing with attentive young officers at the hotel in the evenings, she filled her hours with every diversion. But the moment she let down, her artificial vivacity vanished, and the old nightmare seized her. Lying on the sand one day, Bess saw that she was suffering some unspoken trouble.

"Vivian," she said, looking down into her pensive face, "are you worried for fear Driver may tell Jack of your early life?"

"Yes—that, and other things."

"What other things? The Juvenile Court affair?"

"That's one of them."

"Vivian," began Bess slowly, as though she were about to mention something under long and thoughtful contemplation, "why don't you make a clean breast of the whole thing? There is nothing in that Juvenile Court stuff, and if Jack is the man I

think he is, he will honor you for your triumph over your poor start in life."

"Yes, I know; but it is a messy story, and my innocence would be hard to prove; there's the record."

"Besides, Bess," she went on, looking straight ahead, "something else happened after you and Mac left that—well, Driver holds me in the hollow of his hand. He can ruin my career like that!" And she crushed Jack's daily telegram as though it were an eggshell.

clear Vivian's name of every bit of suspicion, if it took a fortune; but Vivian would not hear of it. "Why stir up the mess, when nobody knows about it? After all, Driver's price isn't so exorbitant that it can't be paid. I could pretty nearly direct myself now, and I could at least keep him from spoiling just one picture. No, Bess, leave it to me. I'll see a way out."

Hurry-up calls were now coming to Vivian from McGowan to return to the studio and make ready for the next production,

which was to be based on an entirely new theme—a suggestion of Jack's. The idea had fascinated Vivian, and so she was glad of the chance to plunge at once into the script as a spiritual diversion.

Bess kept her word—hard as it was to do it—and refrained from telling her worried hubby the whole truth, but McGowan had seen enough to be very much alert to the situation. He said to Bess:

"I want you to be with her as much as possible and keep me informed of everything she says and does. I'm going to force a showdown on this thing within the next few days."

"But Mac, dear, don't do anything about it until Monday or Tuesday. Jack will be back then, and I think he should be with Vivian if anything happens."

"Yes, I think you're right, Bess; I'll hold off until he comes."

Driver, however, was waiting for nobody—he was after his career-making job; so when on Saturday morning he saw the Filmart star enter her cottage, he followed her in without even the formality of knocking.

"Well, Vivian, how about it?"

"About what, Jim?" she answered wearily.

"About my directing your next picture?"

"It isn't settled yet, Jim. You see, Cyril Rex's contract runs for two more pictures; and besides, the office—"

"When does Morse come back?" he asked meaningly.

"Monday, Jim. I've just had a wire from him."

"All right; I'll give you till Monday to think it over." With a gesture of finality he marched out of the room.

"Did you give him the directorship, Vivian?" asked Bess breathlessly as she dashed into the cottage a minute later.

"Not yet," replied the tired girl.

Chapter Twenty-six

"I AM hurrying to you as fast as old Sante Fe can drag me. —Jack."

The telegram was sent from Albuquerque. "He had breakfast there," Vivian mused. "He'll be in Gallup at noon, and will have dinner at Williams."

For a soothing half-hour Vivian looked beyond Baldy, down the long corridor of time; and her trip across the continent seemed like a wonderful escape from a dragon's cave, during



I've decided finally now to end this whole miserable business."

"Why, Vivian, what in Heaven's name do you mean?" exclaimed poor old Bess, who began to see the seriousness of the situation.

"Just this—but you must promise me, Bess, that you'll do nothing about it without my consent—I am a so-called fugitive from justice; and if Driver said the word, I could be arrested and dragged back to New York and sent to jail. I was perfectly innocent, but the circumstances were all against me. No, I can't let Jack know all this muck. And think of the publicity! The papers would love it. It would humiliate me to have to prove my innocence; yet any man would demand proof in the face of such a pyramid of facts. No, I'll pay Driver anything to shut him up until—until I can see my way out."

Bess, of course, was all for telling her efficient spouse the whole wretched tale and letting him go down to New York and

which she ran and ran across plain and desert, river and cañon, until she found refuge on the top of a great mountain from which she viewed the promised land—

"Your breakfast, mam'selle," announced her maid Marie.

"Oh, yes, Marie," she said, pulling her hand across her eyes like a lecturer changing a lantern-slide. "Marie, call up the stable and have Laddie sent over. I'm going for a long ride in the mountains."

"Oui, mam'selle."

It was a late-summer Sunday, a day upon which many pleasure-seekers sought the seashore. But Vivian was going to the mountains. There were dark things in her heart, and she wished to be up where there was lots of light. And she wished to be alone.

As she reached one of the lesser summits, she stopped to rest her horse and look out over the landscape. Immediately below her lay Hollywood, green and tropical, the glass roofs of the various studios shining like great jewels in a setting of jade and emerald. To the right she looked down upon the white shore-line of the ocean as it broke upon the golden strip of yellow, and through her glasses she could see that it was littered with bathers like colored beads thrown upon the sand.

It was late in the evening when she turned Laddie's head toward home, but like another troubled spirit of the long ago, she came out of the mountains soothed in spirit and fortified in purpose. She had made her decision.

VIVIAN'S meeting with Driver was for eleven o'clock on Monday in her cottage on the lot. She did not expect Jack much before twelve, and it would be all over by that time. Refreshed by a perfect sleep, she was prepared to face the music, no matter what the tune.

"Bess," she said when that good person had come in for her morning's visit, "I'm going to see Driver in a little while, and I'd like to be alone, if you don't mind."

Bess McGowan detected something in the girl's manner that gave her a great confidence, and so without further comment or ado she left Vivian alone to her fate.

A few minutes later a knock came at the door, immediately followed by the appearance of Driver on the threshold.

"Come in, Jim," said Vivian cordially.

"Well, kiddo, how about it?" This time Driver was not so expansive. In contrast with his past interviews, he was the nervous half of the dramatic picture.

"Jim, it can't be done," was the terse reply.

For fully a minute the astounded man sat still, frowning and twisting his fingers. Finally he spoke.

"Well, it seemed cheap to me, Vivian—just one pitcher. It meant mighty little to you, but a lot to me."

"No, Jim, you haven't the ability, and you're a trouble-maker. I was weak to have given in when I did. But I've decided finally now to end this whole miserable business."

"Well, of course," he replied with an affectation of geniality, "I can't force you to take me on if you don't want to. But look

here, Vivian." He took from his pocket a large envelope. "I've got a lot of pictures and things here that would make a wonderful story. Here's some stills at the studios, a couple at the Beanery, and some interesting documents regarding a little difficulty with the police. They ought to be worth something to you—say ten thousand dollars."

Though Vivian turned white when the "documents" were flashed on her, she managed, gripping the sides of her chair, to say: "I'll not give you one cent for them."

"All rightie, Miss Vivian," went on Driver with a sinister little laugh, "but if you wont give me ten thousand dollars for a front-page story that would be the sensation of the day, perhaps Mr. Morse will."

"You can ask him, Jim. I see him coming down there by the scenario office now." Vivian rose to her feet. "But please conduct your negotiations outside."

"Jest as you say, Vivian. We'll sit on the bench jest outside your winda, where you can watch his face when he learns about





"The razoo!" came from three hundred throats. . . . For here Driver's cinematic obsequies were to be consummated. . . . The whole variegated population of Make-believeville lined up in two columns, while Hank Todd wheeled his offensive burden down the street.

Driver waited an instant for a rap, but as none came, he continued:

"Yes. She was known there as Tessie Boggs. She came to us at the Climax from the old Pork and Beanery down on the Bowery."

"A waitress on the Bowery? Aren't you mistaken somehow, Driver?"

Vivian, frozen stiff there at the window, saw that Jack's face was emotionless as that of a statue, and she was very much puzzled.

"Isn't this just a still of some film story?" inquired the apparently unperturbed young man.

"There's the photographer's name and the date."

"So it is, but who's this?"

"Oh, that's a pug named Jan Morsowski, she used to run around with. They say she—"

"Now, don't invent scandal, Driver; have you got anything else?"

"Yes, these," he answered, holding some papers in his hand. "It seems that she was a Juvenile Court delinquent when she worked at the Beanery, and afterwards at the Climax she ducked and made a get-away just before they could arrest her for robbing the wardrobe."

Behind the window, Vivian stood clutching the curtains. Driver had told it all; yet Jack was just sitting there looking straight ahead and uttering not a word. During half a minute's silence while Driver was putting the evidence of her past back in the envelope, Vivian's heart nearly stopped beating. What did that awful silence of Jack's mean? At last he spoke.

"What do you want for this stuff, Driver?"

"I think it's worth ten thousand dollars, don't you?"

"Will you take a check?"

"I'll take your check, Mr. Morse, any day," he answered eagerly.

Reaching in his pocket, the young man drew forth a checkbook, and unfastening a fountain pen, (Continued on page 160)

your bright and snappy little past. If you change your mind before I get to the point, jest rap."

"Go to it, Jim. If that's your last card, play it now." Urging him to the door, Vivian closed it on his back.

"Well, Driver, you here?" said Morse, setting down his handbag—he had come right from the train. "Is Miss Vane in?"

"No, but she'll be back in a minute. Sit down; I wanta show you somethin'."

"Morse," he began as soon as they were together on the bench, "I've got a lot of dope here that I think will interest you—stuff that came into my hands in the course of business, and which would be worth a fortune to any newspaper fella."

"So?" commented the young man, raising his eyebrows. "What is it?"

"Why, these." And opening the big envelope, Driver showed him a number of still photographs of Vivian, or rather Tessie, taken at the old Climax.

"Why, that's Miss Vane, isn't it?" asked Jack quietly.

AUSTIN GILL

has here written a story which cleverly states an ancient matrimonial dilemma and which husbands—courageous husbands, at any rate—will read aloud to their wives.

The Worm

Illustrated by Gustavus C. Widney

MR. AMOS TRIPPIT was writing his farewell letter to his wife.

"Dearest Susie," he wrote. "When this reaches you, I will be dead and gone. I have decided, after much deliberation, to commit suicide this evening. The reason I am doing this is—"

Mr. Trippit paused. It would never do to tell Mrs. Trippit the reason why he was doing this, and thus unnecessarily hurt her feelings. Besides, the press undoubtedly would get hold of the letter; it was certain to be copied in every big newspaper in the United States; and Mr. Trippit had no desire to put in something that would make him the laughingstock of the country.

The whole cause of the trouble was Mrs. Trippit's habit of continually asking trifling favors, which had gotten on his nerves to an extent where he couldn't stand it any longer.

He had become aware of this tendency of Susie's on the honeymoon five years ago, and at first had treated it with good-natured tolerance. Her formula, "Honey, do you mind—" was then a novelty, as were the petty requests following this beginning. At that period he had not minded in the least, whether it was unlacing Susie's shoes, getting her a glass of water, fetching her shawl, moving her chair, or holding her hand-mirror; any service had its charm.

Susie's "Honey, do you mind—" way of asking for things had led him to adopt "Yes, love," as a stock answer. The interpretation of this "Yes, love," as understood by them both, was that he didn't mind a bit, indeed was glad to do it. When Susie said, "Honey, do you mind raising the shade just a little?" Amos invariably answered "Yes, love," and got up and raised the shade.

After six months of matrimony, Susie's "Honey, do you mind—" habit had ceased to be a novelty. Unconsciously Amos began to squirm when he heard it. Another six months, and he had learned to anticipate it; he could actually feel it coming. This power of anticipation cheered him for a while, like a lump of ice down his back. And still, true to his own habit, he answered, "Yes, love," and executed Susie's indirect commands with apparent cheerfulness.

It wasn't doing what she asked that was getting on his nerves. Amos was a mild man, insignificant in manner and appearance, the type that is imposed on naturally by more assertive people; and he had grown accustomed to being imposed upon before he married Susie. If Susie had occasionally varied the form of her requests, Amos would have served her contentedly enough. But she never varied them. It was always "Honey, do you mind—" And always Amos answered "Yes, love," though he groaned inwardly.

After the wedding-trip to Bangor, Amos resumed his occupation of framing pictures in the back room of Freeman Brothers' Boston Bookstore, and established his bride in the little house in Newtonville, with its small flower-garden in the rear. Amos Trippit's fondest dissipation was puttering in this flower garden. His



Amos slowly began to realize that life with Susie was becoming unbearable. Interruptions were too frequent.

hobby was sweet peas, and he had most of the varieties, neatly labeled, neatly inclosed in their allotted patches. Amos was really an artist when it came to arranging picture-frames or flower-beds.

It was while working over his sweet peas that Amos slowly began to realize that for him life with Susie was becoming unbearable. Interruptions were too frequent.

"Aaa-mus!" It would be Susie's voice coming from somewhere within the house, very likely the parlor. Susie never took the trouble to come to the back door. She could make Amos hear from wherever she was.

Amos wearily straightened from his weeding. He could feel it coming.

"Yes, love."

"Honey, would you mind coming in here a minute and straightening the picture over the clock? It is just a little crooked."

"Yes, love." With a sigh and a lingering look at his sweet peas, Amos would go into the house.

The realization that this mode of life was unbearable had

"Honey, would you mind coming in here a minute and straightening the picture over the clock? It is just a little crooked."

come slowly, and more slowly had come Amos Trippit's resolve to end it. Now, a little over five years since his marriage, he was going to do it. In the back room of Freeman Brothers' Bookstore, where he framed pictures, he was writing his farewell letter to Susie.

"The reason why I am doing this," he wrote, "is because of my health. Several doctors have told me that my heart and lungs are in bad condition, and that I have not long to live, and may die any minute. This worry is more than I can stand."

That was it. The excuse of poor health would sound much more dignified in the papers than if he had stated the real reason. Nobody would laugh at this. And Susie's conscience would never trouble her, for she would never know that she was in any way to blame for the tragedy.

"My one regret," he continued writing, "is leaving you, Susie dearest. But time will heal any wound I may cause, and for my sake as well as yours, I beg you to forget me and be happy."

"Your affectionate husband,

"Amos Trippit."

Amos read the letter over, decided it would do, and looked at his watch. It was six o'clock, and as this was Monday, Freeman Brothers' Bookstore had been closed an hour, the clerks had gone home, and he was alone. There was nothing unusual in this, as Amos frequently stayed after hours when there was much framing to be done.

But on those occasions he always called up Susie and told her he would be late, so that she wouldn't worry. Should he call her up tonight? Why not? Goodness knows, he was going to make enough trouble without causing her any unnecessary anxiety. He went to the telephone and called the number.

Molla, the cook, answered. Amos recognized her broad accent with considerable relief.

"This is Mr. Trippit, Molla," he said. "I'm in a hurry, and want you to give a message to Mrs. Trippit. Tell her I have been suddenly called to New York on important business, and won't be home tonight."

"When will you be home?" asked Molla, with a cook's interest.

"I don't know—maybe not for a week," said Mr. Trippit, wiping his forehead. "You'll hear from me before I come, Molla."

"All right," said Molla. Mr. Trippit hung up.

That hadn't been so very difficult, thanks to Molla's answering the phone. It seemed to Amos as if the worst was over.

He stayed another hour in the workroom, making various preparations for his disappearance. Then, a white muffler covering throat and chin, he left the store, letting the lock snap finally behind him.



It was too early to carry out the plan he had decided upon. He entered a small chophouse and ordered a good dinner, served in a dimly lighted booth. After this, to lessen the terrific suspense of waiting, he went to a moving-picture show.

At half-past eleven he walked down State Street to Boston Harbor. He found more life and activity around the docks than he had anticipated at this hour. The wharf was a bustle of arriving and departing schooners, and the ceaseless unloading of large fish, tossed with pitchforks from hole to wharf like loose hay. Farther on he was caught and whirled about in a tired crowd of pleasure-seekers from a late Nantasket boat. Freeing himself, he started south, following the harbor front.

At last he arrived at a quiet, dimly lighted section, empty now save for the furtive alley cats. Here there was no mistake that business was over for the day. Down the crooked black street only one house showed a light, a small fisherman's store with piles of oilskins and sou'westers in the window. Amos noticed an old and deserted wharf jutting out into the harbor opposite, and stopped.

Large letters on the grimed store window proclaimed that this was "Captain Bob Hackett's Harness-shop." Smaller letters below advertised "Smelt Bait for Sale Here." Amos hesitated a minute, then crossed the street to the store and opened the door.

The proprietor, a large, florid, thick-set man in a dirty blue jersey, conspicuously a retired sailor, drowsed behind the counter. His lips and the front of his chin were shaven, and below, a half-circle of black beard bristled from throat to ears. He opened his eyes at the ringing of the gong over the door, and looked at Amos with good-natured inquiry.

"Bait," said Amos through his muffler, making no attempt to conceal the nervousness in his voice. "Smelt bait." And he placed a quarter on the counter.

"Have you got a can?" asked Captain Bob Hackett.

No, Amos didn't have a can. Captain Bob obligingly found one, dipped a few shrimp into it from a bucket, and handed it to Amos. Amos went out into the night, shutting the door carefully behind him.

By the aid of a street-light, he read the address—"Amos Trippit."

At the head of the wharf, he stopped and looked back at the lighted window. Faintly he made out the form of Captain Bob again drowsing in his chair behind the counter. No danger of interruption from that quarter.

When he had reached the extreme end of the pier, Amos stood motionless for a long while, looking down into the black, eddying water that swirled hungrily around the piles below. The tide was running out. Anything floating would travel a long way toward the ocean before daylight in that strong current.

With an effort Amos tore himself from the hypnotism of the water, and took off his coat, made sure the letter to Susie was in the breast pocket, folded it, and laid it in a corner of the heavy planks of the wharf where it could not blow into the water. Next he removed his trousers, folded them, and placed them on the coat. On top of this pile he put his soft felt hat and the white muffler.

Then he stood up and looked again into the black, rippling water beneath him. Yes, the tide certainly would carry anything floating a long distance down the harbor before daylight.

But he did not jump. He had no intention of jumping. The removal of one suit had changed his appearance but little, except to make him look slighter, thinner. Underneath the coat and trousers he had discarded, he was wearing another coat and trousers, new, tight-fitting.

He had bought this suit a week ago at a bargain-sale where hundreds of similar suits had been disposed of in a day. There was but little chance that the rushed clerk who sold it would remember the insignificant little man who had insisted on a tight fit. The purchase of the false mustache, which he now pulled from his lip and put into his pocket for future destruction, had incurred more risk, as he had been at some pains to match the one he had shaved off earlier in the evening.

Amos Trippit did not look long into the water. There was no indecision in his actions now. He turned and hurried from the wharf, skulking in the deepest shadows, careful not to attract attention from Captain Bob Hackett's Harness-shop, where he could see Captain Bob still dozing in his chair behind the counter.



Once out of the dark, lonely street, Amos took less care to avoid being seen. He walked direct to the South Station, where he took the one o'clock train to New York, paying for his ticket from a large roll of bills which he produced from an inside pocket.

Arrived in New York, he lingered over his breakfast until the stores opened, and then bought a suitcase, waiting for the initials "M. H." to be stenciled on both ends. He then went to a modest hotel and registered as Mortimer Harcourt, of San Francisco.

He felt wonderfully elated, wonderfully exhilarated. Everything had happened just as he had planned. Nothing had gone wrong. That had been a bright idea, buying bait from that old sea-captain—he would have quite a story to tell the reporters now, of how he had been the last one to see the suicide, his manner, the way he had looked, what he had said, and everything. It was a good thing to have this final witness, as now there would not be any doubt about the identification.

By this time, or at any rate very soon, the news of the suicide would be flashing across the country. The sensation it would cause would not last long—even Susie would get over it in time. She had property of her own which she had inherited from her mother, and would not suffer financially over his loss. And the whole world, with all its opportunities, its romance, its adventure, lay before Mortimer Harcourt, free to follow any one of its thousand roads to destiny.

He was confident that he would be able to read the news of his death in the evening papers. Yet when they appeared, he could find nothing about it, though he collected them all and went through them carefully. Never mind—it was probably too soon; it would surely be in the morning editions. Mortimer Harcourt rose early to inspect them.

Still there was nothing about the suicide. Even the Boston papers, when he could buy them, failed to mention it. Mortimer Harcourt began to worry about the matter.



"You're Amos Trippit," he bellowed, "and I know it!"

Amos hesitated. Just in time he remembered the advice of Captain Bob.

Nothing appeared that night, and nothing appeared the next morning. Something had gone wrong, after all; Mortimer Harcourt was sure of that. Perhaps no one ever went out on that old wharf, and his clothes were still piled on the end, undiscovered.

This thought possessed him. He couldn't enjoy his new freedom with this uncertainty, this apprehension hanging over him. Unless convinced of his death, the police would soon begin looking for him everywhere. It would be folly to stage another fake suicide to throw them off, unless he was sure the first attempt would never be discovered; if they both came to light, he would be in a pretty fix. He determined to go back to that dock and see if he could find out what was causing the tie-up.

He arrived in Boston on Thursday evening. This was three days since his disappearance, and still there was nothing in the papers. At ten, which was as early as he dared, he again visited the wharf opposite Captain Bob Hackett's Harness-shop.

It was dark, out there on the end of the wharf, but not so dark but that he could see at once that his clothes were gone. A stick had been driven into a crack at the place where he had left them, and to the top of this stick was fastened a square piece of paper, an envelope, he discovered upon examining closer. Amos felt instinctively that this was intended for him; he took it and hurried back to the street.

By the aid of a street-light, he read the address—"Amos Trippit." Trembling with excitement, he tore it open and took out the one sheet of note-paper.

"Dear Mr. Trippit," he read. "As soon as you get this, call on Captain Bob Hackett in his store at the head of the wharf, and get your clothes back. If you are not here by Thursday midnight, I am apt to write to your wife and tell her everything. Yrs. Bob Hackett."

As Amos Trippit began to realize what had happened, he felt a great rage rising within him. Evidently this Captain Bob Hackett had found his clothes, and instead of sending immediately for the police to investigate the suicide, as any sane individual would have done, he had calmly taken possession of his suit and hat without saying anything about it, and left this note for the owner telling him where he could call for them. The doddering old meddlesome rascal! How did he know that the owner was not floating miles away when he found the clothes? What made him think that Amos Trippit would ever call for that suit and hat?

Yet it was a fact that Amos Trippit had called. He re-read the note. The scoundrel threatened to write to Susie and tell her everything! What did he mean, tell her everything? He had seen Captain Bob dozing in his chair when he left the wharf. Still, he might not have been there all the time. He might have been spying on the suicide, and have just returned when Amos saw him. Amos' rage changed to a nervous fear, almost a panic. Could it be possible that this fat old slovenly sailor knew anything about Mortimer Harcourt?

Amos didn't want to go to see Captain Bob Hackett. He didn't want to have anything to do with him. Yet there was no telling what he might write to Susie if he didn't stop him. Again Amos crossed the street and opened the door of the little shop.

Captain Bob roused from his doze at the sound of the gong over the door, and blinked at the intruder across the counter.



"Hullo, Trippit," he drawled good-naturedly. "Back so early?" While crossing the street Amos had formed a plan, based on the Captain's inability to recognize him as the man who had bought bait three days before, and he went ahead with it, though this unexpected familiarity took away a considerable amount of his confidence.

"I think you are mistaken, sir," he said, attempting coldness. "My name is Mortimer Harcourt. This morning I received a note from a Mr. Amos Trippit, a friend of mine, stating that he was about to commit suicide, and that his clothes would be found on the wharf opposite this shop. This letter was mailed Monday, but was delayed in reaching me. Having seen nothing about it in the papers, I hastened to the wharf to verify if possible his letter, and found this note."

Amos tossed Captain Bob's note onto the counter and drew himself up with dignity, as if waiting an explanation.

"Very pretty," said Captain Bob, nodding with approval. "Very clever and pretty. I've heard a lot of 'em do much worse than that. But you're just wasting your time trying any of that stuff on me. I recognized you the minute you came in." Here the bulky sailor stood up and leaned across the counter, his beard-encircled face, suddenly threatening, near to the face of his caller. "You're Amos Trippit," he bellowed, "and I know it!"

The force of this accusation was too much for Amos. His dignity deserted him. He wilted. He admitted that he was Amos Trippit.

With this admission Captain Bob's ferocity as suddenly disappeared. He sat down again, looking highly pleased. He beamed on Amos. And after a little Amos took heart to question him.

"How did you know I would come back for my clothes?" he asked. "What made you think I hadn't committed suicide? Did you follow me?"

"No, I didn't follow you," said the Captain. "I used to try that at first, but it's too risky—a couple of good prospects saw me and got frightened off. I heard you."

"Heard me?" exclaimed Amos. "You couldn't hear me out on that wharf?"

"It's an invention of my own," said (Continued on page 108)

*The author of "Conflict,"
"The Highfliers" and "A
Daughter of Discontent"
is at his excellent best in
this splendid story of a girl
newspaper proprietor who
fought the forces of evil
in a New England town.*

Illustrated by William Meade Prince

Contraband

By

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

CARMEL LEE inherited a little run-down New England newspaper, the *Gibeon Free Press*, from an uncle, shortly after her graduation from a Michigan college, and undertook to publish it herself. She found that a "ring," of which Supervisor Delorme and wealthy Abner Fownes were leading figures, practically owned the town—though at the last election the people had rebelled and had put in office their own candidate for sheriff. Only a few days before Carmel's coming, however, Sheriff Churchill had mysteriously vanished; and Deputy Jenney and a hunchbacked tavern-keeper known as Peewee Bangs, creatures of Fownes', had warned the *Free Press*' printer, Tubal, not to print anything about Churchill's disappearance.

Carmel gave a job to Evan Pell, a quaint young pedant who had been unfairly dismissed from his position of school superintendent, and published his dynamite-laden letter of protest. And after receiving an anonymous warning she also printed this notice:

"The editor has been warned that she will be sent to join Sheriff Churchill if she meddles with his disappearance. The *Free Press* desires to give notice now that it will meddle until the whole truth is discovered and the criminal brought to justice. If murder has been done, the murderers must be punished."

Shortly thereafter Abner Fownes called upon Carmel and offered to cancel the chattel mortgage which he held on the *Free Press* plant and which came due in two months, if she would submit all "copy" for the paper for his visé and print only material which had his sanction. He also suggested that she discharge Pell. Carmel refused.

Soon afterward Fownes' henchman, the giant Deputy Jenney, attacked Pell in the street; and though the slighter man was beaten he showed a courage which won the respect of everyone. And then one night Carmel saw some hundreds of bottles of whisky unloaded from an auto and hidden in the woods. This, then, was the sinister thing in the background of Gibeon's life!

Carmel removed one bottle of whisky and picked up a match-box made from a brass shotgun shell which she found lying near by. She then covered the bootlegger's hoard with boughs just as she had found it, and with her evidence hurried back to Gibeon. And presently there appeared in the *Free Press*, the story of her find, accompanied by a scathing editorial which concluded: "Find the men who hid this whisky in the woods, and you will have the murderers of Sheriff Churchill."

Just before this article appeared, Abner Fownes called upon Carmel, and to her horror, proposed marriage; she indignantly declined. That evening, after the publication of Carmel's thun-



"We got her. What'll we do with her?"
"Fetch her in," said Peewee. "Up the
back stairs. I'll show ye the way."

derbolt, her office-boy came to her with the news that men with sledge-hammers were coming to wreck the *Free Press* office.

Carmel met them with a shotgun—and used it; and when Pell and the printer Tubal fell upon the attackers from the rear, their defeat was turned to rout.

Fownes plotted again: he needed money desperately and planned a wholesale importation of liquor; he schemed to protect himself by having Jenney appointed sheriff; and he proposed to see that Carmel should be "taken care of" so that she could not again interfere with his plans.

Pell and Carmel learned of the scheme to have Jenney appointed sheriff and planned to get to the governor first with the name of Churchill's friend, Jared Whitefield. So when they learned that Fownes had taken the train for the capital, Carmel set out thither via a more direct route by motor.

After her departure Pell himself set out on a journey—and a perilous one. For he had intercepted a note to Carmel purporting to be from a disgruntled member of the bootlegging gang, saying she could get evidence against them at the Lakeside road-house. Suspecting a trap, Pell had not shown the note to Carmel, but went himself in answer to the message.

Carmel found that the governor had left the Capitol for the day and that he was that evening giving a ball in the Executive Mansion. Fearing to delay, she attended the ball uninvited—and almost the first person she encountered was Abner Fownes!

A dramatic interview with the governor followed, but Abner was too strong for Carmel. The governor feared to offend the politically powerful Fownes, and Carmel had only her unsupported word as to the character of Jenney. Defeated and humiliated, she drove back to Gibeon that night and next day sought Whitefield, but found him away from home.

Pell also was away. And only that evening did Carmel learn the reason for his disappearance, when she found in her office a note from him to her, declaring his love, explaining his errand at the Lakeside, and suggesting that if his return was delayed, it was because he had fallen into the trap he suspected. Impulsively Carmel set out alone, through the dark woods, toward the road-house—and two men followed her from the village. (*The story continues in detail.*)

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ABNER FOWNES was apprehensive. Notwithstanding his success in obtaining the appointment of Deputy Jenney as sheriff, and the utter discomfiture of Carmel Lee, uneasiness possessed him; and as he sat in the train on his return to Gibeon, he took stock of himself, reviewed the past, and prepared himself for the future.

To see Carmel Lee in the capital was a shock. It was his first piece of bad luck, the first time things had worked out crookedly for him, and it worried him.

That Carmel had accused him of crimes in the governor's presence did not alarm him especially—except that anybody should dare to speak such words concerning him! It was not the thing uttered, the person who listened, but that fact of the utterance. Hitherto people had been afraid of him, but this girl was unafraid. It must mean something, some turning of the tide.

He felt stifled by adversities. Never before had he doubted his ability to come through this emergency with satisfaction to himself. He had believed in himself. Even when he had been forced outside the law to protect his position, he regarded it only as a makeshift, undesirable perhaps, but necessary to him, and therefore permissible. It had been his intention to stabilize his business again, and then to withdraw to lawful practices and a life of conscious rectitude. But adversities had of late erected themselves with such rapidity! Money was required of him when he had hoped promises to pay would have sufficed; he was rushed into expedients endangering the whole edifice of his life. So far, there had been no slip, but he was intelligent enough to perceive there might be a slip.

A slip would not be so dangerous if Carmel Lee were not standing always watching, ready to pounce upon any mishap. She and that professor fellow! It was essential that both these individuals should be rendered no longer a menace.

There was Sheriff Churchill. Well, there was something which

could never be brought home to him. It had been well and successfully managed. But he wanted no more of that—unless absolute necessity demanded. If three persons vanished, folks would regard it as rather more than a coincidence. Therefore, Carmel and Pell must not vanish unless all other expedients should fail.

If, however, he could keep his word to her—if he could smash her life, place her in a position which would overwhelm her, destroy her self-respect, send her crashing down in some infamous way—that would serve so much better. He had found the way to do it, but luck intervened. Instead of being where he intended she should be, Carmel appeared safely in the capital—and multiplied the danger she represented.

He wondered if the whole scheme had gone awry. There was no word from Jenney—nothing as to the whereabouts of Evan Pell. Pell was of importance in Fownes' plan—indispensable to it. Deputy Jenney was indispensable to it, as were Pewee Bangs and his Lakeside Hotel. The plan had been so simple, and would have been so effective!

If Carmel had not gone to the capital, but instead had adventured to the Lakeside Hotel to investigate the note, it all would have been simple. She would have been followed; Pell would have been followed. To seize and imprison the pair in a room in the unsavory road-house would have been a mere matter of a couple of strong arms. To imprison them in the same room! Following that, the room being set according to the demands of the occasion, the hotel would have been raided. Deputy Jenney, that public-spirited official, would have conducted the raid. The posse would have found Carmel and Pell in their room, surrounded by evidences of such affairs as the Lakeside was famous for. They would have been arrested together, taken to the jail. That was all, but it would have sufficed. Never again could Carmel have held up her head; she would have been destroyed utterly, driven out of Gibeon, made forever ineffective. It would have been better than killing her outright.

Abner alighted at the Gibeon depot and was driven to his office. He summoned Jenney, who came with alacrity.

"Well, Sheriff?" said Abner jocularly.

"Much obleeged," said Jenney.

"What happened?"

"The girl went off some'eres in Whitefield's auto. Didn't git back till sometime in the mornin'. But we got *him*."

"Eh?"

"We got him—the Perfessor."

Fownes considered that. They had the Professor—but he was worse than useless alone; he was a menace. So long as Carmel Lee was at liberty, Evan Pell, as a prisoner, was a constant danger. No telling what the girl would do. Besides, she was allied with Jared Whitefield—and Whitefield was no man to overlook. Abner scowled.

"Where is he?"

"Out to Pee wee's."

"He went out there?"

"Came spyin' around. Kind of clever about it, too. We almost missed him."

"Is he hurt?"

"Mussed up some. Not hurt to speak of."

"And tonight the big shipment comes in."

"Your orders."

"We've got to get the girl," Abner said. "Have her watched every instant. Have everything in readiness. If she puts her foot in a spot where you and your men can take her, don't lose a minute." His voice lifted with excitement. "Get her, do you hear? Get her!"

"Where's Whitefield?"

Jenney asked.

"How should I know?"

"I want to know. You can't handle him like you can this girl. He's gone some'eres, and I want to know where and why."

Fownes scowled, but made no rejoinder.

"I don't like the way things is goin'," Jenney said sulkily. "I feel like I was gittin' cornered."

"You're Sheriff, aren't you? Who'll corner you? You're frightened, Jenney. Men who get frightened aren't useful to me. Now, get out of here. You know what you've got to do—do it."

"Town-meetin' tomorrow. I got to be there."

"You'll be some place beside at a town-meeting, Sheriff, if that girl is allowed to run around another twenty-four hours. Git!"

Jenney went out slowly, much perturbed. He was a man of consequence today. Yesterday he had been only Deputy Jenney, a mere political henchman, a nobody. Today his life's ambition was realized; he bestrode the pinnacle of his hopes. He had achieved the position toward

which he had labored and schemed for a dozen years. What happened to Deputy Jenney was more or less inconsequential. But as Sheriff Jenney! Very gladly, now, would he have extricated himself from his entanglements, but—well, he was in it, and he must protect himself. Damn Fownes, anyhow!

His first step was cautiously to call Pee wee Bangs by telephone, and in his conversation Jenney disclosed a kind of apt and helpful humor of which few would have accused him.

"Hello, Pee wee," he said. "That you?"

"It's me, Sheriff."

"H'm! Got that bundle of schoolbooks safe?" Jenney chuckled a little at this. He considered it very acute indeed—to describe Evan Pell as a bundle of schoolbooks.

"Got 'em tight," said Pee wee. "And the bookcase door's locked. Was jest lookin' 'em over. Gittin' me an eddication, so to say."

"Was the bindin's injured much?"

"Not to speak of. One of the covers was tore off, but it kin be patched on ag'in with glue, seems as though. Haint no pages tore."

"It's too bad we got to keep 'em alone," said Jenney. "I'm fingerin' on addin' to the lib'ary, durin' the day or night. You be ready to take care of another volume. 'Taint so educational as the other figgers to be, but it's put up in a durn sight pertier cover. Do you get me, Pee wee?"

"I git you," said Pee wee. "The librarian'll be on the job. Got any idee what hour you'll deliver?"

"May be any hour. Sit tight, and don't on no account lose what we got. For Gawd's sake," added Jenney, betraying for a moment his anxiety, "don't let nothin' slip."

"I'll 'tend to my end if you 'tend to your'n," snapped Mr. Bangs.

Directly following this conversation, Jenney detailed two trustworthy gentlemen to keep an eye on Carmel Lee. It was pointed out to them to be their duty not to lose sight of her an instant, and on pain of certain severe penalties, to let no opportunity slip to induce her to join Evan Pell at the Lakeside Hotel. . . . It was these

two gentlemen who, gratefully, saw her take her way out of town in the late evening, following the very road they would have chosen for her. They made sure she was alone, that no one was coming after her, and then took to themselves the office of escort. Quite gleefully they followed her, as she, unconscious of their presence, trudged toward the hotel. She was so thoughtful as to save them even the small trouble of transporting her!

"Like the feller that let the bear chase him into camp so's he could shoot his meat nigh home,"

whispered one of the gentlemen.

Carmel proceeded rapidly—too rapidly for such precautions as she should have observed. She was without plan; her mind

was in such chaos as to render planning futile.

Quite without thinking, without a clear idea why she did so, Carmel turned off the road and took to the woods. Self-preservation was at work. Instinct was in control. The gentlemen behind quickened their pace, disgruntled at this lack of consideration on the part of their quarry. It was with some difficulty they found the place where she entered the woods. Carmel herself had vanished utterly. In that black maze, a tangle of slashings, a huddle of close-growing young spruce, it was impossible to descry her, to tell in which direction she had turned. Nor did they dare make use of a flash-lamp in an effort to follow her trail. However, they must needs do something; so, keeping the general direction of the hotel, paralleling the road, they proceeded slowly, baffled but hopeful.

IT is not easy for one unaccustomed to the woods to remain undeviatingly upon his course even in the daytime; at night it can be accomplished only by a miracle. Carmel, in a state of agitation which was not distant from hysteria, had

"For Gawd's sake," added Jenney, "don't let nothin' slip."



WHP
(5)22



"Oh, my dear! It will make a new world I can't come to you. Will you—come to me?"

paused neither to consider nor to take her bearings. Of herself she was utterly careless. The only thought in her mind was to reach, and in some manner to give aid to, Evan Pell if he remained alive. Instinct alone moved her to turn off the road and seek the protection of the forest. Once engulfed in its blackness, she stumbled along, tripping, falling, turning, twisting—hurrying, always hurrying. The physical exertion cleared her brain, reduced her to something like rationality.

She paused, leaned panting against the bole of a great beech, and discovered she was lost.

The evening had been cloudy, but now the clouds were being dissipated by an easterly breeze, a chilly breeze; and from time to time the moon peered through to turn the blackness of the woods into a cavern, dim-lit, filled with moving, grotesque, alarming shadows. The shape of fear lurks always in the forest. It hides behind every tree, crouches in every thicket, ready to leap out upon the back of him who shall for an instant lay aside the protective armor of his presence of mind. The weapon of fear is panic. Fear perches upon the shoulder whispering: "You are lost. You know not which way to go. . . . You have lost your way." Then there arises in the heart and brain of the victim a sensation so horrible that words cannot describe it; it can be realized only by those who have experienced it. It is a combination of emotions and fears, comparable to nothing else. It is a living, clutching, torturing horror.

Carmel experienced this and more. Throbbing, rending terror was hers; yet, even at the height of her panic, there lay beneath it, making it more horrible, her fear for Evan Pell.

She uttered his name. Sobbing, she called to him—and always, always she struggled forward under the urge of panic. Even the little nickel-plated electric flash-lamp in her pocket was forgotten. That would have been something—light! It would have been a comfort, a hope. For a long time Carmel ran and fell, picked herself up to stagger onward to another fall. For minutes the woods were an impenetrable gulf of blackness; then the moon would emerge to permit its eerie light to trickle through the interlacing foliage, and to paint grotesque patterns upon the ground beneath her feet. Threatening caverns loomed; mysterious sounds assailed her. She was sobbing, crying Evan Pell's name. And then—with startling suddenness—the woods ceased to be, and light was. The heavens were clean, swept of clouds, and the moon, round and full, poured down the soft silver of its radiance—a radiance reflected, mirrored, turned to brighter silver by the rippled waters of the lake. Carmel sank in a pitiful little heap and cried—tears of relief. She had reached the lake.

It was possible to reason now. She had turned from the road to the right. The Lakeside Hotel was to the left of the road, and therefore she had but to skirt the shore of the lake, traveling to the left, in order to reach her destination. Keeping close to the water for fear she might again become bewildered and so lose this sure guide, she started again toward her objective.

As she turned a jutting point of land, she saw, a quarter of a mile distant, the not numerous lights which indicated the presence of Bangs' ill-reputed hostelry. This sure realization of the nearness of danger awakened caution. It awakened, too, a

sense of her futility. Now that she was where something must be done, what was there possible for her to do? What did she mean to do? She could not answer, but being an opportunist, she told herself that events would mold her actions.

Small things she noted—inconsequential things. The lake had fallen during the dry weather; she noted that. It had receded, to leave at its edge a ribbon of mud, sometimes two feet, sometimes six feet wide. This was one of those inconsequential, extraneous facts which appear so sharply and demand attention when the mind is otherwise vitally occupied. She noted the thick-growing pickerel-grass thrusting upward through the water. It was lovely in the moonlight. She noted the paths upon the water, paths which began without reason and wound off to no destination. Her eyes were busy, strangely busy, photographically occupied. Details, details, details!

Then she stopped! Her hand flew to her breast in a sudden gesture, and clutched the bosom of her waist. She started back, trembling. Was that a log lying half upon the muddy ribbon, half submerged in the receded waters of the lake? She hoped it was a log, but there was something—*something* which arrested her, compelled her. If it were a log, it was such a log as she never had seen before. It had not a look of hard solidity, but rather of awful limpness, of softness. It sprawled grotesquely. It was still, frightfully still. She gathered her courage to approach, stood upon the grassy shelf above this shape which might have been a log but seemed not to be a log, and bent to peer downward upon it.

She thought she screamed, but she did not. No sound issued from her throat, although her lips opened. She fell back, covering her face. The log was no log; it was no twisted, grotesque piece of driftwood. . . . It was the body of a man!

CARMEL felt ill, dizzy. She struggled against faintness. Then came the searing, unbearable thought—was it Evan? She must know; she must determine.

From her pocket she drew the little nickel-plated flash-lamp she had for a time forgotten and pressed its button. Then, covering her eyes, she forced herself inch by inch to approach the lip of the grassy shelf. She could not look, but she must look.

First she pointed the beam of the light downward, her eyes tight-closed. Clenching her fist, biting her lips, she put every atom of strength in her body to the task of forcing the lids of her eyes to open—and she looked, looked full upon the awful thing at her feet.

For an instant sickness, frightful repulsion, horror was held at bay by relief. It was not Evan. Those soggy garments were not his; that bulk was not his. She dared to look again; and let none decry the courage required to perform this act. . . . It was a terrible thing to see. Her eyes dared not remain upon the awful, bearded face. They swept downward to where the coat, lying open, disclosed the shirt. Upon the left bosom of the shirt was a metal shape. Carmel stared at it—and stared. It was a star, no longer bright and glittering, but unmistakably a star.

Then, instantly, Carmel Lee knew what had become of Sheriff Churchill!

It was enough; she was required to look no more. The spot was accursed, unendurable, and she fled from it, fled toward the lights of the Lakeside Hotel. That they were lights of which she could not beg shelter she did not think; that she was safer with the thing which the lake had given up she did not consider.

Forcing her way through a last obstruction of baby spruces, she reached the thoroughfare; and there, hidden by the undergrowth, she stood looking for the first time upon this group of buildings so notorious in the county, so important in her own affairs. The hotel itself, a structure of frame and shingles, stretched along the lake—a long, low, squatting, sinister building. A broad piazza stretched from end to end, and from its steps a walk led down to a wharf jutting into the water. To the rear were barns and sheds and an inclosure hidden from the eye by a high lattice. A typical road-house of the least desirable class! She searched such of its windows as were lighted. Human figures moved to and fro in the room which must have been the dining-room. An orchestra played.

SHE had been on the spot but a moment when she heard an approaching motor. She waited. A huge truck, loaded high and covered with a tarpaulin, drew up to the gate at the rear of the hotel. Its horn demanded admittance; the gates opened, and it rolled in. She waited, uncertain. Another truck appeared

—high-loaded as the first—and was admitted. . . . Then, in quick succession, came three others. Five trucks loaded to capacity—and Carmel knew well what was their load! Contraband! Its value to be counted not by thousands of dollars, but by tens of thousands!

The facts were hers now, but what was she to do with them, to whom report them? And there was Evan. What mattered contraband whisky when his fate was in doubt? Evan Pell came first—she realized now that he came first, before everything, before herself! She asked no questions, but accepted the fact.

Keeping to the roadside in the shadows, she picked her way along for a couple of hundred feet, meaning to cross the road and to make her way to the rear of the hotel's inclosure. There must be some opening through which she might observe what passed and so make some discovery which might be of use to her in her need. She paused, undecided; then she decided that a sudden, quick crossing would be safest, and lifting her skirts, ran out upon the roadway.

There was a shout, a rush of feet. She felt ungentle hands, and dropping such inhibitions as generations of civilization had imposed upon her, Carmel fought like a wildcat, twisting, scratching, tearing. She was crushed, smothered. Her arms were twisted behind her, a cloth jerked roughly over her face, and she felt herself lifted in powerful arms. They carried her to some door, for she heard them rap for admission.

"Who's there?" said a voice.

"Fetch Peewee," said one of her captors. "Quick!"

Then came a short wait, and she heard Peewee Bangs' nasal voice. "What's up?" he demanded.

"We got her. What'll we do with her?"

"Fetch her in," said Peewee. "Up the back stairs. I'll show ye the way."

Carmel, not struggling now, was carried up a narrow flight of steps; she heard a key turn in a lock. Then she was thrust into a room, pushed so that she stumbled and went to her knees. The door slammed behind her and was locked again. She got to her feet, trembling, wavering, snatched the cloth from her face, and looked before her. There, in the dim light, she saw a man. He stood startled, staring with unbelieving eyes.

"Evan!" she cried. "Evan! Thank God, you're alive."

Chapter Twenty-three

HE did not come toward her, did not move from his place; and then she saw that he stood only by clinging to the back of a chair. He leaned forward and stared at her through eyes drawn by pain.

"You're hurt! They've hurt you!" she cried.

"My ankle only," he said. "Sprained, I fancy." Then: "What are you doing here?" He spoke almost petulantly, as one would speak to a naughty child who turns up in some embarrassing spot.

"I—I found your letter," she said.

"My letter? Ah, yes, my letter. Then I—I brought you into this trap."

"No, Evan; it was a fine thing you did. For me! You—have come to *this* for me."

"It was an exceedingly unintelligent thing—writing that letter."

"Listen, Evan: as long as I live, I shall be glad you wrote it. I am glad, glad, to know there is a man capable of—of sacrificing and—maybe dying for—"

"Nonsense!" said Evan. "It was a trap, of course. And I thought my mental caliber was rather larger than that of these people. Very humiliating!" He frowned at her. "Why did you have to come?"

"You ask that?"

"I most certainly do ask it. You had no business to come. Wasn't my failure to return a sufficient warning? Why did you take this foolish risk?"

"You don't know?"

"I want to know," he said with the severity of a schoolmaster questioning a refractory pupil.

"Must I tell?"

"You must." Carmel was almost able to see the humor of it. A pathetic shadow of a smile lighted her face.

"I didn't want to—to tell it this way," she said. "I—"

"Will you be so good as to give me a direct answer? Why did you come rushing here—headlong—when you knew perfectly well—" He paused, and his severe eyes accused her.

She moved a step closer; her hands (*Continued on page 146*)

Illustrated by
Henry Raleigh

The talented Mr. Scoggins' picturesque young railroad-builders work hard and play hard. This is the story of when they played very hard indeed and started something really important.

Three Links and a Dinger

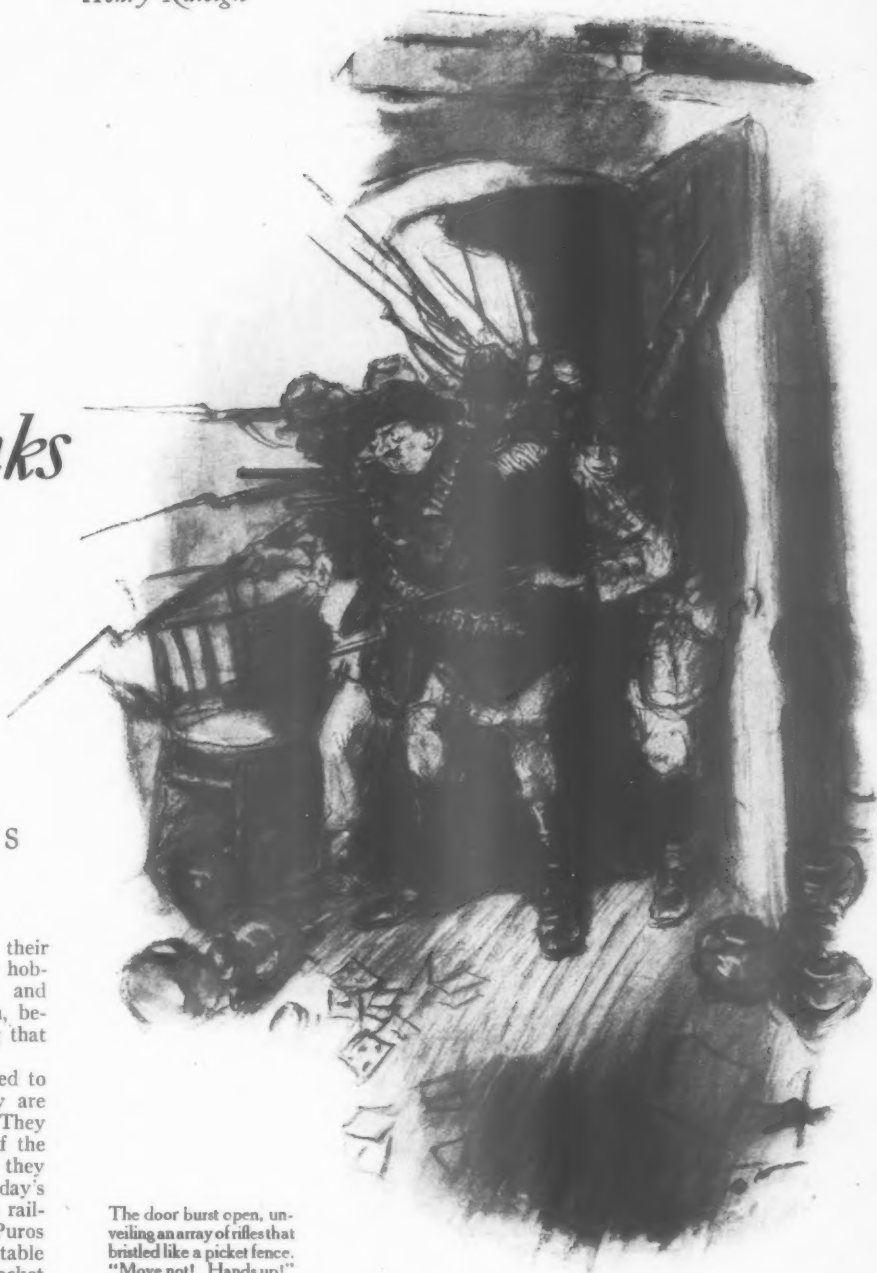
By

C. E. SCOGGINS

LET me be the first to admit that their ways are crude and unrefined, those hob-nailed young men who build railroads; and then let me tell you of Los Puros Pues'n, because of a curious and uninteresting thing that happened.

I hope the printer will not feel compelled to italicize those words merely because they are borrowed from the Spanish language. They are indeed so borrowed, but no member of the Spanish Academy could tell you what they mean. If, however, in the course of the day's work you should need a bridge built or a railroad laid out, you may chance upon a Puros Pues'n. He will be thirty-odd and respectable by now; but dangling from his watch-pocket you will see Three Links and a Dinger, which is a small brass tag with a number on it. If the number is 5, his name is Palmer, and he will answer if you call him Peaceful, though he isn't—or wasn't in those days. If it is 13, that is Hop White, who considered it lucky; and so on up to 43, which it won't be because Mike Alvarez—

Mind you, I make no excuse for the way we spent our Sundays. I only plead that there were no golf-links in Quetzal and that we had no wives to make us wear white collars and come home to dinner—or to breakfast, for that matter. So the warm and unwelcome dawns of Monday saw weary young men riding drearily back to the camps and another week of toil. Often they dozed in the saddle; and if you spoke sharply to one of them, he would rap the saddle-horn—*thump! thump!*—and mutter cryptic words: "I pass!"



The door burst open, unveiling an array of rifles that bristled like a picket fence. "Move not! Hands up!"

What of it? There is a saying in Quetzal: "On Monday even hens do not lay!"

But you cannot expect the owners of hens to be satisfied with that. It was old man Joe Hampson who signed our pay-checks; and it came to his notice that Monday's progress toward the building of a railroad left something to be desired. He was not greatly puzzled by this phenomenon, having himself seen the horse walk extensively in his youth. He merely took occasion to speak admonitory and deceitfully casual words.

"Keg," said he to me, for instance, "Keg, I hear the government of Quetzal has passed a strict law on gambling."

"Umph," I said sociably. I remember that on this particular Monday, having wasted four of the last fifty hours in sleep, I

had constant trouble getting the cross-hairs of my transit into focus. "Umph. Most countries have laws on the subject, haven't they?"

"I was talkin' to the Pres'dent," he said, biting off a large piece of the succulent weed and ruminating thereon, "ol' man Del Valle, y' know, and he was tellin' me they was goin' to inforce it—strict."

"Umph," I said again. It expressed my feelings as well as a longer utterance. The fine Italian hand of Uncle Joe Hampson was clearly visible in President Del Valle's sudden access of virtue—much more clearly than the cross-hairs in my transit. "Going to stop the Government lottery, is he?" I said, intending sarcasm.

Uncle Joe squinted carefully along the cut I was staking. "I don't recollect as he mentioned the lottery," he admitted. "But he mentioned poker—special. Fact is, he's heard some o' the boys is makin' it a reg'lar thing—Saturday to Monday. I thought," he said, offering me his plug, "you'd like to know, so's to be careful and not get in none of them little games. They're liable to get into trouble. I reckon you better put a wheelbarrow gang in this here cut. She's too rocky for scrapers," he added, and then put his horse to sliding down the hill. "Well, so long, Keg."

"Umph," said I, still trying to locate those cross-hairs. He was heading down the grade toward Camp Four. Hop White and Shirtless Walker would presently hear the news about gambling.

IT was a tactful effort, that of Uncle Joe's. To forbid gambling under threat of discharge would have put us at once under moral obligation—to accept the challenge; and he would have been without engineer, inspector or camp foreman within two weeks. Were we not free and white and twenty-one?

Yes, it was a noble effort, but vain. If your board and bed—Chinaman's cooking and a canvas cot—are included in your pay, and there is nowhere to wear good clothes, what are you going to spend your money for?

But we recognized the authority of the law; we were circum-spect. When we next forgathered to feed the immortal kitty in the Hotel Caravanchel, it was behind transoms and windows hermetically blanketed—which did not, alas! serve to avert the trouble so tactfully prophesied by Uncle Joe Hampson. It was on a Saturday midnight, while the game was yet young, that there came a loud, harsh knocking at the door. . . . But I was going to tell you about Mike Alvarez.

We caught Mike Alvarez in his wild or uneducated state. That is, he had education of a sort, acquired at the University of Quetzal, including a foreign language which he believed to be English. But all his life he had played poker with cards that bore pictures of loving-cups and coins and swords instead of civilized emblems such as hearts and spades, and he had never heard of a straight flush. You can see how ignorant he was.

He was not abashed by his limitations. His family owned something less than thirty square miles of cane and corn and struggled along with not more than five hundred servants; finest leather and white linen and the snowy straw of Jipi Japa appeared him; he had a white horse whose slim aristocratic legs began to waltz the moment it heard a band play; and when he rode into the plaza on Sunday mornings, it was the entrance of a prince royal. Dark feminine eyes brightened; soft feminine hands applauded; and masculine voices acclaimed him: "*Hola, Miguel!*"

No: Mike did not court obscurity. His hair was black, but he was the Fair-haired Boy of Quetzal just the same.

When he first gazed on us, the hobnailed young men of Hampson & Smith, I doubt not that he did so with wonder and deprecation. A strange and uncouth breed we must have seemed—flannel-shirted and felt-hatted and heavily shod, with the white man's usual defiance not only of convention but of any climate whatsoever. But the work progressed, and our numbers and our noise increased; and the royal favor descended on us. The dashing Miguel began to hail us in passing. "*Al-lo, gent-li-men,*" he would say, progressing rapidly to: "*Al-lo, keed!*"

Bud Regan, a hard-faced, bow-legged youth from Arkansas, brought the matter to our more immediate attention. "*Folks an' hombres,*" he announced, weaving into the bar of the Caravanchel,—it was Sunday evening,—"*I done broke into sassiety. You know that pretty guy that rides the dancin' hoss? He done bought me fifty or sixty drinks.*"

We accepted the number as a conservative estimate; it took that many drinks to unsteady the parentheses that served Regan

for legs. Fred Schuyler offered a sorrowful rebuke—not for drinking, you understand, but for drinking with a native. Schuyler was from Philadelphia, and he had thoughts and feelings on many subjects. "Bud," he demanded, "have you no pride of race?"

"Heck," said Bud regretfully, "I aint got no hoss, only a mule. I bet that hoss o' his can git up an' fly."

The fact is that Miguel perceived in us representatives of a new and intriguing sophistication; he was beginning a relentless campaign for admission to our unseemly midst.

AND before we knew it, he was there—among us, in the very forefront of us, spending Alvarez money with a royal hand. He applied his knowledge of pictured loving-cups and swords and bludgeons to hearts and spades and clubs; he acquired a respect for the straight flush, paying liberally therefor. Some of us could speak Spanish, and when necessary we resorted to it, but not with Miguel's consent. He replied exclusively with words in that language he believed to be English.

He learned that the English equivalent of Miguel was Mike, and encouraged it by so referring to himself. He acquired, treasured, and practiced colloquialisms. "Sure, Mike!" in particular pleased him; he thought we had invented it in compliment to him, implying that Miguel was invariably and enthusiastically in favor of anything; he translated it for the benefit of his admiring fellows, "*Seguro, Miguel!*" and it became a byword in Quetzal.

Would we have a drink? *Seguro, Miguel!*

Now let me mention that Quetzal lies three inches below Mexico on the map, and we come rapidly to Los Puros Pues'n and the Battle of Quetzal. You recall that on a Saturday midnight, while the game was yet young, there came a rude, harsh knocking at the door?

"*Abre!* Open in the name of the law!"

I remember how Hop White threw down his cards and yelled with glee. Hop was at the moment entangled in a rash attempt to frighten Jimmy Siever's three queens with a lesser number of aces, and had just found himself caught between that trio of ladies and a problematical flush in Schuyler's hand. "Come in!" he yelled. "Come take my mamma's boy to jail! I got seventy-four dollars in this here pot and only a measly pair o' bullets to my name. Open the door, somebody, and let the gentlemen right in!"

We did not practice the effete custom of using chips to represent money; the money was there in person, and Hop deftly extracted his. We followed his example; and I, being long of limb, reached the window first and snatched it open. It was no great drop from the balcony to the street.

But we did not drop. No, we scorned to flee. Below us sat a dozen grim figures in the uniform of the mounted police; the adjacent balconies bulged with others of the same; above us the stone coping was studded with interested heads in official caps.

There were only seven of us; no doubt we should have been flattered to find the raid conducted in such force.

But I do not recall that anybody was pleased. We spoke, in fact, words of unanimous and heartfelt disapproval of the whole proceeding as we surrendered. Schuyler was about to unlock the door when it burst open in his face, unveiling an array of rifles that bristled like a picket fence, before which stood the formidable mustached bulk of the comandante himself, with a fourteen-inch revolver in each hand.

"Move not! Hands up!"

NOW, this comandante was a bad one, one who cherished the reputation of being a man-killer. We intelligently obeyed that double injunction in reverse order, elevating our hands first and moving not afterward. All but Schuyler! The edge of the heavy door had taken him between the eyes; he staggered against the wall, clutching at his face.

"Hands up!" The comandante stepped within the room, one revolver wavering on the rest of us, and thrust the other violently into Schuyler's ribs. "*Alza los manos!* Instantly!"

We saw then that blood trickled through Schuyler's fingers. "He is hurt, comandante," we urged. "Give him time."

See now how little things turn upon you. Schuyler was from Philadelphia, and when he first came among us he carried his handkerchief in his breast-pocket. By ridicule we had driven him to transfer it to the more manly hip-pocket, and now we reaped the reward of meddling. Schuyler reached for his handkerchief.

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Shirtless Walker appeared with a handful of metal things. He marshaled us seven martyrs upon a table, and decorated us.

He was a decisive character, that comandante. Our gun-belts lay in plain sight on the bed, but he gave himself the benefit of every doubt as to what that hip-pocket might contain. One of those fourteen-inch barrels swung smartly and thumped on Schuyler's hapless skull; whereat the lifted arms of Regan, who was nearest, dropped and snatched, and thereafter rose and fell in a brisk and vengeful manner—swinging by the barrels the comandante's own revolvers, each swing accompanied by the Arkansas war-whoop and terminating in a more or less muffled thud. Brown faces and blue uniforms poured in at window and door, materialized bodily from wall and ceiling. It rained rifle-butts. I remember the curious feel of fighting with one hand crammed full of paper money; and then an ignominious parade of manacled figures, one of whom I dimly recognized as myself.

YES: he was a bad one to trifle with, that comandante. At a later time there came to Quetzal a spectacled youth named Higgs—Edwin, alias Clarence, alias Pure Reason Higgs; and this comandante passed out on a gale of laughter. But at the time I speak of he was the bogey-man with whom the mothers of Quetzal frightened their babies to sleep. We were a sick and battered crew that stumbled along cobbled streets to the jail, Regan and Schuyler none too tenderly assisted.

The humor of the situation was, you would think, a little obscure, especially for Schuyler; but he saw it first. Revived somewhat by the air and the forced march, he lifted steel-cuffed hands to explore the extent of his wounds—finding a definite, sticky furrow in his forehead, which pleased him. "I hope it leaves a scar," he confided to Regan. "Imagine! I shall tell my grandchildren about it. Wounded in the Battle of Quetzal!"

"We licked 'em," muttered Regan, "seventy of 'em—for a minute. Gosh! I wish I had a drink." He lifted a valiant if unsteady tenor; and we supplied in volume what we lacked in harmony:

"Pass around the bottle, and we'll all have a drink!
Pass around the bottle, and we'll all have a drink.
Pass around the —"

"Silence!" roared the comandante, spurring up; but we finished with a manful burst of sound:

"As we go marching on!"

To which Regan added his defiant war-whoop, a high-pitched yell trailing off into a howl like that of a hungry coyote; and we were greatly cheered. There was a grating of locks in house-doors along our line of march, a popping out of curious heads, to whom we shouted brazen warning that here went seven desperate criminals. We reached the jail and were herded into one narrow cell, whereupon Hop White was moved to impersonate a monkey in a cage—leaping up and clinging to the bars, peering about with grimaces and squeaks and gibbers, scratching his ribs and plucking therefrom imaginary fleas which he gravely examined and forthwith executed. We were not wholly crushed by the shame of our incarceration; we bore up, you might say, very well.

It was only a form, you know. Old man Hampson would not push the thing too far. We had called his bluff, and he had called ours, and we were ready to admit that he had the best of it. Why did he not come and bail us out?

IT was dull business, being hilarious for the benefit of a few bored prisoners and a serious-minded guard. They depressed us, those cell-neighbors of ours; they viewed us with the proper scorn of professionals for mere amateurs. Our humor grew pale and expired. It is amazing how many hours can intervene between midnight and dawn. . . . A sluggish daylight seeped across the high barred windows, and still Uncle Joe did not come.

We began to speculate earnestly concerning breakfast. But to any question the guard in the corridor returned one unvarying answer: a shrug of the shoulders, a long-suffering, "*Pués, no sé, pués!*"

That is, his words would be written so. What he actually said was: "*Pos'n no sé, pués'n!*"—drawing out that nasal termination characteristic of the speech of Quetzal. It irritated us, that unfailing "*pués'n.*" According to the dictionary, *pués* means *because; then; therefore; ay, yes;* and eleven or fourteen other things; but in Quetzal it is merely verbal padding, born of congenital inability to be definite, and means nothing at all. We mimicked him.

"*Pués'n, when do we eat, pués'n?*" "*Pués'n, what time does*

the comandante rise on Sundays, *pués'n?* We wish to see him, *pués'n*, but not for anything would we disturb his honorable sleep, *pués'n!*"

The guard was disconcerted, poor fellow, but habit was too strong for him. He could not speak otherwise than in the manner of his kind—blurting uncomfortably:

"*Pos'n, indeed, señores'n, I do not know, pués'n!*"

It was Mike Alvarez who rescued us. Mike saw the humor of the situation at once. He roared with laughter at the spectacle we presented, penned in our narrow cage; he cursed his luck with sincere bitterness that so diverting an adventure should have missed him.

"But, *que caray,*" he sighed, wiping away the tears of mirth and speaking Spanish in his emotion. "What would you, *pués'n?* These owls of gendarmes will not arrest me, no matter what I do!"

It was true; no wise gendarme would think of arresting an Alvarez. But we did not at the moment feel that our liability to arrest was a privilege to be envied.

"Don't stand there *pués'n-ing* at us, pretty thing!" shouted Palmer with pardonable asperity. "Get busy, *pués'n*, and get us out of here—*pués'n!*"

"*Seguro, Miguel!* I shall get bussy queek," promised Mike, and hurried off.

Yes; Mike saw the humor of our shame. When he returned, he led delightedly, besides the merely necessary police judge, a photographer. This individual, with the mysterious importance of his craft, set up his machine and trained a flash gun on our cage. Hop White grasped the idea and leaped monkey-like upon the bars; the rest of us assumed expressions appropriate to hardened criminals; the light flared with a ghostly *whoosh*, and that shame was recorded for posterity.

"Ha, ha!" said Mike.

The judge gave the necessary orders, and we filed out of our cage. Mike distributed largess of small silver to the guards who casually congregated for that purpose; the judge, no doubt, had received his more privately and substantially. Mike was the original Friend of All the World.

ALL was magnanimity and good will; but the judge said nothing about seven watches, five revolvers and material evidence to the sum of two thousand dollars in currency of the United States.

"Our property?" we hinted.

The judge shrugged his shoulders. "All evidence," he explained in his best judicial manner, "must be held until your trial, *pués'n.*"

It is held, let me say in passing, yet. Who keeps it only that comandante knows, and he took the secret with him when Pure Reason Higgs made Quetzal too merry to hold him.

We did not foresee the completely permanent nature of the arrangement; nevertheless we felt a certain natural indignation. To be denied our property was enough, but to be denied it with a *pués'n!* Under the circumstances it was one *pués'n* too many. I wonder if any historian of Quetzal has guessed the seed from which sudden events grew?

"Here we are, *pués'n,*" said Schuyler scathingly, "*pués'n*, pure *pués'n*, nothing but *pués'n!* We would be dumb without that word. Good-by, Judge—*pués'n!*"

"Good-by, Judge," we chorused, adding solemnly, "*—pués'n!*"

We left him there trying to frame some speech without that suddenly embarrassing word, and Mike led us to the Caravanchel and bought large quantities of breakfast. It was Mike's way to do things handsomely, and being on this occasion moved to great admiration and affection for us, he ordered champagne. It was a wonderful meal. We saw ourselves as brother heroes who had come triumphantly through sore trials, and the watchword was "*pués'n!*" You had only to speak it to be greeted with ringing cheers.

I remember that later we became tearful. It was bitter injustice that we suffered, *pués'n!* Down with the Government of Quetzal! Down with all things pertaining to Quetzal—including champagne! Peaceful Palmer rose and single-handed challenged the whole force of waiters to combat. Were they not also of Quetzal?

We forgot that Mike, our preserver and host, was of Quetzal, and Mike forgot it too. He climbed upon a table and orated, denouncing our oppressors. Peaceful climbed up beside him and embraced him as a man and a brother. It was a touching scene. We wiped our eyes and cheered hoarsely, thereafter climbing up to embrace them both. We began a war-dance down



Hop White leaped monkey-like upon the bars; the light glared with a ghostly *whoosh*, and that shame was recorded for posterity.

the tables, leaping with remarkable lightness across the chasms between, chanting: "*Pués'n! Pués'n! Pués'n puros pués'n!*"

It was at this point that I became aware of an interesting phenomenon. There had been seven of us, and Mike made eight; now, oddly, the parade filled many tables. It was not an illusion. I counted twenty-two distinct and separate snake-dancers before I lost count.

I put my powerful mind to work on it. I recognized men from Camp Six above Rosario, Camp Four at Tonila; men from Camp Three, Camp Five. Ah! I understood perfectly. Yesterday having been Saturday, today was probably Sunday; in which case it was natural that the fellows should be coming into the city. It is astonishing how clearly your mind works when you have champagne for breakfast.

The room was crowded, roaring, stamping, chanting: "*Pués'n! Pués'n! Pués'n puros pués'n!*" The waiters could get no farther than the door, but there was no lack of hands to receive bottles.

From somewhere appeared Shirtless Walker, of the Camp Four contingent, bearing a jingling handful of metal things. He marshaled us seven martyrs upon a table, and with moving and appropriate words—which I do not exactly remember—he decorated us. I examined my decoration. It was three links of an engineer's chain, with a small brass tag numbering the feet, which is called a dinger.

Came Mike Alvarez—we had not missed him—bearing a stack of damp cardboard squares. The photographer had broken all national records for speed. There was Hop White clinging monkey-like to the bars; there were (Continued on page 170)

Wild Adoption

By

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

A quaint and moving idyl of the wilderness, described by a writer who has won international fame through his many vivid and sympathetic stories of wild-animal life.

IT had been a wet spring, cold and belated, and the turbulent Wassiss was still in flood, raging between its scarred banks. A couple of hundred yards lower down, it plunged over the forty-foot drop of Great Falls and went crashing, torn to flying snow, through the black and narrow deeps of the gorge. The steady, trampling thunder of its plunge throbbed on the air.

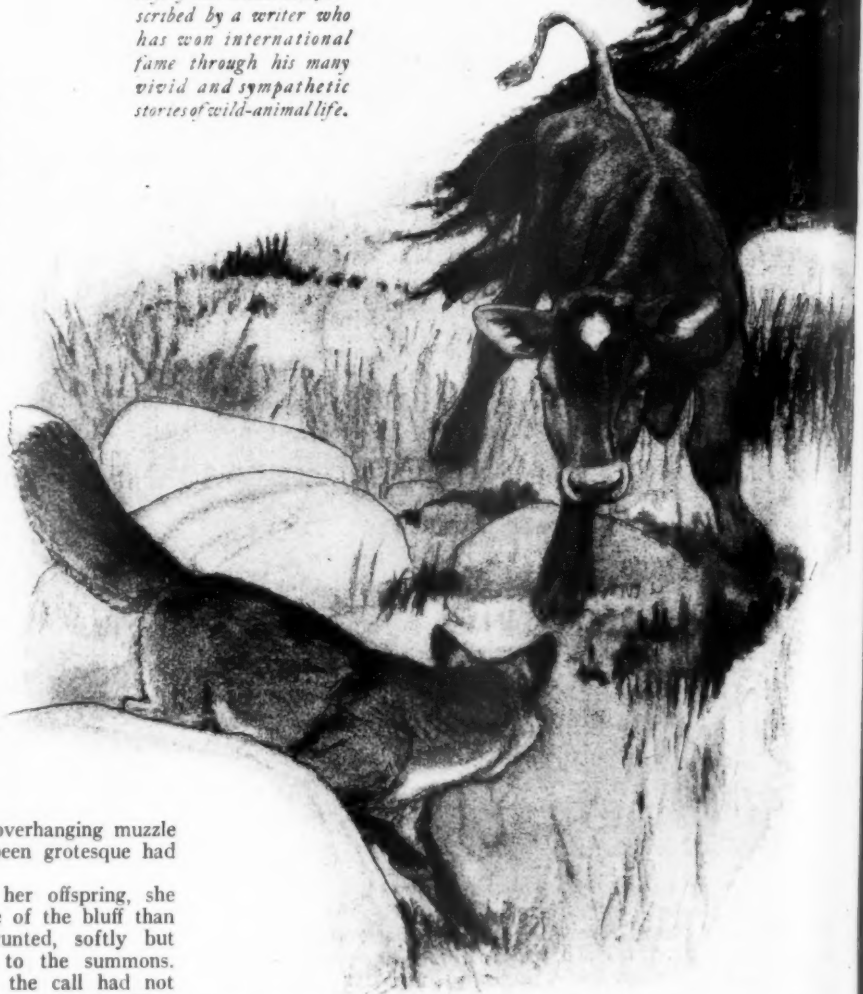
Near the edge of the high bank, but not too near, stood a lanky, long-legged, long-headed moose calf, sniffing at the green and brown leaf-buds of a poplar sapling. Its preposterously long nose was pleased with the scent of the bursting leaf-buds; but the awkward youngster had not yet learned to browse, even upon such delicate fare as poplar-buds. He was still dependent on the abundant milk of his great, dark-coated mother.

The cow moose was at the other side of the glade, forty or fifty paces back from the bank, browsing comfortably on the tender, sappy twigs of a young silver birch. She was a splendid specimen of her race, full five feet high at the tip of her massive, humped shoulders; her brown, furred hide was almost black except along the belly, where it faded to a ruddy fawn, and on the lower parts of the legs, where it was of a pepper-and-salt gray. For all her strength and her imposing appearance, however, she could lay small claim to beauty or grace; her hindquarters were much too small and meager to balance her grand shoulders, and her huge head, with its long, overhanging muzzle and immense, donkey-like ears, would have been grotesque had it not looked so formidable.

Presently, turning her head to glance at her offspring, she decided that he was rather closer to the edge of the bluff than prudence would dictate. "M'wha!" she grunted, softly but emphatically. The calf wheeled in answer to the summons. But he did not instantly obey—for, indeed, the call had not been urgent. It had not been the usual danger signal. That cry would have brought him to her side at once. Now, however, he was inclined to be playful, and to tease his anxious mother. He shook his head, and executed an ungainly gambol on his absurdly babyish stilts of legs.

In that same instant, the slight extra impulse of his kick being just what was needed to precipitate the catastrophe, the whole brow of the bluff crumbled beneath him, undermined by the torrent. With an agonized bleat of terror, amid a sinking chaos of turf and stones and bushes, he vanished.

In a few gigantic strides the black mother reached the spot,



with such a rush that she could barely check herself at the brink of the raw red steep. The bank at this point was fully thirty feet high, and practically perpendicular. Bawling piteously, her eyes almost starting from her head, she searched the flood. At first she could see nothing but the bushes and saplings as they swept along in the torrent. Then she caught glimpses of a small, dark form appearing and disappearing among them, feebly kicking, rolled over and over by the conflict of the tortured surges. A few moments more, and calf and wreckage together, with a sickening lunge, went over into the abyss.



CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

The calf, full of childish pugnacity, would invariably run and butt at the bushy-tailed stranger.

Crashing through the bushes, and bleating harshly as she went, the frantic mother raced along the bank till she reached a spot just over the falls. Here she paused, and stood staring down into the thunder and the tumult.

For a long time the moose cow stood there motionless and silent, her dark, uncouth form sharply outlined against the pallid sky. At last she roused herself, and moved off slowly among the pointed ranks of the fir-trees. In addition to the pain of her loss, she was tormented by the ache of her udder yearning insistently for the warm mouth which it had nursed.

Too restless to feed, she pushed her way far back from the gorge, far back from the hated thunder of the falls, and then wandered aimlessly down the wide valley, moving without a sound through the balsam-scented silence. For all her bulk and the spread of her great, cleft, knife-edged hoofs, she could go through the woods and the undergrowth, when she chose, as noiselessly as a weasel or a fox.

Ordinarily it was the habit of the big cow moose to keep strictly to her own range, a section of the valley about four miles in length and stretching back to the hardwood ridge, some three miles from the river. This was her home, and she knew every inch of it. Now, however, it had grown distasteful to her. Continuing on downstream, a mile below the gorge, she found herself in fresh territory. Crossing a sparsely wooded rise, from which the lumbermen had cleaned out all the heavier timber, she saw below her a valley more spacious than her own, with a stretch of pale-green water-meadow, or "intervale," where the wild Wassis joined its current to the broader flood of the Ottanoonsis. In the angle of their junction stood a log cabin and a barn, surrounded by several patches of roughly fenced clearing.

The scene as a whole had no interest for the unhappy mother moose, except for one item in it. In a little grassy inclosure behind the barn, hidden from the cabin windows, was a red calf, standing with its long legs rather wide apart in a posture of insecure and sprawling babyhood.

The loneliness, the helplessness, in the youngling's attitude went straight to the heart of the sorrowful mother. Involuntarily she gave a low, soft call, a call for which there is no name as yet in the vocabulary of either the naturalist or the woodsman. It was neither the mooing of a cow nor the bleating of a ewe, but it held something of both; and it was unmistakably a mother's cry. Faint and far off though it was, the lonely calf heard it, and lifted up his head hopefully.

The great black moose surveyed all the surroundings of that little inclosure with wary eyes, though the longing in her heart and the ache of her burdened udder strove to dull her caution. There was not a man-creature in sight. Satisfied on this point, she moved swiftly, but always noiselessly, down the slope, through the aisles of the fir woods, and halted behind a screen of bushes close to the fence. The red calf was gazing all about him, hoping to hear again that mother call. His color, his form, his moist, blunt, naked muzzle, were all very strange to the silent watcher; but her heart went out to him. Suddenly, growing impatient—for he was hungry as well as lonely—he stretched his neck and uttered an appealing, babyish bawl.

To the moose this cry was irresistible. She emerged at once from her hiding, breasted down the rail fence with a crash, and over its ruins strode into the inclosure.

The calf was too young and unsophisticated to be afraid. He was startled, to be sure, by the great black form approaching him so swiftly, but there was no misunderstanding the sounds—

hoarse but tender—proceeding from its shaggy throat. It was the same voice, which, heard from far off, had so aroused his hopes. Somewhat doubtfully he allowed himself to be muzzled by the tall, velvet-nosed stranger; but when, with a gesture quite unmistakable, she turned her flank to him coaxingly, his hesitation vanished on the instant, and he greedily began to nurse.

Comforted, but ever vigilant, the moose stood for some minutes, alternately eying her new baby and scanning the barn and the clearing. Then, uneasy in that perilous neighborhood, she firmly withdrew herself from the calf's eager attentions and moved off toward the gap in the fence, muttering a gentle summons for the youngster to follow. And follow he did, at once, ambling close at her side, desperately afraid lest he should lose her. Presently the curiously assorted pair vanished into the dark green mazes of the fir woods.

IT chanced that the owner of the little farm at the mouth of the Wassis was a newcomer to the backwoods. Not an experienced woodsman, not an adept in the wisdom of the wilderness, he was quite at a loss when he found that the calf had disappeared. His efforts to trail the fugitive were a failure, and he came to the conclusion that a hungry bear had broken in and carried off the tender prize. Thereafter he hunted bears with implacable hostility, though with very scant success, and those wary beasts soon came to know far more about him than he was ever able to learn about them. They sensed his enmity, and kept him under unsuspected observation.

The cow moose, traveling slowly to allow for the weakness of her adopted young, worked her way far past her old range and took up a new one at a safer distance from the clearing. Suspecting that the man-creature might come searching for the calf, she forsook the valley of the Wassis altogether, crossed the ridge, and established herself in a region of small, shallow lakes and wooded knolls drained by one of its wildest tributaries, Burnt Brook. It was a region undisturbed by the lumbermen, because the timber was small and hard to get out, and it lay somewhat aside from the trails of hunter and fisherman.

In this invigorating environment, with abundant food, and exercise exactly fitted to his needs, the red calf thrived amazingly. At first it seemed to him that he and his tall new mother were the only dwellers in the wilderness; for his strange color and stranger scent caused all the shy, furtive creatures to avoid him. But soon they realized that he was as harmless as any ordinary moose calf. Then he saw, all at once, that the solitude was in reality full of life. The tawny deer-mice, intent on their foraging or their play, scurried freely all about him, only taking care to avoid his clumsy hoofs. The weasels glided up and snarled at him insolently with their narrow, bloodthirsty muzzles in the air. The big, bulging-eyed snowshoe rabbits gambled about him, glad of the protection afforded them by the presence of his mighty foster mother. And once in a while a crafty red fox, prowling past in search of a quarry, would halt and sit up on his ruddy brush of a tail to stare at him in wonder and interrogation, amazed that a moose cow should give birth to so curious a calf. The calf, full of childish pugnacity, would invariably run and butt at the bushy-tailed stranger. And that superior and self-assured animal, recognizing his childishness, would slip away with an indulgent sniff.

After the cold, late spring, summer came upon the wilderness world with a rush, and all the browns and rosy grays and ochre yellows and dusk purples were submerged in floods of ardent green. As the heat grew and the flies became troublesome, the calf learned from his foster mother the trick of wading out into the lake till only his head was above water. Then, plunging his head under to secure a mouthful of water-lily root, which the mother taught him to relish, he would drown his winged tormentors by the myriad.

TO join them in this cool retreat one day came two big black moose bulls. At this season their new antlers—the old ones having been shed early in the preceding winter—had not yet begun to sprout, and so they looked very much like the cow, except for their greater bulk and height. At this time of year they had no thought of mating, and so there was no jealous rivalry between them; their attitude toward the comely cow was one of good-natured indifference. But the red calf, which seemed to belong to her, excited their keenest curiosity. They stood and eyed him intently for some moments, while he returned the formidable stare quite unabashed. Presently they strode up close to him, one on each side, and sniffed him over, with loud snortings, and harsh mummings in their throats. Not quite liking these atten-

tions, the red calf drew back a step or two. Apparently there was some disapproval in their mummings; for suddenly the cow, with an angry grunt, ran at them, and shouldered the nearest bull aside without ceremony.

The two bulls, respecting the sacred rights of a mother, promptly gave way, and wandered off lazily down to the water to pull lily-roots. If a cow of their species was unfortunate enough to give birth to such a ridiculous and unmooselike offspring, well, it was her own affair and they were not disposed to worry about it. Thereafter, when any of the bulls of her kind were about, the cow always made haste to show that the red calf was hers, in order to avoid any possible unpleasantness. She was, indeed, as often happens, more devoted to this strange foster-child of hers than she had ever been to her own offspring. She never quite understood his moods or his manners, and this kept her interest keen.

It was not till late autumn, indeed, that the red calf realized it was possible for his dark mother to have any interest in life except himself. When his green world had turned to a riot of purple and russet and pale gold and flaming scarlet, and the wax-vermilion of the mountain-ash berries hung in lavish clusters over the white granite rocks, and thin frosts laced and powdered the glades at sunrise with sparkling silver and opal, he found his mother growing restless and sometimes forgetful of his presence. By this time the moose bulls, whom he occasionally caught sight of as they strode through the underbrush, had grown their mighty palmated antlers, and become so magnificent as to impress even his audacious and irreverent young spirit. He experienced his first sense of awe when he heard them bellowing their hoarse challenges across the night and thrashing the bushes fiercely with their antlers.

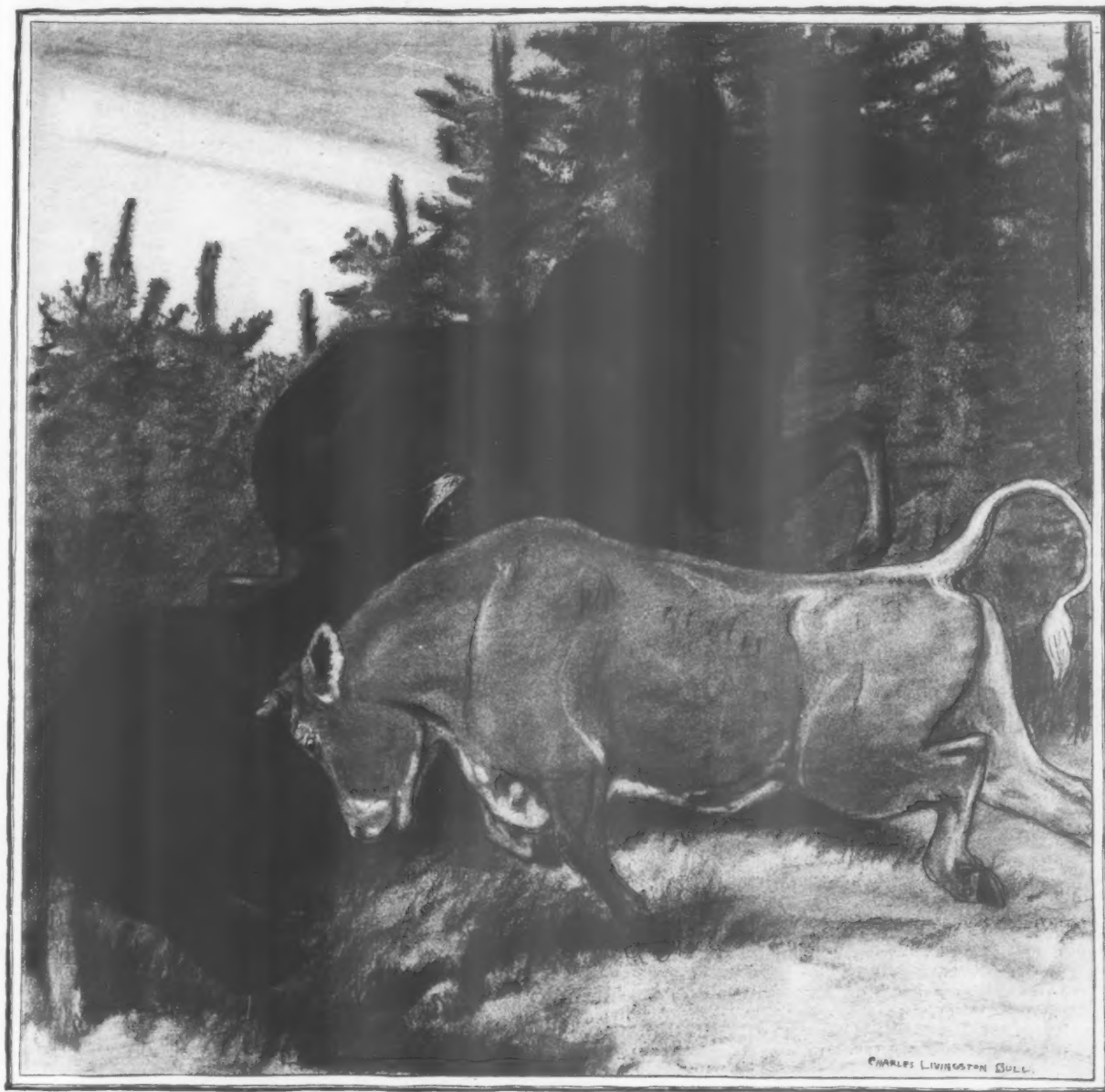
One still, crisp night in October, when the lakes lay glassy silver and steel beneath a low primrose-colored moon, the tall cow wandered down the beach, stretched her head out over the water and gave voice to a long, sonorous call which was unlike anything the calf had ever before heard her utter. It was answered almost at once by a harshly eager voice from the black woods around the outlet. Puzzled and anxious, the calf trotted down and nosed at his mother to attract her attention. To his surprise she brushed him aside with a sweep of her great head, impatiently. Much offended, he drew away. There was something in the air which he did not understand, and so he too stood waiting, like his mother.

SOME ten minutes later the thick bushes on the bank above parted noiselessly, and a trim young bull, with slender antlers only in the third year, stepped down the beach. The cow turned her head to greet him with a guttural murmur of welcome. Before responding, however, the newcomer, with a threatening squeal, lowered his antlers, and chased the indignant calf away some fifty yards up the beach. Then he strode back proudly to the waiting cow, and the two began to make friends, sniffing at and caressing each other with their long, sensitive muzzles.

These pleasant preliminaries of courtship, however, were rudely interrupted. From back in the thickets came a mighty challenging roar, followed by a heavy crashing. The young bull wheeled about and roared furiously in reply, prepared to fight for his new mate. But when, a moment later, a gigantic black head, with antlers as wide again as his own, appeared above the bushes, the young bull's heart misgave him. The new arrival came smashing down upon the beach, roaring and snorting, magnificent in his prime. Whereupon the unfortunate youngster, knowing himself hopelessly overmatched, turned tail and made off at his best speed, to hide his discomfiture in the fir woods, while the faithless cow welcomed the newcomer with enthusiasm.

A few hours later, when the pair withdrew among the trees to lie down and sleep, the lonely calf, venturing to approach his mother again, was received with quite the old affection. The great bull, perceiving this, and being too experienced to be jealous of such an infant, showed no objection to his company. In the chill gray of dawn they all rose to their feet and fell to browsing together till the sunrise broke in gold and fiery rose over the misty lake.

After two or three rebuffs the calf learned to keep his distance at times, but for the greater part of the time he had no reason to resent the stranger's presence. A day or two later, moreover, he found that the great bull, though so scornfully indifferent to him, was not indifferent to his duties as temporary father-by-adoption. It was toward midnight, and the cow and bull were down by the water in the flooding moonlight, while the calf, driven away and for the time forgotten, stood dejected behind a



In a moment there was another crash, and with a grunt of rage, Red Bull came charging into the battle.

clump of osiers some fifty or sixty yards along the beach. A hungry bear, seizing the opportunity, launched himself down the bank and rushed upon the desolate figure, expecting an easy prey. Just in time to evade that fatal rush the calf saw the danger. Bawling shrilly with terror he dashed down the beach, the bear in hot pursuit and swiftly overhauling him.

But the calf's wild appeal did not fall on deaf ears. The stiff black manes lifting along their necks with wrath, both the bull and the cow came charging up the beach to his rescue. The bear, rounding the osier thicket, was just gathering himself for the final spring, when he caught sight of the rescuers. He was a big bear, old and of ugly temper, and the cow alone he would not have hesitated to tackle. But when he saw the stature of that great bull he was seized with sudden discretion. He stopped short, hesitated for a second, and then withdrew, grumbling but dignified, behind the osiers. The cow halted beside the calf, to nuzzle him and inquire if he was hurt. But the bull, beside himself with rage, charged on and came crashing straight through the osiers. Whereupon the bear, appalled at his fury, threw dignity to the winds and fled full gallop, like a frightened cat, leaving the triumphant bull to thrash the bushes and roar his defiance.

THE great bull stayed with the red calf and his mother for five or six days, and then wandered off in search of other mates. But these, as it appeared, failed to hold his fancy; for toward the end of November, after the first heavy snowfall, he returned, and took charge of the family for the winter. Moving back from the lake to a sheltered and thick-wooded valley where such forage as the moose love—especially birch and poplar and maple—was abundant, he established their winter quarters. There they trampled down deep paths in the ever-increasing snow, and lay snugly housed from storm beneath the dense branches of an overhanging hemlock. The calf, fortunately for himself, had learned from his mother to browse on twigs and not to depend on grass for his nourishment, and so he got through the winter without starving.

The intense cold was a searching trial to the calf, but by sleeping huddled between his mother and the bull—who had lost his antlers soon after Christmas—he managed to keep from freezing, while his red coat grew so long and shaggy that his late owner, back at the clearing on the Ottanoonsis, would never have recognized him. The return of spring found him emaciated but vigorous, and with a fierce appetite for the long, brown, withered grass of the open swales and for the (Continued on page 90)

As a mystery story, this little gem by the gifted author of "The Scarred Chin," "Overlook House" and other noted novels, is very good indeed. And as a love story it's even better.

By

WILL
PAYNE



The Pearl Hunt

Illustrated by Wm. Van Dresser

IT had the appearance of an inquisition—four elderly men, each with a gravely judicial air, facing a handsome young woman.

Taking the men from right to left, one would begin with Senator Martin Lecky. Some years before this he had served eleven months in the upper house of Congress, having been appointed by the governor of Montana to fill a vacancy. It had been assumed that he would seek election for a full term, but he declined to do so, observing that he reckoned he'd had enough of being a Senator. Still the title of Senator stuck. Whatever might be his other limitations in statesmanship, there was no doubt that he knew copper from A to Z.

Next him sat Inspector Mulhavy of the metropolitan police department. His eyes looked dull, but close observation might detect a catlike vigilance behind the mask.

Next came James Bryne of the detective agency bearing his name, a short and chubby man whom one would have been more apt to take for a waiter than for a famous detective.

The fourth man was Simeon Burgh, landlord of the Rex Hotel—so handsome a man, with his silver hair and beard, and so well dressed, that he seemed rather out of place in that company.

The scene was the parlor of Mrs. Mark Lecky's suite in the Rex Hotel, and she was the object upon which all this masculine attention focused. She sat so as to face them, reclining slightly, her hands in her lap—wearing a close-fitting dark-blue dress that displayed the agreeable lines of her tall figure. Mr. Burgh addressed her in an urbane, half-apologetic manner:

"Now, Mrs. Lecky, I wish you would tell the Inspector and Mr. Bryne how it happened—from the beginning, you know, as though they knew nothing about it."

Mrs. Lecky's dark-blue eyes had been contemplating the two strange men mentioned by the landlord, and held to their faces as she told the story in a low, clear contralto voice.

"I came here the tenth of May, you know, from the Coast. Mr. Lecky had gone over to France and thought he might return

about that time. I put my pearls and some other things in a safe-deposit box in the vault downstairs, just as I had done before. Mr. Lecky

didn't get back—he was detained over there—and I stayed on here. I went to the box only once, and then not to get the pearls—that is, only once until the ninth of June. Then there was that ball in honor of the President of Argentina. I was going to that, and to dinner before. The dinner was at Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stacy's. I got my pearls out of the box about six o'clock that afternoon—signing the slip of paper and so on, just as usual, you know. The pearls were in a green leather case. I put them on when I dressed, leaving the leather case in my bedroom.

"You see, I had a friend with me—Mrs. Pierre Laporte. She was going to the dinner and ball with me. They live out at Belcourt Manor, twenty miles or so—too far to go after the ball. So I had asked her to spend the night with me here. She had a bedroom next to mine. Well, we got back from the ball about four o'clock—a little after, I think. I had told my maid to go to bed—not to wait up, for I would take care of myself. I got the key to this door at the desk, and Mrs. Laporte and I came up. Almost the first thing I did was step into the bedroom and take off my pearls and put them in the case and carry it downstairs and put it in the vault—myself, you see."

"There was no other person in the rooms here—just yourself and Mrs. Laporte?" Inspector Mulhavy interposed.

"There was no one except myself and Mrs. Laporte," the witness replied positively. "My maid had gone to bed; we two were alone here."

"Try to recall, as accurately as possible, just what you did," the Inspector urged.

"Of course," she replied, "I can't remember every little movement; but in the main it's clear enough in my mind. I've never had the habit of being careless with my jewelry—never leave anything very valuable lying about. I meant to take care of my pearls the first thing, so there would be no chance of forgetting

them. As soon as I had opened the door, I turned on the lights and threw off my cloak and walked through into my bedroom. Mrs. Laporte came with me, but she went on—into her bedroom next door, you know—and began undressing. The leather case was there on the table in my bedroom. I took off the pearls and put them into the case. Then I took them downstairs to the safe-deposit vault behind the office and stood by while the man locked the box in and handed me back my pass-key."

"Then Mrs. Laporte didn't go downstairs with you," the Inspector commented.

"No. She went on into her bedroom as soon as we came in, and began undressing. She was nearly ready for bed when I came back from downstairs."

"And that's the last you saw of the pearls?" Mr. Bryne said.

"That's the last I saw of them," she replied. "That was the ninth of June—or about four o'clock, or half-past, the morning of the tenth. I had no occasion to go to the safe-deposit vault again until this morning. I'm leaving this evening for Rocky Harbor, you know. About eleven o'clock this morning I went to the vault to get my jewels—meaning to take them downtown for safekeeping through the summer. My maid was with me then—carrying the larger case that I keep valuables in. I got my safe-deposit box out of the vault and was putting the things into this larger case. I don't know exactly why—for no particular reason—I opened the green leather case and saw it was empty."

"These last two weeks—from June tenth—where did you keep the pass-key to the safe-deposit box?" the Inspector asked.

"In the larger case I mentioned," Mrs. Lecky replied, and arose with a lithe motion. Stepping over to the table at the side of the room, she took up an object which the men had noticed before—a stout, silver-bound casket of polished wood, perhaps a foot and a half long and a foot in each of the other dimensions. Returning, she handed it to the Inspector, indicating with a white forefinger. "I kept the key in that little tray."

"Your maid knew where it was?" he suggested.

"Oh, no doubt," she replied, and went back to her chair.

"I don't see how getting possession of the pass-key would do anybody any good, Inspector," the landlord put in, with a puzzled frown. "Mrs. Lecky is well known here. I don't believe there has been any time when there hasn't been somebody down there who knows her. In order to get into the vault, you see, a person must not only present a pass-key but sign a slip—a printed form. If there is any doubt, the signature on that slip must be compared with the box-renter's signature in our files. Anyone who did get Mrs. Lecky's pass-key, in short, would have had to palm herself off on the guard as Mrs. Lecky and sign Mrs. Lecky's name to a printed slip which would be kept on file."

"You haven't got any printed slip of that sort—signed with her name, I mean?" the Inspector asked.

"Not since the early morning of June tenth," said the landlord.

There was a little silence, and Mr. Bryne observed: "I don't see that Mrs. Lecky can throw any further light on it." He turned to her father-in-law, with the blunt inquiry: "How much are the pearls worth?"

"They cost a hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars, duty paid, over six years ago," the Senator replied as bluntly. "I suppose they might fetch twice that now."

The Inspector and Mr. Bryne received the figures in respectful silence. The landlord stroked his handsome silver beard, gave a little sigh and said: "I'll show you the vault now. There isn't a sign of its having been tampered with, and it is strictly guarded every hour of the twenty-four. All the people there have been in my employ several years and have good records." He looked extremely unhappy and

added, in affliction: "It's the most puzzling thing that has happened in my hotel experience of thirty years."

Inspector Mulhavy gave a sleepy little smile and observed: "Pearls don't fly away." His stupid-looking eyes rested for a moment on Mrs. Mark Lecky's lovely face—a bovine sort of gaze, or even further back than bovine, as though some scaly monster had ponderously heaved itself up out of the ooze and stared fishily at one, not with hostility but with a rudimentary, impersonal contemplation. She flushed slightly and averted her eyes, a little line of annoyance appearing in her smooth brow. The fat inspector did then ponderously heave himself up out of his chair, and with Mr. Bryne and the landlord, bowed himself out.

Downstairs the three went to the vault back of the hotel office, but the two detectives gave only casual attention to the mighty bars of burnished steel, the locks and bolts, for it was clear at a glance that the pearls had not been obtained by burglary. The watchman who was on duty the early morning of June tenth described how Mrs. Lecky came to the vault in a ball-dress about half-past four, a green leather case in her hand, with her pass-key. He had given her the printed slip to sign and opened the vault. She had stepped inside with him. He had taken her pass-key and applied it, along with his master-key, to the lock of her box, and held the box open for her. She had put the green leather case into it, and—while she stood by—he slid it back into its niche, locked it in with his master-key and her pass-key, gave her the pass-key and closed the vault door as she went out.

There were only two possible explanations—one that the pearls had not been in the green leather case when Mrs. Lecky dropped it into her box that morning, the other that an employee of the hotel, or several conspiring employees, had obtained a duplicate of her pass-key and a duplicate of the master-key, or the master-key itself. That was clear enough; and Mr. Bryne, pondering the first of

those two possibilities, observed to the landlord:

"I suppose she hasn't been hard up?"

"I can hardly think it," the troubled landlord replied. "Of course, the Leckys have barrels of money."

"The Senator has, and her husband has; but rich men's wives sometimes get hard enough up," the detective commented.

"I can hardly think it," the landlord repeated—with an evident reluctance to think it. "There's never been any sign of it. She's been coming here a good while—before she married Mark Lecky. I'd hate to think it."

The detective turned to his stout companion, with a grin, saying: "As Sir John Falstaff here remarked, pearls don't fly away. Either she swiped 'em herself or one of your men did."

The landlord stroked his beard in affliction, and blurted irritably: "It's a devil of a case!"

Upstairs, Senator Martin Lecky was expressing a similar sentiment—not irritably, but with a thoughtful air. "An odd case! Must have been somebody downstairs there who knew the pearls were in the box and got a duplicate of your pass-key," he was saying.

"I told you I had something important to talk about, and I have. The fact is, son, you're a damned fool."



"Looks as though somebody on the hotel pay-roll—a guard or somebody who could get the master-key—must have had a hand in it. But no doubt the detectives will find the pearls. Probably they know pretty well who would buy pearls as valuable as those from a stranger, or from anybody who couldn't show a clear title. It's two to one they'll find the pearls—and the thief."

THE statement evidently interested his daughter-in-law; but she made no comment on it. Plucking his gray chin-whisker, his round gray eyes absently on the rug, the Senator gossiped on: "I certainly hope they'll find the pearls. I'd hate to have 'em lost. Plenty of other pearls in the world—but not just those. I remember Mark was in a great state about 'em. They were to be his wedding gift to you, you know, and it looked as though those chaps in Paris wouldn't get 'em over here on time. I wouldn't wonder if he spent about half the price of the pearls cabling, and getting me to cable. He was certainly all het up about 'em—kept me in a sweat for two weeks running errands and so on. That's always the way with Mark—hell-bent, as you might say; got to do it right off the bat or bust. Just this morning Arnoldson, down at the Finance Bank, was trying to lead me astray into going fishing with him. I told him I couldn't, because I was working for my son Mark nowadays, and he's a devil of a fellow to work for." He looked up at her and added casually: "Mark sails tomorrow, you know."

He thought there was a flash in her dark-blue eyes, like a spark of anger, and perhaps a slight flush on her cheeks. Then her eyes fell, demurely veiled, and she seemed minded to make no reply. After a moment however she observed, low: "I hadn't heard that."

"Up to his ears as usual—hell-bent," said the Senator, in his gossiping manner. "I got the cable only a few minutes before you called me up about the pearls. In fact, I was going to call you up and tell you. Of course, Mark wired me because there was something he wanted me to do right away—a devil of a fellow to work for."

"I had a wire Monday," said Mrs. Lecky, with veiled eyes. "It said he was well and busy and asked about the children and—'Love—Mark.'" She gave a little laugh. "I'm keeping my last letters from him because the postage-stamps will soon bring a premium at stamp-collectors'."

The Senator took advantage of her downcast eyes to study her face reflectively for a moment. Then she caught him at it—looking up abruptly and asking an odd question: "Father, how much are you worth?"

He gave a little choked-off sort of chuckle that was habitual to him and replied: "Well, daughter, if they don't income-tax me into the poorhouse, and the Bolsheviks don't get me, I'll cut up into quite a plump little pot of State and Federal inheritance-taxes when I pass out—that is, provided Mark don't skin me alive first."

She smiled only the faintest, and remarked: "A newspaper said fifty millions the other day."

Evidently she was asking a serious question, and after a slight hesitation he replied soberly: "The newspapers are always too enthusiastic about other people's money. Maybe you could say twenty-five or thirty."

"And Mark?" she asked, as seriously.

That taking an inventory of the family was not exactly agreeable; still, he answered her soberly: "Mark, my dear—I expect he'll either die broke or owning all the copper in the world." Then he added, with a sort of apologetical appeal: "But I don't think it's the money that counts with him, Helen."

IN the silence that followed, different aspects of the same figure came up in their minds, a figure totally unlike the Senator physically—a man tall and lean in a wiry, muscular way, with a thin, tanned face from which nose and chin thrust out full of driving power. Pacing a moonlit piazza with him, there being a faint scent of orange blossoms in the air,—and it seemed to her that he was always pacing these late years, never at rest,—she had asked him what it all meant, why, finally, he was doing it. Usually, these last years, he didn't discuss such subjects with her, being too busy and coming home for relaxation rather than discussion. But this time, after a slight pause, he had said to her:

"I want to run this copper business. I know how. I know it's a job as big as the world, but I mean to do it." And after they had paced a little farther: "Capitalist, Socialist, Bolshevik—what do those names amount to? They've got to have men that know how to run the industries—ten times more now than ever before. I mean to run the copper business."

That had been at their California home just before this last trip to Paris—where also ran the red wires that girdled the earth. She had seen the raw ore in Montana, Arizona, Alaska, and the shining wires carrying electrical energy in Siam. So when he stated the case that way, she could say nothing, although it cost her a husband. But the immediate phases of the affair developed in Wall Street and like places in Paris and London. Those immediate phases had to do with "high finance" and would presumably involve a considerable augmentation of the Lecky fortune—which seemed already quite big enough for any reasonable being.

"I know you don't like New York very well—and living in a hotel," said the Senator with apparent irrelevance; and with a sort of rueful sympathy, he cast a look about the room. It was a spacious room, as hotel dimensions go, and richly furnished; reporters might call it "palatial." But the Senator's manner of looking at it implied that he would be very sorry for any woman who had to live there.

"I like the Coast best," she said. "I love that." The Senator thought there was a homesick sound in her low voice, and it evoked a fellow-pang in him. He liked the Coast best too. "I'd rather be up on the seashore than here even in midwinter," she added abruptly; and although her tone was restrained, it struck the Senator as something like crumpling all of "here" into a wad and disdainfully tossing it into the ditch.

He ruminated a moment and observed, casually: "I reckon Lucy Maxford—or Laporte—likes it first rate."

"Of course, her husband's business is here; this is her home," Mrs. Lecky replied.

"How did you manage to get her to that ball?" he asked, the trivial point appearing to catch his vagrant thoughts.

"Oh, it was easy enough—a big affair, you know," she replied with a certain deprecation of the question.

After a moment the gossiping Senator observed: "I'm sorry for Lucy Maxford."

"Why?" she asked with livelier interest.

"Her husband's an awful skate," he answered regretfully.

With a livelier interest, even with keen interest, she asked: "Is he? Isn't he a good business man?"

"Rotten!" said the Senator conclusively and with disgust.

SHE considered that a moment, sorrowfully, it seemed. The considering took her a long way back, from which mental distance she spoke: "It seems to me now that I was always sorry for Lucy—as far back as I can remember. She's three years older than I am; but when I was hardly bigger than Betty, I was always wanting to give her things. It seems to me it must have been in my mind even then that she envied me, and that made me sorry. . . . They were rather poor—the Maxfords—weren't they? I mean when they lived in the Landon house, next our house?"

"A bobtailed flush," said the Senator.

"When I could judge better, I thought Lucy Maxford the cleverest girl I knew," she went on reminiscently, "—so bright and eager and ready—and tact itself—when I came to know what tact meant. But never having what she wanted, you know—really wanting things terribly and having to carry it through without them. And when everybody knew it, of course—" She gave a rueful little laugh: "As you say, having to play the game with a bobtailed flush, and carrying it off, too—in a way! It took a clever girl to do that—and courage, and tireless patience—bobbing up again with a smile, and the most likable ways. . . . I suppose she cultivated it—that likable way; but it's genuine, too. She's warm-hearted and kind by nature. . . . I always loved Lucy—in that way, you know—wishing it was different. . . . Of course, I haven't seen very much of her since she married and came here. . . . I understood in a general kind of way they were doing very well, and was very glad of it for her sake. . . . I hadn't seen her for two years until this time."

"Well, I'm sorry for her," said the Senator soberly. "She was a bright girl—clever and likable—and keen too, mighty keen. She deserved a lot better luck than Pierre Laporte."

That seemed to interest her very much, but she seemed reluctant to ask questions. After waiting a moment for him to go on, she observed: "Of course, I never knew him very much. I met him out there—and was disappointed when I heard Lucy was going to marry him, for he didn't impress me very well."

"He's like that place they lived in first when they came down here," he replied. "I had occasion to call there a couple of times. When you went into the building, you know, you thought it must be the anteroom to a grand duke's palace—a great big lobby all marble and gilding and mirrors and palms and plush furniture,

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and chaps in plush livery standing around. Then when you went upstairs to the flat where they really lived, it was just stuffy kind of dog-kennels, with the marble paint peeling off the hall walls, and an imitation fireplace in the living-room, with the smell of gas leaking out of the imitation log. That's the kind of fellow Pierre Laporte is. I reckon it's been a devil of an uphill job for Lucy. I'm sorry, too."

HER reluctance to ask questions appeared again; but finally she suggested: "It's copper, isn't it, that he's in?"

"No," the Senator replied gravely, "not really. It's really just bunk. Wilson, Laporte & Co., the name is—down on Nassau Street. They deal in some stuff they call copper, and some other stuff they call other names; but it's mostly bunk, whatever they call it. I had a little business with them myself—on the strength of Laporte's acquaintance with me, or Lucy's—five years ago or so. Wilson is quite a rogue, a crook of fairly respectable ability. But this poor devil Laporte isn't much better at being a rascal than he is at anything else—considerable marble and gilding in front, but just cheap imitation upstairs."

He worried the chin-whisker a moment, looking off absently at the wall, and speculated aloud: "I hear of 'em now and then downtown; and I've sometimes wondered about Lucy. For a girl like her, that wanted what she wanted,—a seat in the grandstand and all that—and an attractive girl, too,—why, marriage was her great chance. That was her great stake, you see. If she'd married Ted Leland or somebody like that, with a bundle, she'd have beaten the game. Why in thunder she must go and marry that bogus Laporte—who didn't have any more of what she wanted than she had herself, and not half her brains, is past finding out. I've wondered whether she realizes just what kind of a blank she drew in the lottery that her big stake was invested in."

His way of saying it suggested a question; and his daughter-in-law, with a little sigh, replied: "If she does, she keeps it to herself. . . . You know, Father, Lucy Maxford never whimpered—not as a child or later. What gives me the heartache about her is that whatever has come up—ever—she's faced it gamely, with a smile. Poor Lucy!"

"It's too bad," he agreed sympathetically. "It's always too bad to get a wrong start. This fellow Laporte, now—if he'd started right in a business way, he might have got on pretty well. He's plausible enough on first acquaintance, and that's an asset. But he started wrong, and the farther he goes, the worse it is. That's generally the trouble with a wrong start. At first it don't amount to much; but the farther you go, the worse it is. That's why I'm anxious about these pearls, my dear."

Her questioning look indicated that she did not understand him, and he explained: "I never supposed I was superstitious, but those pearls sort of stood for something. I remember how wrought up Mark was about 'em—couldn't breathe again until they were here so he could hand 'em to you."

That had been something over six years before, and she had passed twenty-nine now; but the years had registered upon her graciously—a maturer bloom, with less color in her cheeks, and heavier by ten pounds, but still the face and figure of youth. The real change was almost intangible—a more subdued tone; she didn't sparkle as she used to. Less bright, but not less lovely, the Senator might have said; and he had a rueful feeling about it.

"Seemed as though he couldn't breathe again until he'd married you. Of course, there are plenty of pearls. Probably I could buy you a clothesline of 'em on a pinch, or Mark could, or you could tap your father's estate and buy quite a bunch yourself. But they wouldn't be those particular pearls. I feel sort of sentimental about those particular pearls. I'd like to get 'em back—and the way you and Mark felt about 'em—"

She understood him then and looked into her lap, her white fingers traveling aimlessly down a seam in her dress, and murmured: "I'm sorry, Father."

The Senator seemed then to pull himself up out of his reminiscent and sentimental mood. "Well, you'll be leaving for Rocky Harbor at eight, I suppose. I'll keep an eye out down here; and I'll be coming up there pretty soon myself. . . . Of course, Mark will be, too."

"No doubt," she replied perfunctorily, and glanced over at him with a melancholy little smile, adding: "He'll be wanting to see the children."

Two small figures came up in their minds—the elder, male, with a face inclined to be longish and grave; the younger, female, with a face inclined to be round and laughing—but both alike in a quality of bursting vitality.

As these figures came up in his mind, the Senator gave a choked-off little chuckle and said: "Give 'em my love and tell 'em Gundaffer'll be up there pretty soon." That name had been the nearest two small lips, in their first lisping, could come to saying "Grandfather." It was the name by which they still called him.

"I'll let you know if I find the pearls," were his last words as his stumpy figure, in baggy linen, under a broad hat-brim, moved vigorously toward the door. He was smiling as he left her; but going down in the elevator, he looked grave and perplexed and plucked absently at his much caricatured chin-whisker. He had considerable thinking to do. The immediate result of that thinking was a telephone-call to an old and trusted acquaintance whose business address was on Park Row, where the industry of gathering, assorting, and vending the day's metropolitan news pretty largely centered.

NEXT morning's newspapers had a very circumstantial account of the theft of Mrs. Mark Lecky's pearls—displayed, illustrated, and embroidered in a way befitting the value of the jewels, the prominence of the Lecky family and the fame of the Rex Hotel. Landlord Burgh, Inspector Mulhavy and Detective Bryne had heartily agreed, the day before, that the affair should be kept secret for the present in order to facilitate the work of the detectives. Publication of it caused much vexation, Landlord Burgh suspect-

ing that either Inspector Mulhavy or Detective Bryne—or both of them—had given the story to the press for advertising purposes, while each of the detectives suspected the other, and both together suspected that Landlord Burgh had "leaked" in order to advertise his hotel. And Senator Lecky innocently expressed sympathy with all of them.

The story having been published, Inspector Mulhavy and Detective Bryne thought it expedient to say for publication that the thief would be caught and the pearls recovered. Jewels of that value could not be disposed of in the regular channels of trade except by a person known to the buyer or responsibly introduced, and there were means of keeping watch on irregular channels of trade. On Senator Lecky's advice, Landlord Burgh—who, as the case stood, was presumably responsible for the jewels—offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars for their recovery. Privately the Senator assured his friend the landlord that he would pay the amount of the reward for the sake of getting back the pearls.

It was through the public press, therefore, that Mark Lecky was apprised of the loss of his wife's pearls—half an hour before he took the boat-train at Paris. And he heard nothing further of the matter until half an hour after he landed in New York. He by no means forgot it; but his mind was filled with more exigent matters, and it wouldn't have occurred to him to clutter up the crowded wireless apparatus with an inquiry about an item of jewelry. He had trouble enough getting some vitally important wireless messages sent. Half an hour after landing—as, in his private office on Broad Street, he shook his father's stumpy hand with right hearty affection—he asked about the jewels. The air of the office and the air of their meeting was the air of copper—an air, one might say, densely electric with copper, for weighty decisions were to be made and vital actions taken. Yet somehow the older, stumpy man, in his flapping linens, with smooth-shaven upper lip, "paint-brush" whisker and eyes round as a hawk's, did bring in, at the instant of greeting, an air of home—wife, children, fireside. So in his swift, abrupt way, smiling as when one's mind is engaged by a pleasant thought, Mark said:

"Everybody well—Helen—the kiddies? Oh, have they found Helen's pearls yet?"

"All tip-top; they haven't found the pearls yet," the Senator replied. "They didn't feed you very well, did they? You look sort of gaunt. I had another talk with Arnoldson last night." And they plunged into that exigent business of copper.

Closed together in the private office they talked for more than an hour. It was more or less a council of war; and if the son was, by implication, the commander-in-chief, the designing and propelling mind, he leaned at every turn on the experience and shrewd judgment of his father. At the end of the talk the Senator arose, picked up his hat and asked abruptly:

"How early can you get away this afternoon? I've got a new angle on this that I want to talk over with you, but not here. Let's motor up to the country



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First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

*From the treatment booklet,
"A Skin You Love to Touch"*

A pale, sallow skin should be given this special treatment

Just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

*From the treatment booklet,
"A Skin You Love to Touch"*

club, where we can freshen up our minds with some scenery and fill our lungs with some real air and stretch our legs—away from the dingy telephones and buildings and all that; I want a real talk. Knock off at three.”

It seemed a rather painful suggestion to the younger man, and he glanced nervously at the clock, as though measuring what a terribly short space of time remained from then until three, or what a multitude of invaluable minutes—with all he had to do—knocking off at three o'clock would rob him of. But no serious request from his father was lightly to be dismissed, and as the merest matter of business, when Senator Martin Lecky wanted to talk, there were few men who couldn't afford to take the time to listen to him.

“All right, Father,” said the son with a smile. “Make it three o'clock.” And he was still smiling a bit, with a pleasant impression on his mind, when the stumpy figure went out. He had a great admiration for his father. Since he had been of an age and disposition to find out about this copper business on his own account, the admiration had been based on something much more than mere filial regard. To friends he sometimes called his father “Old Man Copper.”

BUT when they were seated in the Senator's car and wheeling swiftly north as though in escape from the hot city, the older man seemed in no hurry to open the important subject he had in mind. His talk was of a discursive nature, and Mark fell in with it, dutifully and wisely letting him take his own time. Besides, it was pleasant to let go—let one's mind just loaf for a while; and the breeze, augmented by the speed of the car, was refreshing. In that transitory idling mood they presently sat down at a little green table under the shade of a noble tree on the wide green lawn at the country club. There was a spacious view, with a shining bit of the Hudson in the distance, and hazy blue hills beyond. It seemed to please the Senator, and it really pleased his son. With a luxurious deliberation, the elder imbibed half the contents of a tall glass of ice-cooled beverage, and inelegantly wiped his shaven upper lip with the back of his hand as he put the glass down. His round gray eyes regarded his tall son for a moment, and he said very gravely:

“I told you I had something important to talk about, and I have. The fact is, son, you're a damned fool.” He let that judicially expressed judgment sink in a moment, and continued: “What would probably happen to a man who put his pile in a copper mine and then just went off and forgot it—took it for granted it was going to run itself all right somehow or other? Probably he'd go broke. You're going broke yourself, Mark. As I figure it out, you're pretty dinged near busted already.”

And for a longer time than they had talked in the office, the Senator talked now—very soberly, indeed. Then they had dinner and drove downtown and packed their bags and caught a night train for Rocky Harbor, where Mark's fine house, Gull Ledge, stood on a craggy shoulder above the sea.

ON the forenoon following the talk at the country club, Mrs. Mark Lecky was reclining in a wicker chair on the shaded piazza, and her husband—freshened by a bath and change of summer flannels after the hot night and half the forenoon in a train—sat near. Both of them were looking in the same direction—namely toward a big flat-topped boulder, its base washed by the sea, some hundreds of yards down the curving shore. There were three human figures on the boulder—one of them stumpy, in baggy linen clothes, the other two small, bareheaded and barelegged. All three figures lay on their stomachs, their heads projecting over the edge of the rock. The two smaller ones had fish-lines and were excitedly playing at fishing under the Senator's expert direction and guardian eye. Mrs. Lecky was smiling a little as she looked; but there was no hint of a smile in her husband's eyes. He waited a moment, nerving himself for what he had to say, and looked over at his wife:

“Nelly—Father's been pitching into me. He says I'm a damned fool, and I'm afraid he's right. He generally is. He says I've been abusing you and the children. . . . I've thought it over ever since he started talking to me yesterday afternoon, and it strikes me now that probably he's right.”

She had looked around, startled and abeyant.

“I never meant it, Nell,” he continued humbly, and with a perplexed frown as though he were still at a loss to account for what had happened. “I was wild about you. You know that. When I look at it,—square in the face,—I don't think I love you any less than I did when we were married. And I'd have said nobody loved his children more than I did. . . . I suppose there was some kind of an idea in the back of my head—well, not exactly an idea, but the framework of an idea—that you and the children would be right here as a matter of course, waiting for me, like the furniture in the house—when I had more time, you see. . . . I know I never meant it.”

He rubbed a hand over his brow, and his hesitant, humble, apologetic manner of speaking was a new note to her, that snared her heart.

“You might have written, Mark,” she said softly. “Surely there was time for just a line once or twice a week. It wasn't only this time, you know; but more and more these last two years.”

“I know,” he confessed. “This other thing has been—terribly absorbing. It seemed to take every minute. I said about that to Father, and he replied that both of us knew men who found drinking whisky or playing poker so absorbing they had no time for their wives and children. I suppose it comes to a good deal the same thing. Probably he's right in saying I'm a hell-bent kind of a lunatic. I didn't half believe Father when he talked to me yesterday afternoon. I took it only half seriously. Of course, I knew, with all this running around, and our not having any home in New York, I hadn't been spending a great deal of time at home, and usually I'd had something else on my mind when I was home.

Still, I took what he said only half seriously.

“But when I came here this morning, I was thinking about it, and I saw he was right. The children didn't know how to take me. They called me ‘Daddy’ and kissed me—and little Betty put her finger in her mouth, waiting to see what else was expected of her, or what I was going to do, fairly as though I'd been a stranger. I saw that constraint in them, and I felt their feeling for me as a sort of intruder and uncertain quantity. I remembered then how often I'd put them off—not having time. I realized that even a year is a big space in a child's life.” He gave an embarrassed, melancholy little laugh: “Of course, I should have brought them a present, but I didn't think of it. I saw Marty was disappointed.” He glanced down toward the flat-topped boulder. “Father's known how to be busy and human too.” He looked back at his wife and concluded humbly: “I want to try over again.”

SO when the Senator returned to the house about luncheon-time, he immediately noticed some things. For one thing, he noticed a subtle embarrassment in his son's air toward him—a good deal as when a boy has been caught in a grave delinquency and sharply reprimanded for it and is in a penitential frame of mind. For another thing, he noticed that his daughter-in-law sparkled again. When she caught her father-in-law's eye, she smiled a little, with a secret sort of smile, and her eyes beamed. Also he noticed that at the cosy family luncheon his son was industriously courting the two small members of the company, and laughed himself when he made them laugh. After luncheon he carried Betty upstairs for her nap, and when the three adults were out on the sea piazza again, he held his wife's hand.

“I ought to have brought Marty a present,” he said remorsefully—the boy having just left them. “I ought to have thought of it.”

Whereupon the Senator observed innocently: “I suppose you thought to bring your wife one?”

The son turned to his wife with a look at once startled and crestfallen, as much as to say: “Here I am at it again!” He looked so dismayed that she laughed softly, saying, “Yes, Father, he brought me the best present in the world.”

“I remember your first present to her,” the Senator remarked. “You were all wrought up about those pearls, you know.”

The spirit of that time came back to the younger man's mind, and he caught at it with an eager exclamation: “Your pearls! We must get them back!”

“Well, maybe we can,” his father observed. “I don't know just what the detectives have been doing, but I've got a theory about those pearls myself. In fact, I had a theory as soon as Helen told us the circumstances. You see, I happened to know that about the time of that ball, Pierre Laporte was in a deuce of a hole—a lot closer to smash and penitentiary than a gentleman would like to be. I figured that his wife would know about it—she mostly having all the brains and character that the two of



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'em have. My theory would be that Helen and Lucy went upstairs together after the ball, and Helen stopped in her bedroom and Lucy went on into the next bedroom to undress, the door being left open. Then probably Helen took off her pearls and put 'em in the leather case and shut the case. And then most likely she stepped out of the room a minute—say into the bathroom—

HE wore a thoughtful expression as he expounded this theory, but avoided looking at his daughter-in-law.

"There, you see, would be that poor, bedeviled Lucy—knowing ruination and disgrace and maybe penitentiary for her husband was right around the corner. She's been to this ball, keeping up a bright front, and probably those pearls have kind of insinuated themselves into her mind more than once. She's with an old friend—a young woman she's known most all her life, and a young woman who's figuratively just wallowing around in superfluous wealth. Lucy can't make it seem right that one woman should want some money so desperately while the woman beside her has got oodles of money that she don't hardly want at all.

"Probably it's been in Lucy's mind to appeal to this other woman—strike her for a loan to save the Laporte family's necks. Maybe she's thrown out some hints in that direction. But she realizes that while this other woman has pearls and so on, and can step into a jewelry-shop and buy the whole stock on credit, she hasn't any ready cash to speak of, and if the conversation takes a business direction, she'll naturally go to her father-in-law about it—her husband being in Paris. And Lucy knows perfectly well that the minute her foxy father-in-law hears the name 'Laporte,' he'll say: 'Nix; they're bogus as a china egg; not a penny.' So Lucy knows that's hopeless enough. Then all of a sudden she sees three hundred and fifty thousand dollars or more, in the shape of a bunch of pearls, lying in a green leather case a dozen feet away in a bedroom that's temporarily empty. Being desperate, she takes a desperate chance—darts in, swipes the pearls, shuts the case and darts back again. . . . Poor devil!

"That's the way I figured it out," the Senator went on deliberately, avoiding his daughter-in-law's eyes as she sat breathless, her lips apart. "But my figuring didn't stop there. The other woman comes back and picks up the leather case and goes down to the office with it. Now, it's true that a string of pearls don't weigh very much, but it does weigh something. I wondered if it occurred to her when she was going down in the elevator that the leather case felt sort of light. I wondered if maybe she'd caught the notion, from Lucy's hints, that the Laporte family was in a bad way, and if sort of a suspicion that something had happened to those pearls arose in her mind."

Looking innocently seaward and plucking at his chin whisker, the Senator paused a moment before continuing: "According to my theory, that would be the nub of the whole business. Jewelry gets stolen every day. Just stealing jewelry is common as mud. If

somebody forged a key or cracked a safe and stole my daughter-in-law's pearls, I wouldn't care two whoops about it, although I might let on to her that I did. The nub of the whole business, according to my theory, is whether she'd lost something else.

"We might, for example, take the case of a woman who was in what I'd call a right state of mind toward her husband. If she got a suspicion that his wedding-gift to her had been stolen, as I figure it out, she'd immediately open the case to find out, and if she saw the pearls were gone, she'd immediately go back to her friend and say: 'Lucy, you mustn't take my pearls. If you're in a desperate trouble, I'll find some way of helping you out, no matter what my husband and my blockhead of a foxy father-in-law think about it. But you mustn't take my pearls.' She couldn't bear to lose those particular pearls, you see.

"Then again we might take the case of a woman whose husband had used her like a dog for a couple of years—not really paying her any attention, or her children—and whose father-in-law didn't have sense or gumption enough to butt in. She might get a suspicion that the pearls were absent and be in such a sort of low, discouraged, lonesome state of mind regarding her husband, that she'd say to herself: 'What does it matter? He hasn't written me even a postcard for near three weeks. He pays me less and less attention, because I mean less and less to him. If poor Lucy has taken the pearls, let her have them. At least, they'll help her out of her trouble. He'll not give it two minutes' thought, so why should I?'

"And so she would go ahead and put her leather case in the vault and let anybody stew about it that wanted to. Only in relating the circumstances to the police, she'd sort of glide over the circumstance that she stepped out of the bedroom for a minute. With that in my mind, I didn't particularly care either about getting back some mere pearls. If we couldn't get something else back, what was the use? You see, what that woman was sort of letting slide into the discard was the love between her husband and herself."

Gripping her husband's hand and looking at him with full eyes, Mrs. Lecky said: "I did just that, Mark! It was wrong!"

"No!" he protested. "I was wrong. The fault was all mine. Let me try again."

THE Senator stood up. "As to your leaving the bedroom for a minute, of course, it was Lucy herself who told me that. I just went to her good-naturedly and said: 'I'm not going to hurt you, Lucy, but I gotta have those pearls; be sensible, now, and there'll be no trouble.' She was sensible and took me to the chap she'd sold them to. We fixed it up. The pearls are upstairs in my bag now. Don't either of you youngsters go losing them again," he admonished. "The copper business is all right in its way, but about all I'm good for on earth is invested in this dinged family. I don't propose to see it go bust."



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WILD ADOPTION

(Continued from page 89)

succulent roots of the sweet-flag and bulrush along the edges of the lake. He was heartily sick of birch-twigs. When the trees began to film with green beneath the sun and showers of May, the big bull wandered off; and Red Calf and his mother (she had failed, through some mischance, to produce a new calf that season) found themselves once more alone together beside their lonely lake.

THE summer passed rather uneventfully, and by autumn Red Calf was a sturdy and agile young bull, armed with a pair of horns which were short but exceedingly sharp. Pugnacious of disposition, but with no foe to vent his pugnacity upon, he was forever butting at dead stumps and testing those new horns of his by goring and tossing the tangled bush. His mother, still devoted as ever, would watch with mild amazement these exuberant antics, so unlike what those of her own calf would have been.

When the mating moon of October began again to stir new fire in the cow's veins, Red Calf got his first chance to put his untried prowess to the test. One evening just after moonrise, before the restless cow had begun to call, a young

moose bull came striding down the beach to her side. He was very young, and the cow regarded him dubiously. Glancing past her, he caught sight of Red Calf, a stocky figure, much shorter but much heavier than himself. Aflame with jealousy, but at the same time rather contemptuous of such an unantlered rival, he lowered his own slim antlers, and charged. Red Calf, with a wrathful grunt, flung up his tail stiffly and lunged forward to meet this unprovoked attack. With a heavy thud the two armed heads crashed together. The result was disastrous to the challenger; for instead of receiving the shock, as he expected, upon his tough, elastic antlers, he got it full on his forehead, his brow-spikes being too wide-set to engage his opponent's stumpy horns. Half stunned, he was borne backward, almost to his haunches. Pressing the advantage, Red Calf flung him aside, staggering, and prodded him savagely in the flank before he could recover his balance. Utterly daunted by this method of fighting—which was not according to his rules—the young bull tore himself free and fled in panic, with an ugly scarlet gash in his sleek hide. The victor chased him as far as the bushes, and then,

swelling with triumph, returned to his mother for applause. To his amazement, however, she seemed very far from pleased at his achievement. Her mane on end, she ran at him with a vicious squeal. Much offended, he retired up the bank, and lay down sulkily among the willows.

Some hours later, in response to the cow's repeated calls, another wooer appeared. But this time it was the same gigantic bull who had spent the winter with them. He was more lordly and more superbly antlered than ever; and his authority Red Calf never dreamed of questioning. The great bull, for his part, did not regard the youngster as a rival, and showed him no hostility. The mother, delighted to have her old magnificent mate back, forgot her fit of ill-temper. And the reunited group, harmonious and contented, hung together through the ensuing winter.

IN April, as soon as the snow was gone from the open spaces, the great bull went away. For several weeks more the cow and her foster son roamed and pastured together as of old, in affectionate intimacy. And then, when the woods once more were greening in the May sunshine, the cow's mood changed. She grew impatient of her sturdy young companion's presence, and was continually trying to slip away from him. Much puzzled, he so far humored her as to keep his distance, but he took care never to let her actually out of his sight.

Red Calf was now no longer a calf in any sense. He was a particularly fine and powerful two-year-old bull. Expert in forest lore as any moose, he was nevertheless an alien to the wilderness, driven by needs and instincts which he could not understand. The wilderness had no companionship to offer him save that of his foster mother, and this seemed now to be failing him. He was unhappy. Vague, ancestral half-memories haunted and eluded him. The life of the wilds, the only life he could conceive of, grew distasteful to him. Though he could not be aware of it, the wilderness was, indeed, his foe, hostile at heart to him because his race for ten thousand generations had belonged to Man and been stamped with Man's impress. It was even now beginning to show its enmity. In the end it would have crushed him, but only, perhaps, after years of bitter, unmated solitude, and savage hates, and the torment of vain cravings. But the Unseen Powers relented, and offered him a noble exit from the ill-suited stage.

And this was the manner of it. There came a day when the moose cow, about to become a mother again, took refuge determinedly in the heart of a dense and dark clump of young fir-trees. Red Bull knew exactly where she was, and having got it into his head at last that she wanted to be alone, he reluctantly endured her absence from his sight. There in her hiding-place she gave birth to two dark-brown moose calves, long-legged, long-headed, and ungainly like herself. While she was licking them and murmuring soft mother sounds to them, a huge black bear, still gaunt and hungry from his winter hardships, came



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prowling past the thicket. He heard those mother sounds, and understood them. Pausing for a second or two to locate them accurately, he crept up close to the fringing branches, gathered his mighty muscles for the spring, and crashed in, counting on an instant kill. But a massive, drooping bough which he had not marked in the gloom diverted slightly that deadly rush, and the blow of his pile-driving paw, which should have broken the mother's back, merely slashed her lean rump as she wheeled nimbly to face the attack, and fell on the uplifted head of one of the calves, crushing out its hardly started life.

In the next fraction of a moment there was another crash, and Red Bull, with a grunt of rage, came charging into the battle. His armed front struck the bear full in the ribs, jarring the breath from his lungs with a gasping cough, and almost bowling him over.

But Red Bull did not understand his dreadful adversary's method of fighting. Instead of springing back, and fencing for a chance to repeat that mighty buffet, he kept at close quarters, pushing and goring in blind fury. The bear,

twisting about, caught him a sweeping stroke on the side of the head which raked half his face away, and then, lunging clear, brought down the other huge forepaw on the back of his neck. It was as irresistible, that blow, as the fall of a boulder. Red Bull sank upon his knees, and slowly rolled over, the vertebrae of his neck not only dislocated but smashed to splinters.

BUT his sharp horns had done their work, piercing to the bear's vitals and ripping his ribs open. The desperate mother, meanwhile, had been slashing his haunches to ribbons with mad blows of her knife-edged hoofs. The bear was in a bad way. Whining and choking, he dragged himself off, making all haste to escape the punishment of those pounding and rending hoofs. The frantic cow followed him clear of the thicket, and then rushed back to the remaining calf. Quivering with anxiety, she stood over it, licking it and nosing it to assure herself it was unhurt. And in her mother solicitude she had not even a glance to spare for the mangled body of her protector, who had so splendidly repaid the debt of her long adoption.

WITHIN THESE WALLS—

(Continued from page 41)

He looked about for Immy, expecting to see her crouching behind a trellised rose or some other concealment. He heard a faint cry, so faint and far away that it might have been a distant bird. His gaze darted here and there. A moving figure caught his eye on a hillside. He saw that it was Jud Lasher, and that he was running toward a thicket on a ledge of rocks. In his arms he held something that struggled.

ROBARDS pushed through the window and dropped to the lawn. He saw his horse grazing near, saddled, the reins trailing along the ground. RoBards ran to him, caught him as he whirled to bolt, threw the reins back over his neck, set foot in stirrup and rose to the saddle.

As the horse reared, RoBards struck him between the ears with his fist to bring him down, then sent him flying to the gate. He turned him into the main road; and the horse catching terror and rage from his rider, beat the dust into a rolling cloud.

At the point where he had seen Jud running, RoBards jerked the bridle and set the horse to the low stone wall, lifted him over before he had time to refuse. Up the hill RoBards kept him on the run. He caught sight of Jud Lasher as Jud Lasher caught sight of him. Only a little way the fugitive went before he flung Immy down like a bundle, and darted into a chaos of rocks and thistles and tall sycamores holding out naked branches with leprous white patches.

RoBards did not pause by Immy's side but rode on, his heels beating a tattoo on the horse's ribs.

Jud Lasher was mad with fright, but terror made him agile as a weasel. He

slipped easily through mazes that the horse must blunder over or around.

RoBards was so intent upon him that he did not see a heavy sycamore bough thrust right across his path until it swept him from the saddle. But he kept clutch on the reins, and was up and in the saddle again swiftly. He charged on up the hill, and overtaking Jud Lasher in a clearing, rode him down.

The youth fell begging for mercy, but when the horse swerved to avoid him, RoBards lifted the beast's head so sharply that it went up beating the air with its forehoofs. Then it came down with them upon the prostrate body of Jud like a great two-tined pitchfork.

Keith, who had stood watching his father's pursuit from a long distance, hid his head in his arm. Immy, watching from where she lay, covered her eyes with her hands. They saw their father slip from the saddle and disappear behind a shelving boulder. There was a brief hubbub, then silence. After a long time of awful emptiness, their father came down the hillside leading the horse.

He went to Immy and lifted her in his arms, and kissed her, mumbling:

"Did he scare you?"

She nodded, almost more afraid of her father than of Jud.

"He wont scare you again. He's gone now."

"Far?"

"Far."

"I'm glad! I'm glad he's gone."

She laughed, but her father set his palm across her mouth quickly and hugged her to his heart so hard that she cried out.

He made her promise that she would

For Christmas Giving



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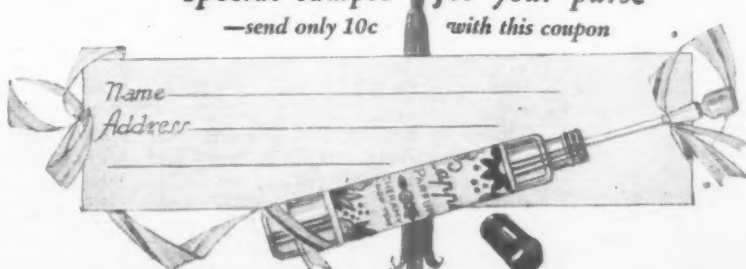
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A thought on Yuletide giving

And a few hints on how to fill Father's stocking

Another Christmas is rapidly rolling around.

Another year when you have to sit down and think—and think hard—what to give Uncle Arthur, Father, Cousin Edward, Grandfather and the rest.

Every man—well, nearly every man—likes nothing better than a good pipe. And the chances are that he will find at least one hanging on the Christmas tree and be tremendously pleased.

Right there is your opportunity to give him something to go with the pipe.



So to Edgeworth smokers, to the friends of Edgeworth smokers, and to all others who may be interested, we respectfully offer this Christmas suggestion: a 16-ounce glass jar of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

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We'll pack the glass jars in appropriate Christmas boxes, enclose your cards and send them off in plenty of time to reach your friends before Christmas. Meanwhile, if you are not personally acquainted with Edgeworth, we will be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice.

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likewise say nothing of this, and when she asked him why Jud wouldn't let her alone, he said: "He will now. But if you tell anybody, he will come back for you."

He scanned the landscape, but nobody was to be seen except little Keith. He took the two children into the house and once more solemnly pledged them never to mention the name of Jud Lasher, or the efforts he had made to steal Immy.

When supper-time came, RoBards waited on the two children, but he did not eat. He put them early to bed, and heard their prayers, and waited till he was assured they were sound asleep. They felt his kisses upon their brows as they sank away into oblivion.

Chapter Twenty

IT was black dark when Keith woke suddenly. Some little sound had pierced the depths of his profound immersion in sleep. He imagined Indians or cowboys or skinkers. His ears seemed to rise like a terrier's; his skin bristled with attention. He wondered if thieves were about, or lions or tigers or any of the witches or hobgoblins that peopled the night.

It was the good old custom to invoke all manner of demons for the discipline of children. RoBards as a child had run the gantlet of such agonies. He tried to save his children from them, but in vain. The lonely children concocted fiends of their own; and nurses impatient to be free of their importunities added traditional atrocities.

RoBards had caught one or two of the nurses at the ancient game and discharged them, only to be looked upon as a meddler. He had threatened the dusky Teen with a return to slavery if she did not try to disabuse the children's minds of savagery. But she believed too much herself to be relied upon to inculcate atheism.

Keith was a brave little knight, however, and an investigator by instinct. Instinctively he pitted his inborn skepticism against the tyrannies of imagination, and when he could not exorcise a fiend by denying it, he met it with bravery. His bedroom was a little Thermopylæ, and he Leonidas fighting the swarming hosts.

Tonight Keith quaked only a few minutes before he realized that whatever the menace was it was downstairs. The first sweat of fear chilled as he stood barefooted on the creaking floor. Then, like a child ghost in his long white night-shirt, he stole from his room to the hall. He peered into Immy's room and saw that she was asleep. He padded stealthily to his father's room, and lift-

ing the latch as silently as he could, swung back the door. He was stunned to find the room empty, the bed unoccupied, the covers still smooth and taut.

His father might be at work in the library. He peered over the banisters, but the library door was open and no light yellowed the hall carpet as he had so often seen it when he had wakened on other occasions and made adventurous forays about the house in search of a drink or reinforcements against the armies in his room.

Sometimes he had dared to steal down into the pantry and loot the cookie-jar. The thought of the pantry emboldened him now. He descended the stairway slowly, with the awe of an invader of Hades.

The moon poured down on the front of the house, and streaming through the glass in the front door, carpeted the lower hall with a swaying pattern of moon-dappled tree-shadows. Keith felt as if he waded a little brook of light as he flitted here and there. The sound continued, but always from below.

He went at last to the cellar door. This house boasted to all passers-by that its builders had not placed the cellar out in the yard but had tucked it under the ground floor. There were two doors to the cellar, one in the kitchen, one on the outside of the house.

KEITH was petrified to find a little glow of light on the kitchen floor, seeped in from the cellar. He listened and heard some one moving about, heard a mystifying chipping noise, such as the stonecutters had made when they put the new marble hearthstone in place and when they had recently enlarged the cellar and strengthened the foundation with a course or two of stone. The cellar walls were many feet thick in places. They were made, Mr. Albeson said, in the good old days when builders were honest and houses were solid—none of your modern flimsies.

Keith had spent much time there on the cellar stairs watching the masons and asking questions. He had learned much of the chemistry of mortar and the dangers of quicklime. He had seen it smoke like milk on fire. He had been told that if he fell into it, he would disappear, be just eaten up, bones and all.

What could be going on down there now? Masons did not work at night. A burglar would hardly try to cut his way through stone foundations when the windows were usually left unlocked.

Keith reached up, and putting his fat hand on the thumb-latch, pressed it down with all the gentleness he could command. Not a sound did he make, and the door came open silently. But a damp draught enveloped him, and icy water seemed to flow round his ankles.

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This is the sort of novel that once read is likely never to be forgotten—the story of an American girl in New York who made up her mind to climb. And she did climb, until she reached the mountain-top—where she beheld that which she had not expected. Begin this great story by GEORGE GIBBS in the next—the January—issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.



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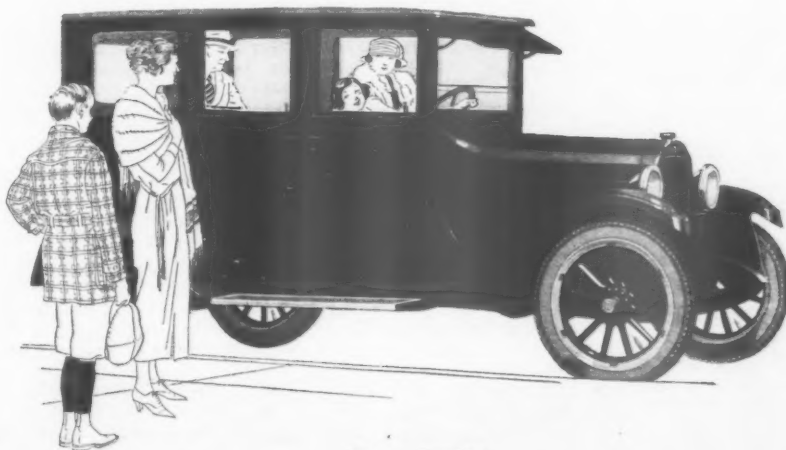
In order to accomplish this, they have been willing, as manufacturers, to pioneer boldly and without regard for precedent.

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With the wind that poured up the
stairs came a stream of light, and an
increase of sound. He leaned through
the door and stared down.

He saw his father in rough old clothes
splotted with white. He looked like a
mason, and he was dragging from the
thick wall of the chimney a big stone.
On the cellar floor were many others
ragged with old mortar. In the chimney
was a big hole, and his father was mak-
ing it bigger.

Keith's darting eyes made out a long
box of white lime fuming and simmering.

He watched his father in a stupor of
bewilderment while he cleared a sort of
oven in the chimney. He had never seen
such a look on his father's face. At
length he took the lamp and set it in
another place, and bent to gather some-
thing in his arms.

As he hoisted it awkwardly out of the
shadow into the light, Keith saw that it
was Jud Lasher. He seemed to be
asleep, for he hung all limp, and he made
no sound.

Keith saw his father carry the long
gangling form to the chimney and stuff
it into the hollow. Jud was not asleep!
He was—

The boy pitched forward, slid and
thudded down the cellar stairs head first.

He fell and fell. The next thing he
knew was the feel of his bed about him.
His head was on his pillow, the covers
tucked under his chin. His head was
swimming, and there was a big throbbing
lump on his forehead. As he put his hand
to its ache, his eyes made out a tall fig-
ure standing by him.

"That you, Papa?"

"Yes, Keith."

"Papa! What happened?"

"You must have had a dream, honey."

"But my head hurts."

"I heard you scream, and I found you
on the floor."

"In my room?"

"Yes."

"That's funny; I thought I fell down
the cellar stairs. I thought I saw you
in the cellar."

"What would I be doing in the cellar?"

"You were— Papa, where's Jud
Lasher?"

"He's gone to sea, hasn't he?"

"Will he come back? Ever?"

"Not unless you talk about him. He
might if you do."

"I thought you didn't believe in
ghosts."

"There are ghosts and ghosts. Fool-
ish people talk about the imaginary ones.
The real ones—big men don't talk about
them at all, and you're getting to be a
big man, aren't you?"

"Yes, Papa—yes sir."

He was dizzy. He swung like a blown
rag on a clothesline—or like a sailor on
a— a whaler. A sailor on a whaler.
... His father's hands came out
across the ocean and drew the covers
over the sailor's hands. He—he—was—

IT was morning.

It takes girls a long while to dress,
and Keith was always downstairs long
before Immy. This morning he was
quicker than ever. He wanted to get to
that cellar and see it by daylight.

He met his father in the hall, pacing

up and down. His father looked at him
queerly as if he were afraid—as if he
hadn't slept good or any at all.

The boy thought it best to be frank.
"Papa, was that a dream? All of it?"

"Was what a dream?"

"About me being in the cellar and see-
ing you taking stones out of the wall."

"Let's go down and look at the cellar."

Keith loved that. When in doubt,
visit the scene of the legend. He went
down the steps. The morning light came
in through little windows smeared with
cobwebs.

Keith missed first the heap of stones
on the floor, the hole in the foundation
of the chimney, the box of quicklime.
The stones were in place. There was no
hole in the wall, no quicklime. The cel-
lar floor was clean—cleaner than usual.

"I guess it was a dream, Papa."

He took his father's hand. The hand
felt funny, gritty and clammy, as if it
had been washed very hard. He glanced
down, and the nails were white along the
edges.

HE said nothing as they went up-
stairs, but his backward look noted
a thing he thought he ought to speak of:

"Papa, the stones in the chimney look
like they'd been chiseled out and put
back in again with fresh mortar."

"Do they?" his father gasped, and sat
down hard on the cellar steps. He
nodded and groaned wearily.

"They do look that way."

He thought awhile, then rose and took
an old broom and jabbed it into spider-
webs on the windows and whisked them
away and spread them across the fresh
lines.

"Does that look better?"

"If you could get the spiders to move
there, it would."

Now the boy felt that he was made
an accomplice. His father took his criti-
cism and acted on it.

It was the most wonderful thing that
had ever happened to the boy. He was
saving his father from some mistake.
The greatest lawyer in the world was
taking Keith's advice. He groaned with
delight and hugged his father's arm, mur-
muring:

"We're like partners—"

"Partners we are."

"I'm a big man now at last. Couldn't
you let me know ever'thing, so's I could
help you when you needed me?"

His father gazed at him devotedly and
kissed him. He did not like that kissing
business. Big men did not indulge in
such girls' play. Still, he remembered
the story of Nelson's death in the sea-
battle and how the fearless admiral's last
words were a plea to another officer to
kiss him.

But in spite of this burst of affection,
his father would not explain the Lasher
mystery; he said the boy was too young
to know. Yet he was not too young to
tell enough to let other grown-up people
know. RoBards, haggard with loss of
sleep and the storms he had barely weath-
ered, was frantic to prevent the children
from publishing the devastating news.

Curiosity would work in them like a
yeast, and the instinct to ask questions
could only be overcome by some over-
whelming injunction. He led Keith to



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If any kind of service can bring out all there is in a motor car, it is foreign service of the kind that thousands of Hupmobiles are engaged in every day.

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Our foreign correspondence brings us letter after letter from Hupmobile owners, telling how wonderfully their cars perform on tours across the Alps, how economical and sturdy they are.

Real Test Comes in the Wilderness

But even these severe European trials are mild compared with those which the Hupmobile receives in other sections of the world.

In South Africa, and Australia, for instance, are vast distances where there are no roads as we know the term.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
Fountain of the Virgin at Nazareth, Palestine



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
A street in Mombasa, Africa, filled with ivory carriers. The huge tusks which they are handling are for shipment to the United States

Miles from any but the crudest human habitation, even farther from mechanical ability and spare-parts supply, the Hupmobile is depended upon with all the confidence you put in it on a day's tour.

The Hupmobile merits this confidence. It has given countless examples of its sturdiness, its wonderful ability to keep on going without repairs and expert care and attention.

It is prized by its owners far from these shores for precisely the same

abilities which make it prized here at home.

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There is hardly a quarter of the world but knows the Hupmobile in the way we know it here, and gives it high regard for the same sound qualities we Americans give it high regard.

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the library and fetched out the vast family Bible, and set the boy's little hand on it and said:

"Swear that you will never mention Jud Lasher's name to anybody, or breathe a word of what he did or what I did to him. Do you swear?"

"Yes, Papa, I swear; and I promise—" "Do you know what happens to people who break their oaths?"

"Oh, yes sir; they burn in hell-fire forever and ever, amen."

"This promise won't wear out in a few days or months, will it? This house will be yours when I am gone. It must never be sold, never be torn down till I am dead and gone. After Immy dies, it won't matter so much. Does your poor little brain understand all this?"

His accurate soul answered: "I don't understand it, no sir; but you do, and what you want is enough for me. I wish you would trust me."

"I do; and one last word: don't tell Immy what I've told you. Don't let her talk about it. And always remember that the least word you let slip might mean that the policemen would come and take me away and hang me before all the people."

The boy screamed at that, and was hardly soothed back to calm.

RoBards was afraid to leave the house. How could he trust it to keep the secret? There would be nobody to guard the cellar from intrusion. Yet no intruder would be interested in studying the stone walls. Anyone who entered the house would seek jewelry or silver or clothes.

He dared not ask the children to deny themselves the visit to the city. They

were already nagging him to make haste lest they be too late for the parade. So he locked the house up and drove away. When he cast his last glance back, he sent a prayer in his eyes to the house to be good to him and to protect him and its other children.

The tulip-tree stood at attention, solemn and reliable.

THEY reached the railroad station just in time. The cars were so crowded that it was hard to squeeze aboard. It seemed that the whole countryside was drained of its populace.

Everybody was bound for New York. The day was glorious, and the world in a holiday mood. The locomotive puffed and strained and jerked, and the carriages began to move.

It was appalling how fast they went. Everybody agreed that the steam locomotive was the devil's own invention—something unchristian about it; folks would soon go back to horses like God meant them to.

But in an incredibly short time the train was running between houses. They were in New York already, the city lavishly decorated—the city where the grandest parade of modern times was to celebrate the coming of the Croton River to the rescue of the sweltering metropolis, and the solution of all its ancient problems.

This remarkable story by America's most distinguished novelist-historian comes to specially interesting episodes in the forthcoming January installment. Don't miss it.

THE WORM

(Continued from page 75)

Captain Bob, "and being proud of it, I like to show it. Come here a minute."

He led the way to an adjoining room, which also opened on the street, and turned on the light. A tremendous megaphone extended half across the room, its large end being fitted into an open window.

"Put your ear up against the mouth-piece," directed Captain Bob, "and see what you hear."

Amos did as he was told. Faintly he heard the sound of rippling water.

"It sounds like the tide on the piles of the wharf," he said in amazement. "It can't be—"

"That's what it is," said Captain Bob. "I heard every step you made after you set foot on that wharf. If you'd jumped overboard, the splash would have sounded like it had been in this room. There wasn't any splash, and I heard you sneak back, and a little later I went down and got your clothes. And that's all there was to it."

"I see," said Amos, although still mystified. "But what made you think I would come back?"

"They always do," said the old Captain. "It's only natural they should. They wait awhile, and if nothing comes out in the papers, back they come to see where the hitch is."

"Do you mean to say that I am not the only one who has—has attempted suicide off that wharf?"

"Lord save you, no! I've been here on the job four years, and yours is the twenty-second suit of clothes I've picked up under similar circumstances on the end of that wharf."

"My goodness!" said Amos. "And haven't—haven't any of them really jumped off?"

"Not a solitary one," beamed the Captain. "I guess this wharf is too secluded and hard to find for those who mean business. If a man's made up his mind to kill himself, a few spectators don't trouble him any. It's only those who are faking who are particular to hunt up the real quiet places. All they want is that one man should see them alive in the vicinity, and that's why I keep my light burning most all night to sell bait that's never used for fishing."

"What do you do with their clothes, after you get them?" asked Amos.

"They all call for 'em here sooner or later, in response to notes similar to yours. I set the notes as soon as it gets dark, and haul 'em at daybreak. If you hadn't come till tomorrow, or maybe later, you'd still found one waiting for you."

"Then you didn't mean that part about

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writing to my wife?" Amos asked with considerable relief. Evidently this was some kind of a joke. He thought he was beginning to like the old sailor.

"I aint saying I didn't mean to," answered the Captain. "But I've never had to yet. Some have been longer in turning up than others, but in the end they all come to old Bob Hackett."

"I can understand how it works," said Amos; "but I fail to see the point. You say they come and get their suits from you. What is the object in your going to all this trouble?"

"Philanthropy," said Captain Bob solemnly. "You might say, from the widows' standpoint, that your case will be the twenty-second life I've saved in four years. I intend giving you some good advice, and then you'll go home to your wife like a dutiful husband, the same as all the rest have done."

"Oh!" said Amos Trippit.

"You may be doubtful now," continued the Captain, "but you'll understand better later. And when I say I act from philanthropy, that doesn't mean I object to accepting presents which I know the grateful wives would be glad to shower on me if they knew anything about it. Which reminds me that it's getting late, and we'd better be getting down to business."

CAPTAIN BOB led the way back into the store, and Amos followed in some trepidation. The Captain's manner seemed subject to sudden changes. Amos couldn't understand how, only a minute ago, he had imagined that he liked the man.

In the store the Captain pulled heavy shades over the windows. There was something ominous in this action, but Amos dared not object. Next the Captain brought down a newspaper bundle from a top shelf, undid it on the counter, and exposed the suit, the hat, and the white muffler that Amos had left on the dock three nights before.

"They're all there," said the Captain. "And the blinds are down. Strip, and make the change."

"Thank you—I won't bother you," said Amos anxiously. "I'll take them just as they are, and change later."

Another change came in the Captain's expression. His face hardened. His eyes became menacing; his jaw protruded. He opened a drawer behind the counter, took out an angry-looking revolver of immense dimensions, and laid it on the counter. Amos' knees began to tremble so that he could hardly stand.

"I said strip!" thundered the Captain. "And I don't want any monkey-business. Strip!"

Amos stripped. And each article of clothing that he removed, he placed on the counter, the old sailor having indicated by a gesture that that was the thing to do. When he was ready, Captain Bob passed him the clothes in the newspaper bundle. He put them on. The Captain put on the shelf behind him the suit he had just taken off.

"Now," said the Captain, when the change had been completed, "I'll give you that good advice I spoke about."

It was weird enough, there in that dingy little shop smelling of tar and

fish-bait, surrounded by piles of oilskins, tubs of trawl, coils of rope, anchors and the like. Captain Bob with his big revolver made Amos think vaguely of pirates, and he half expected the room to rock with the motion of the sea. He became aware that the Captain was speaking in a mild voice, so different from his recent foghorn bellow that Amos had failed to catch the words.

"What did you say?" he asked timidly.

"I said that what you need is backbone," repeated the Captain. "The reason you need it is because if you had any, you wouldn't be here."

"Is that all you have to tell me?" Amos asked after a short silence.

"Of course it's all," thundered the old sailor. "Do you think I'm a minister? That's all any of 'em have needed."

"Then I'll be going," said Amos. "May I have that coat a minute? You can keep it, of course, but there are a few things I want to get out of the pocket."

"I don't doubt it," said Captain Bob. "But there's nothing there that belongs to you any more. Don't forget that you've just changed your identity. The clothes you shed, and all in 'em, belonged to Mortimer what's-his-name, who's just passed away, and now it all belongs to me as a slight reward for my philanthropy and the good advice I've just given."

Amos turned a shade paler than before.

"You can't do that," he stammered. "There's over five hundred dollars in cash in the pockets."

"You started small," said the Captain without moving. "Most of 'em carry more than that when they decide to disappear. The average rake-off I get is a thousand per suicide, and it has run considerably higher. Yes, philanthropy, as I practice it, is a paying business—selling bait till midnight is worth five thousand a year clear to me, though the only fishes caught are the ones who buy it."

"Do you mean to say that you always take what you find on your victims?"

"Always. As I said before, I consider it as presents from the wives who would be widows but for me. And when you think it over, you'll agree with me, Amos, and not make any trouble. You see, I'm also keeping your farewell letter that tells about the lungs and heart disease—it's in the safe there, along with twenty-one others of similar nature. I have to keep 'em to kind of protect me from anybody making trouble over these presents I've accepted. You've got to take my word for it that I won't let anybody see it unless you decide to make trouble."

Amos hesitated. He hated to lose that five hundred dollars. Still, it didn't seem a very propitious moment to make trouble. Captain Bob Hackett's position did look rather impregnable. Of course, it was blackmail; but Amos, considering the ethics of his own act, didn't see what he could do about it as long as Captain Bob held that letter. . . .

"There's the door!" thundered Captain Bob. "Good night!"

"Good night," said Amos meekly, and opened the door.

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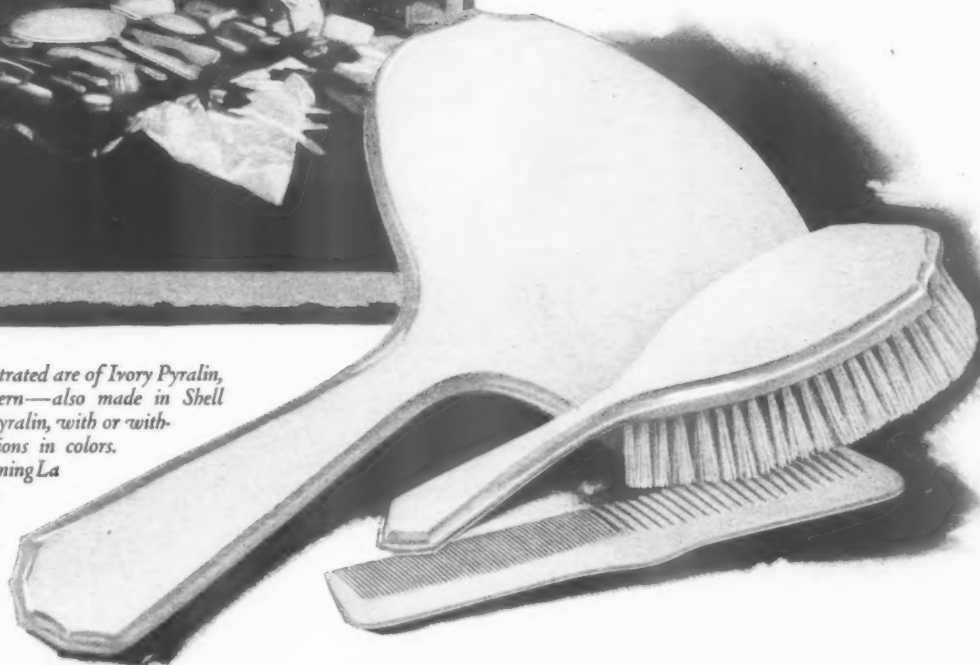
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ON the street Amos discovered three dollars and twenty cents in his trousers' pocket, the amount he had left there when he discarded them on the dock. As it was after two, he decided to get a room at a hotel, and go out to Newtonville for breakfast, and get it over with Susie then.

It was seven-thirty in the morning when he rang the front bell of his own house. Molla opened the door, and greeted him with more frigidity than he considered the loss of his mustache warranted. This worried him until he remembered he had promised to give the cook warning before he returned.

"I couldn't help it, Molla," he explained. "I finished up in New York before I expected. Where's the Missis?"

"She's in the bedroom," said Molla, "getting dressed."

Amos opened the bedroom door and

tentatively peered in. Susie was sitting at her dressing-table fixing her hair.

"Hullo, Susie dearest," he said. "I'm back."

"Is that you, Amos?" cried Susie through the hairpins in her mouth, trying to see Amos in the looking-glass so that she would not have to turn. "Come right in and kiss me and tell me all about what you've been doing, and why you didn't write. And before you kiss me, honey, would you mind getting me a handkerchief from the top bureau drawer?"

Amos hesitated a short second. The bureau was at his elbow, and he could have reached the handkerchief without taking a step. The old answer was on the tip of his tongue. Just in time he remembered the five-hundred-dollar advice of Captain Bob Hackett.

"Get it yourself," said Amos Trippit.

THE PANTHER

(Continued from page 55)

can contrive to act together in this," she added.

"It is a lie," Faith said with a groan.

"Oh, of course," the Panther answered calmly. "But if that troubles you, Miss Hasbrouk, you must think of David. His principle is to throw himself away for others. That's what he is accused of—by you, by his father, by everybody. Well, let's do David's way—"

Faith rose and stood with her hands stiffly extended at her sides.

"It would make a stain!" she exclaimed.

"On you—forever," said Anne.

In the moment she waited for Faith to reply, a sparrow came hopping along the gravel path, looked in, and in a panic flew away.

"That is your contribution," said Anne gently. "Of course, I make one too, because I love him as much, and perhaps even more. Just now it appears that what I am giving is a whole life. Really, you ought not to forget that."

Still Faith did not answer.

"You said last night that if I married David, doubting whether it would be a good thing for him to marry me, that it would be a scar on my soul. Well, I do doubt whether it would be a good thing. I cannot tell. I do not know; but there is doubt. And now I say to you, Miss Hasbrouk, that the only way you can save him is by this scar—this stain—this lie you speak of—something for you to lose—for him."

Faith in her torment threw back her chin and clasped and unclasped her hands.

"Well?" asked Anne.

"Why do you involve me?"

"Why? I didn't. *You* came to me. We undertook a joint enterprise—for him—for David."

For a moment such a note of tenderness came into her voice that Faith looked up at her wonderingly.

"For him—for David," repeated Anne.

Suddenly a new emotion appeared to rise in Faith; there was a flash of hungry yearning for triumph in her eyes.

"You will not fail me?" she said.

Anne shook her head.

"Then call him in," said Miss Hasbrouk with a new note in her voice.

"No," said Anne, "you must do that."

"I?"

"Yes, you. All I ask is that you shall tell him that I have something to say to him."

Faith ran to the French windows and beckoned; a moment later Farraday's voice came in from the outside, saying:

"Your father always has his way, David. If this time—" He stopped abruptly in the sentence when he realized that he had come to the threshold with David.

"Miss Dumont has something to say to you, David," Faith announced in a measured metallic voice. "I think Doctor Farraday and I will let her say it to you alone."

"Nonsense!" said Anne, trembling as she leaned back. Half sitting on the library table, she swung one small foot to and fro. "I can't see why you all take it so seriously. Just now all that's left that's worth anything is a good laugh."

Young Stelling appeared transfixed.

"You needn't look at me like that, David," said Anne. "This isn't any tête-à-tête on the beach or in the pines. I must say I'm not ungrateful for hauling me out of the water. You're better than a coast guard at that. But this isn't midnight, and there are no illusions."

ANNE stopped, but no one spoke. In the silence Faith's hard breathing was the most obvious fact in the room.

"Well, I made a fool of myself last night, David," Anne went on. "I let myself get almost hysterical about you. Of course, all our play together was nice play-acting. Last night I was just a plain foolish girl; my mother thought I had gone crazy. Marry a disinherited man? My stars!"

David uttered an involuntary sound quite like that of one who has been pierced by a rapier.

"You mean?" he said.

"Yes, of course. I wouldn't confess it

Just Around the Corner

CHRISTMAS—The Great Home Day—that brings the scattered loved ones back to the home nest is speeding towards the Old Earth as if on the wings of love.

Visions of Sugar Plums—are already dancing through the children's heads and visions of happy faces around the gayly-lighted table are dancing through Mother's head—interrupted only by the world-old question of what to have for dinner.

If Mother is wise, she knows that we *are* what we *eat*, and that her family's health and happiness depend upon the character of the food she provides. She knows that the dinners under which the festive board groans may mean groans for the family later—irritable youngsters and sluggish grown-ups. And she knows that the best food can be spoiled by poor cooking—that simple, inexpensive foods can be made appetizing and health-giving by care in preparation.

The Hand that Rules the Kitchen Rules the World—literally holds in its hollow the world's health, happiness and efficiency. For it is said that the destiny of a nation depends upon its food. A nation is but a great collection of homes. The home maker is largely responsible for the health and happiness of her family, and as each of its members takes his or her place in the affairs of the world, the home maker's influence widens until it is felt industrially, commercially and professionally.

Many Business Troubles are Stomach Troubles—and much of the sickness and death laid to other causes is the result of eating poorly cooked food. Many domestic troubles have their origin in the frying pan, and many a backward school boy is punished for "creeping like snail—unwillingly to school" because he is improperly fed.

"Food Makes the Soldier"—

said Napoleon. Food just as truly *makes the worker*—the every day Soldier who fights life's every day battles. For upon well-cooked, easily digested food depend the bread-winner's ability to earn more bread and the school boy's ability to do his work—in fact family prosperity and happiness.

The Economy of Good Cooking—

is evident when we consider that food is fuel. It is burned in the body to produce heat and energy just as coal is burned in your furnace. Food that does not burn (digest) not only endangers life but is waste just as the clinkers in your furnace are waste. Fuel food is expensive. Why waste it? The food scientist measures the energy value of food in calories just as we measure distance in blocks and dress goods in yards. So with a scientific cook book

at hand, the home maker can find out just what her workers need and she can find out how to preserve the food's strength-giving, health-giving values. Then there is no waste either of health, food or money.

We Eat with our Eyes—

as well as with our teeth. "Appetite juice"—a most important factor in digestion—is produced by food that is appealing to the eye, and by cheerful surroundings. "The spirit of kindness must be supreme at the table" says Gilbert Chesterton, and a noted physician says: "Never allow an unpleasant subject to be mentioned at the table." Here at least people should be joyous.

The World's Most Famous Cook—

Brillat-Savarin, noted lawyer and eminent judge, left to the world the hygienic order of a dinner, to be followed always with a *light* dessert. Savarin made it the fashion for the Nobility of France to cook. Louis XV in kingly velvet and lace, spent many hours in his palace kitchens concocting rare dishes. Now it is the Nobility of Motherhood that produces the best cooks, and "like Mother used to make" is the great home standard.

So if Mother will but invite Science into her Kitchen—

to help in preparing the regular three meals a day, and follow the great Savarin in serving fewer over-rich desserts and more *simple* Sugar Plums, she may be sure that it will be a healthier, happier family that gathers around the Christmas table to celebrate *The Great Home Day*.

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in the last ten years. 55,000 of the Metropolitan's policy holders, who paid their premiums weekly, sat down last year to their Christmas dinners who wouldn't have been there if the death rate for 1921 had been the same as for 1911.

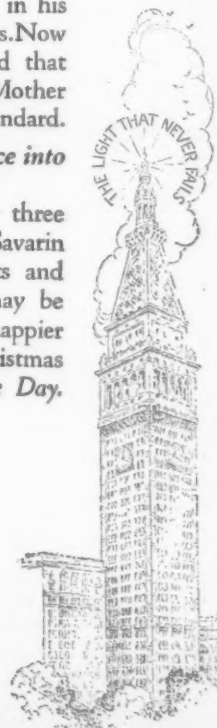
"Next to the Bible, the most important book in any home is a reliable Cook Book" says a prominent clergyman, formerly a physician. This is true from a standpoint both of health and economy. Food values are often entirely destroyed by improper cooking—the juices of meats are lost and the precious minerals of vegetables go down the

drain pipe in the water in which they are cooked.

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* T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

if Mother and I hadn't a chance to go far away together—to Spain, I believe. We have some one there who will stake us for a year or two. I've always had to be careful about what I said in this country—gossip carries so. But now the humor of it all is too good!"

There was a little shriek in her voice at times. She still swung her foot rhythmically as if she had set in motion the mechanism of a talking doll.

"You've been a goat, David," she said. "That's the essence of it. The Panther got you—and if it hadn't been for your father—"

SHE laughed, and suddenly the laugh died out.

"Oh, I almost forgot," she said. "I was going to give you a lecture. It was about taking care of yourself. You look around, David. See the people around you. There's me. I've got some charm. Do I throw it away? No! I keep it—to use. And others have their respectability, and others have their money, and others have their reputations, and others have their nice good pure souls without a scar or stain—"

She looked at Faith.

"It takes the wise to save themselves, David," she said excitedly. "They store everything up. They don't spend anything. Only fools like you, my dear, do that."

Young Stelling raised his hands. "It is enough!" he said threateningly.

"No, it isn't," said the Panther with all the appearance of a vicious feline. "You might as well let me say what I please. You can't stop me. I owe you nothing. If there's any debt, it's on your side. You wasted a summer on me and on my mother."

David put his closed fists up in front of his face as if to ward off a blow. Perhaps this prevented him from seeing that his father had come through the hangings at the door. The others had their backs turned and could not see.

At the moment of old DeKay Stelling's appearance, David was struggling to find words. The attempt resulted in the involuntary expression of a defeated, beaten, agonized spirit.

"Anne," he burst forth, "you know you love me!"

"I?" asked Anne in a whisper. "I love you?"

FOR the first time her voice shook and her courage appeared ready to break. There was a silence—a dreadful motionless silence; and during all of it the old financier standing in the shadows glowered at the slender figure of the Panther from under his shaggy brows.

"Answer!" said David. "For God's sake, is this a practical joke?"

Anne trembled; she wet her dry lips. She turned her blue eyes away from David and tried to find steadiness in staring out into nothingness.

"Answer!" said young Stelling.

"Me? You want me to answer that," the Panther said haltingly. "Suppose I did? Why, it would tear the heart out of anyone to deny real love—now, wouldn't it? You see you're so ridiculous, David! Really, I never intended to make such a scene of this."



"Daddy, get your pipe —

Santa Claus has brought you a
whole pound of Velvet — now
you'll have a good Christmas,
won't you, Daddy?"

Mother and the youngsters figured
that the best gift for Dad would
be the one he'd enjoy the most —
a canister of Velvet Tobacco, mild
and mellow from two years' ageing
in wood.



He wouldn't have done it knowingly

HE was a fastidious fellow: always immaculate, spruce-looking, well-groomed.

He never neglected anything about his personal appearance, even down to the smallest detail. He was extremely gracious and considerate to those about him.

Yet there was one thing he overlooked that *did* embarrass his friends—and a thing for which he really could not be blamed because he was entirely ignorant of it himself.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). It creeps upon you unawares. Nine times out of ten the person so suffering is least of all conscious of it. And while it embarrasses friends and associates with whom you come in contact, the subject is so delicate a one they can't bring themselves to mention it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis is a chronic thing that requires professional aid. Usually, however, and fortunately, halitosis is purely a local condition. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has brought the smoker pleasure.

Listerine used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle will usually correct most forms of halitosis. It halts fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

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—Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



She appealed to Farraday and to Faith's frightened eyes.

"Of course, you all realize I just thought it could be passed over lightly—a word or two—a farewell and that's all."

"Answer!" David persisted like an insistent child. "All the rest is nothing. But I'll believe you if you say this. Answer!"

The Panther, any listener might have believed, stiffened herself, and then relaxed with one sob from the depths of her, but that illusion was lost at once in her high laugh.

"Love you, David? You mean real love? You mean the kind of love that would make me always true to you? You mean the kind of love that would mean that you were my mate? You mean the kind of love that never lies? You mean the kind of love that would make me do anything in the world for you? You mean the kind for which I'd give my life on earth—or in heaven? Oh, what a farce! You answer him, Miss Hasbrouk. I've told *you*. Tell him what a joke it is—this foolish question."

FAITH stepped backward, looking to right and left as if to find escape. She did not see that old Stelling, that lion of Wall Street, that king of will and power, was watching her.

"Oh, tell him," laughed Anne; "it's good for him. It's his salvation. Oh, tell him. Tell him the truth about his silly fancy. Help me to open his eyes. You love him, don't you? You're a friend of the family? Tell him!"

Miss Hasbrouk tried to stand firmly on her feet. She was as white as death. She gasped, pressing her hand against her chest.

"God!" she said in a whisper, as if asking help.

"Yes," said Anne, "tell him—or must I?"

She waited.

Then suddenly, as if a merciful strength had come to her, she jumped down from the library table and walked with sprightly steps across the room toward David.

Only at the moment that she faced him with a cold smile of decision did she see the figure of DeKay Stelling. For a moment these two who had challenged each other's wills looked steadily and with understanding into each other's eyes.

"No, David," said Anne in a harsh voice. "You're a pretty bauble without your money. You're *nothing*. I love you? I should say not!"

In the younger Stelling's throat a groan arose and was stopped by his tightly pressed lips.

"And I wish you all a pleasant goodbye," said the Panther brazenly.

There was no response.

"I'm going," she said.

No other motion than her own gesture of careless farewell was in the library. Anne adjusted the gay sash about her waist, and with the manner of the professional model ambled toward the long open windows and the gravel walk outside.

She, the Panther, had done her work!

SHE had done her work—but not quite. At the door she turned and said to Faith: "Your promise. *You* tell him. He isn't convinced. Tell him. You said you would."

Faith Hasbrouk gave a cry.

"I can't! I can't!" she gasped. "No! No! No! David, it's a lie. David, it's something I can't do. She loves you. She's lied to you! I can't keep my promise; she's lied to you! I can't do it for you, David! It would cost me too much! She has lied to you, David! She loves you!"

She had almost sunk to her knees, clinging to the arm of a heavy leather chair. Her head was bent down; she crouched; she groveled like one who expects a hand to smite her from above.

"Take her up!" said the booming voice of the elder Stelling. He came from the shadows, pointing at her collapsing figure with a great forefinger. David started forward.

"No," commanded the banker. "You do it, Farraday. She will need *your* help."

"As a doctor," said Hollis.

"Yes, and as a person," Stelling said with meaning.

Farraday supported the limp, half-unconscious Miss Hasbrouk out of the room. He wore a look of triumph on his face, as one who goes forth with his prize.

"Great heavens!" said David. "Why didn't you let me? It was all to save me—"

DeKay Stelling shook his massive head; he pointed to the Panther. She was leaning against one of the long French windows, white, trembling, her eyes filled with tears.

"There!" said the banker. "There is—a woman."

David tried to understand.

"Can't you see?" said DeKay Stelling in his deep bass voice. "This girl would have given all she had for you—she'd have thrown herself away!"

"And Faith?" said David. "She too—"

"Faith!" roared his father. "Faith couldn't play the game through; she was afraid she'd lose her blooming soul!"

DAVID went to Anne, and tossing off her head, pressed his lips upon the golden hair beneath.

His father sat down in one of the leather chairs, and like some great heathen god, spread his hands upon his knees.

"Bring her here," he said. "Bring her here; she belongs to me!"

Old Stelling had at last lifted the cover of the granite sarcophagus of self-interest in which he had confined his soul. He looked up at the frail and drooping and weary figure of the Panther.

"You have won," he said. "I never supposed a beautiful and golden thing like you would beat me."

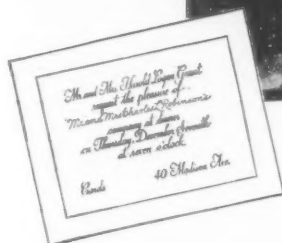
"It wasn't quite—fair," said the Panther. "I had the advantage—"

"Of what?" asked old Stelling.

"Of not having anything—I wanted—very much—to save," replied the girl.

A shaft of sunlight rested upon her head as the old man rose and took her into his arms.

THE END.



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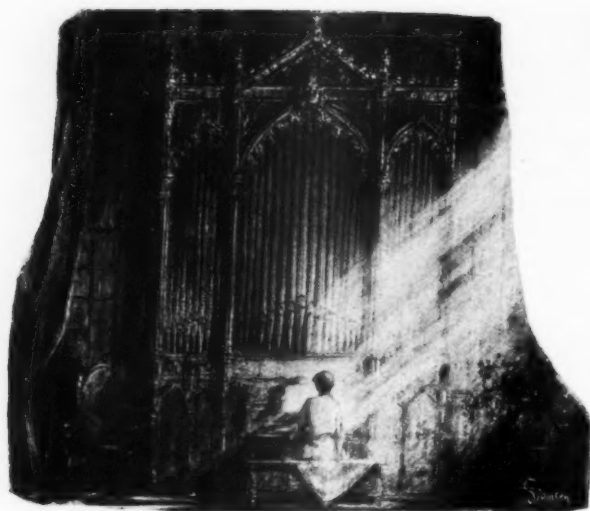
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THE MAIN-

(Continued from

Stephen shook his head. His hands had tightened on his knees, and his teeth were set. Even thinking of Nathan could stiffen him, like this, put into him something which ordinarily was wanting—make him feel strong and bold and capable. He rose and helped Retta with the dishes, rejecting her protest with an abrupt gesture.

When they had finished, the old man had begun to nod in his chair. Stephen turned to the girl.

"Guess I'll get along now. Much obliged for supper."

SHE shook her head, regarding him steadily. He moved awkwardly to the door and turned again to wave his good-by.

"Wait—I'll walk a ways with you." She spoke almost furtively, her glance shifting to the drowsing old man and back to Stephen. He hesitated, fumbling for a decent refusal. But she took a shawl from a peg and slipped past him before he found speech. He stumbled after her through the darkness of the lean-to woodshed, puzzled and vaguely irritated. There was no moon, but a cloudless night of stars gave light enough to see the path and the vague figure waiting for him halfway to the road.

"I sort of wanted to go along," she said, a touch of apology in her whisper. "It—it'd be exciting—and maybe I could help."

"No." He vetoed the suggestion positively. "I'm not going to get anybody else mixed up in this. It's my job."

She walked beside him in the deep dust of the highway, without answering at once.

"Let me walk a ways, anyway. I won't hinder—and it's—it's better than staying back there and wondering— He might wake up—might shoot—"

Her solicitude amused him. He felt queerly equal to dealing with Nathan Hobart, asleep or waking. His head was up and his shoulders well back.

"He won't. I know how to fix that. You better go back."

He stopped, as if to forbid her coming. She stood facing him in the thin, diffuse light. He could hear her breathe, irregularly, see her hands twisting at the fringe of the shawl.

"I—I just wanted to be sure you meant it," she said, at last. "I didn't believe you'd dare—"

The tone carried him back abruptly to a day at school, when he had evaded a fight with Thad McTague, while the others jeered. He could remember Retta Duncan's face, as she looked on.

"You'll find out, soon enough." He scuffed at the powdering dust. "Think I'm afraid?"

"Maybe not—if he's asleep. You'd be afraid of him, though, if he came along the road right now."

He shook his head.

"Yes. You'd hide. I thought maybe you'd changed, but you're just the same." She laughed. "Claim you hate

SPRING

page 35)

him? Why, he'd pay twice as much as you're likely to steal, to get shut of you, and you're going to sell out cheap—just to keep from letting him see you! After tonight he won't ever have to worry about you again—he'll have the whip over you for always. Any time he finds out where you are, he can put you in prison. I thought you'd changed, Stevie—"

"I'm not afraid of him," he declared. "If—if there was any better way of doing it—"

She interrupted: "Why don't you make him buy you out of the Glen, then? Why don't you stay here, where he'll have to see you all the time, till he pays you enough to make it worth your while to leave? I been thinking—suppose you stayed with us, right where he'd see you every time he drove home? Wouldn't he hate that worse than losing a little money?"

He had a flash of clear vision. Nathan Hobart would suffer from the mere thought of a Hobart sunk to the level of the Duncans. The prospect fascinated him; he could strike harder than he had dreamed—

"Dad's getting too old to run the place alone," he heard her saying. "You could help enough to pay for your keep. We don't get to handle much money, or I'd offer you wages—"

A laugh broke from him. "Wages! Why, I owe you money, Retta. You've showed me how I can hit back at him so hard it'll just about kill him! When he thinks of me, working for you folks, he'll—"

"He'll get down on his knees to beg you to get out," she finished. "Come on, Stevie—let's go back."

And he walked beside her, his head up and his arms swinging, thinking of Nathan Hobart's face when the news should reach him. The girl was silent. But when they came into the lamp-lit kitchen and he saw her eyes, they startled him. She must hate Nathan Hobart even more than he did, to look like that at the thought of hurting him!

STEPHEN woke with a start, bewildered by the little slant-ceiled room in which he lay. The thin sunlight told him that it was well past dawn, as his mind cleared and he remembered. He laughed softly, thinking of what lay before him, and sprang up eagerly. From below the small window he heard the blow of an ax, the sound of splitting wood, and the noise sped him into his torn clothes. He could split wood for his breakfast; old Duncan must find it pretty hard, at his age.

He looked down and saw Retta emerging from the lean-to, her milk-pail in the bend of her elbow. She wore the same print dress he had seen last night, and a faded, ragged cardigan jacket which must have been her father's. He ran down the stairs and out after her.

"I'll milk, Retta. Why didn't you call me?"

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"The Kind That Keeps"

She surrendered the pail willingly enough.

"All right. I'll get breakfast. Dad's asleep—I let him wake up when he gets ready. He's pretty old—"

He scowled as he milked the sorry cow. Retta must have a rotten life of it, with only the old man to help with the work. Old Duncan had never been any good; Nathan Hobart was right about him. He grinned at the reminder. It wouldn't take long for Nathan to hear that he was living here, practically at his doorway, dependent on the neighbor he chiefly despised.

As Stephen carried the milk through the woodshed, he noticed that it was almost empty. Only a few knotted chunks remained, each of them blazed where clumsy ax-work had hacked off a few splinters. His lip curved; there was enough dead hickory and oak in the wood-lot to fill the shed ten times over. And it would be winter, in another month or two. These people were worse than he had thought—an empty woodshed, with snow due in a few weeks!

At breakfast—bread and milk and coffee—he mentioned it. The girl shrugged.

"Dad generally tends to it. Guess he'll get around to cutting a little before snow-fly."

"What's the matter with me doing it now?" He grinned. "I'm supposed to be earning my keep, aint I?"

"All right—there isn't much else to do, right now."

"How about getting it down? Got a team?"

"Only old Bess, now. Bill died last spring. But there's a democrat that's light enough for her to haul, I guess, if you don't load it too heavy."

He nodded, checking the comment which came to his tongue. No use telling her that hauling with one horse cost three times as much as using two. He could manage, anyway—trim off the limb-wood and chop it to stove lengths with the ax and load the democrat with it. Later, perhaps, he could rig up something better. Old Duncan might be able to swing one end of a crosscut saw.

HE found the mare in fair condition, and hitched her with a string-mended harness to the wreck of the light wagon, its wheels dished and wabbling, one thill crazily mended with fence-wire. There was no ax fit for cutting, and he called Retta from the kitchen to help him sharpen the best one on the scored grindstone in the shed.

Old Duncan came out as they worked, and relieved his daughter. He thumbed the edge knowingly.

"Been meanin' to sharpen her up quite a spell," he said. "Bout time to be gettin' in the winter wood."

"You got a crosscut? You and I could work it up—"

"Gen'ly borrow one from Rufe Dansey. Mine aint much good, now."

Stephen Hobart grinned. The old man would rather travel two miles over the hill road to borrow a neighbor's saw than spend an hour or two putting his own in shape. No wonder the place had gone to weeds and brush! He rummaged in a litter of broken implements and found the long, rusted blade, both

handles missing, the teeth bent and dulled. He saw that it would be a morning's work to make it fit for use and decided to depend on the ax, for today. The old man rode up the lane toward the wood-lot with him, holding his rifle between his knees.

"Might git a rabbit or suthin'," he explained. "Kinda like a taste o' meat, f'r a change."

He repeated the remark when Stephen stopped beside a wind-fallen hickory, and moved away with a kind of haste. Hobart glanced after him, his amused contempt deepening. The old fellow was afraid he might have to stay and help, instead of rambling about after game. Nathan Hobart was right about him.

His mood darkened as he worked. His hands were soft, and the ax-helve chafed them raw; the tough wood cut badly, and his back and arms ached long before he had filled the bed of the crazy wagon. The scheme which had seemed so tempting, last night, steadily lost its appeal under the discomfort of labor. He was a fool to stay here, working like this, when he could have filled his pockets and slipped back to the city, with a profit on his satisfied hate. He'd quit, he decided, when he'd hauled down the load. There wasn't any sense in this.

He led the mare downhill, keeping a careful eye to the rickety front wheel. A fool's trick—to hit at Nathan Hobart in this fashion. Working for the Duncans—without even a decent ax to work with!

He heard the sound of wheels and hoofs as he crossed the highway, and turned quickly. It was Nathan Hobart's buckboard; he identified it instantly, and the gray horse in the shafts. He felt his pulses thumping loud in his ears. He'd turn, when the buckboard drew close, so that his uncle would come face to face with him without warning. It was like preparing a shrewd blow; he could almost feel the shock of it as he waited, his ears keen to judge the distance by the sound. He wheeled sharply and stood facing his enemy, his teeth bared in a hateful grin.

He could see the blow fall on the man in the buckboard. Nathan Hobart was always erect, but he straightened, now, as a man will under the shock of surprise. His lean, sober face tightened, so that the lips went white. Stephen saw his hand draw back gently on the reins, pulling the gray to a stand. The gesture stirred his old anger; Nathan Hobart's horses, like his men, learned to obey him with no second command. So, in the old days, he had obeyed, hating himself because he dared not refuse or delay. The memory quickened a new, joyous sense of power in him; he could stand here and meet Nathan Hobart's eyes without a flicker of fear.

"WHEN did you come back, Stephen?" The voice was quiet, under relentless control, the tone almost casual; but Stephen felt the effort of will behind this calm, and relished it.

"Last night," he answered carelessly.

There was another silence, as if the older man sifted words patiently.

"You did not come home. Why not? Were you afraid?"

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The other laughed harshly. "Afraid? What of? You?"

"Why not? You went away without telling me—in the night, like a thief. That was because you were afraid. You come back, but not to my door. Why not?"

Stephen Hobart doubled his hands. "I'll come there when there's no other place," he said. "Think I liked it so much, when I lived there?"

"You don't want help, then? You want nothing of me—"

"Wait till I ask you!"

Stephen felt a secret wonder at himself. Often and often, in the old days, he had gone through imaginary interviews like this—stood up to Nathan Hobart and given him back word for word. That he was actually outfacing him, now, seemed proof that he had found the strength he had always lacked.

"Then why have you come back to the Glen? That is Duncan's horse; is there nothing better for you, now that you have thrown off authority, than working for a man who can pay you nothing beyond your keep?"

"That's my business. If I'm satisfied, what's it to you?"

"Stephen, it is also my business. You carry my name; you grew up under my roof; my brother's blood is in you. It does not suit me that you should walk in rags and be beholden to the Duncans for your bread. I see that you knew it would not—that you built cunningly on that as your foundation. You came here to shame me into paying you to go. Well, I will pay. What is your price?"

Stephen Hobart broke into noisy laughter. Retta had been right, after all. He had found the one way of making Nathan Hobart suffer. This was better than robbing him while he slept!

"You haven't got enough to pay my price," he said thickly. "Save your breath. I'm here to stay."

He met the level eyes boldly. Nathan Hobart seemed about to speak again, but he changed his purpose, evidently. His hand relaxed a little on the reins, and the gray darted forward. A thick haze of dust lifted about Stephen as the wheels flashed past him. He slapped the mare on her flank and laughed as the wagon moved on, creaking under its little load. It was good to feel that he was a man.

RETTA stood at the door, as he drove up, a question so visible in her look that he did not wait for words.

"He wanted to buy me off," he called to her. "You were right—it's poison to him."

"You told him you wouldn't go?" Her voice was flat and harsh, and he saw lines about her mouth.

"I told him I was here to stay! And that goes! I wouldn't go if he offered me all he's got!" He unlatched the tail-board and began to toss the wood into the shed, still laughing. "It'll be fun to watch him try to move me on! And he'll try, all right. I could see it in his eye."

He scrambled back to the seat. "Might as well draw down another load or two, while I'm at it," he said, as her brows rose. "It's poor stuff, but I'll tinker up

that saw and sweat out something better, before snow flies."

He waved his hand gayly and drove away, whistling. At the road he looked back. She still stood in the doorway, watching him. He raised an arm, and she answered with the same gesture. He caught a glimpse of the Hobart house as he climbed the hill, and laughed happily at the gleam of its new paint against the autumn color. Nathan Hobart always kept it painted like that; it was part of his stiff-necked pride to live in the best house in the Glen. Stephen thought of the weatherworn clapboards of the Duncan place, and laughed again.

It was worth while. He hadn't ever felt as he felt now, not even when he'd slipped away from that big, empty house where Nathan Hobart's gesture had been law. Back there, in the cities he had tried, he'd always been afraid of things and of other men and of work and thinking. Here, somehow, he feared nothing; he was his own man, a better man than Nathan Hobart himself.

HE felt his cheeks burn as he drove along the main street of the village, the hitching-racks before the stores already crowded by the teams of earlier comers. The old democrat creaked and wobbled; Bess drew it at a dragging walk, her head drooping to her sprung knees. Hobart guessed that the people on the walks and in the store doorways were watching him, giggling and jeering at the spectacle of a Hobart driving old Iz Duncan's wagon, with Duncan's daughter beside him.

He hitched the mare to the fence behind the hardware store and lifted down Retta's heavy basket of eggs while she scrambled over the wheel.

"I won't take long, Stevie." She took the basket from him, and he did not protest; he did not want to carry it into Fraser's grocery, where the loungers would stare and snicker. He leaned against the wheel, drawing at his empty pipe. He realized that he hadn't even tobacco-money. It was a fool's bargain, to slave on the Duncan place for bare food and shelter. Shaming Nathan Hobart didn't balance the account; it was too dear at the price. He'd better get away from it all. He could hang around the village till the night freight came through, and slip under a car, easily enough.

He looked up at the sound of his name. Thad McTague, thick-cheeked and swaggering, grinned at him, wagging his head. Thad had always bullied him, cocksure of his cowardice. He set his teeth for the gibe, now, measuring the other man's bulk; Thad could lick him with one hand. He'd have to take whatever came, as he had always taken Thad's heavy wit.

"Back again, eh?" Thad halted and repeated his head-wagging gesture. "Couldn't stand it to stay away from her, could you?"

Stephen said nothing. He hated Thad, but it was with a hatred utterly unlike that he felt toward Nathan Hobart. This hatred left him conscious of helplessness, afraid, anxious only to escape. He glanced to the side, calculating his chances of getting away without

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trouble. And he saw Nathan Hobart's buckboard stop in the road opposite him, saw his uncle watching the scene with the impassive face he remembered. And at this something seemed suddenly to wake in him, flooding him with a laughing courage. He heard Thad's lowered voice venturing a flat, foul epithet, and he sprang, chuckling, thrilling to the clean smack of his knuckles on the soft red flesh of the jaw.

As he took the countering blow, barely conscious of it, he remembered that Nathan Hobart had forbidden him to fight, had promised him a thrashing at home if he disobeyed. He laughed happily at the thought, striking again and again at the blurred face, following as Thad backed away, till the rear wall of the store stopped him. A short hooking blow sent his old enemy's head against the bricks; Thad bent double, lifting a hand in token of surrender.

"I got enough," he said thickly.

"There's more where it came from, any time you want it," said Stephen. "All you got to do is speak for it."

HE stepped back, utterly happy, his blood skipping and dancing through him, and came face to face with Nathan. The look in the grim face brought another chuckle of contentment to his lips.

"Stephen, this passes bounds. Brawling, on market-day, like a drunken hand! You came here to shame me; well, you have done it. You came for money; well, I'll pay it, if you'll go."

Stephen shook his head. "I like it here," he said, suddenly aware of swollen, bleeding lips. "Suits me fine. Guess I'll stay on all winter."

He could see the effort with which Nathan ruled his anger.

"Then stay under my roof; my door is always open to you. And it is fitting that—"

"No. I like it better at Duncan's."

He saw Retta coming toward him, her basket filled with paper bags. He stepped quickly toward her and took it from her with something like Nathan Hobart's own formal courtesy. He hugged the thought of his uncle's interpretation of the act; Nathan Hobart would be facing a new terror, from now on—the fear that he meant to marry this ragged woman, share the name with her, with a brood of frowsy children!

He helped her into the wagon carefully, his back toward Nathan. "All through?"

She nodded. He saw that her face was queerly white, her eyes wide in question, and he laughed inwardly at the answer he would give her as they drove away. He backed the wagon about, compelling his uncle to step away from the wavering wheel. He turned back into the main street, driving with his head up, deliberately surveying the people who stared at him from the walks, nodding to those he recognized. He guessed that it would be Nathan Hobart who chose the back road, to avoid those eyes.

He told Retta what had happened, briefly.

"You beat Thad McTague?" She moved quickly on the seat, twisting to face him. He nodded, grinning.

"Easy. And Uncle Nathan watching me do it! I guess that was why—I remembered how he used to talk about fighting, and it made me—I just sort of forgot that I used to be afraid of Thad."

He chuckled comfortably. "Guess he hated it, all right. Wanted to buy me off, again, and when I wouldn't go, asked me to come back and live with him. Got under his thick skin this time, Retta."

"You aren't going back, then?"

"Not me! I'm having the time of my life. I wouldn't quit for everything Nathan Hobart's got." He shook his head. "Say, Retta, guess we'll have to change that deal of ours, though, so's I can get tobacco-money out of it. I'd have felt better, today, if I'd had something in my pocket."

She fumbled in the basket and proffered a muslin sack of cheap tobacco, without speech. He took it eagerly and filled his pipe. "Good for you! You think of everything, don't you?"

She shrugged. "I had three dozen extra, this week. The warm spell started the hens laying again, I guess. But they'll quit, when it turns cold. If you're going to stay through the winter, we'll have to figure out some way to get a little money for groceries and tobacco. I just about managed, last year, when there was only Dad and me."

HE thought this over deliberately. There wasn't anything salable at the Duncan farm. Except for the weedy hay which would barely winter the cow and horse, and a few bushels of corn, the place had yielded no crops. He guessed that it would not have yielded even these if Retta had not done most of the work.

"I could work up some wood and sell it in town, I guess. There's a sight of it down, right now. If your father'd help with the crosscut—"

She shook her head. "He's too old. And he wouldn't, anyway. No use trying to make him."

He grinned at the thought of old Iz Duncan, slyly getting away with his gun or whining over the ache in his spine.

"Well, maybe I can manage without him. We won't need much. We don't have to live high; that's one thing." He chuckled. "It's as good as a meal, any time, to see Uncle Nathan's face when he drives past. I'd go hungry all winter for that!"

She was silent so long that he glanced at her questioningly. Her eyes met his with a shadow of doubt.

"I—I'd get more satisfaction out of it if he didn't know you were going hungry," she said, groping for her words. "He hates it, all right, but I always think he gets some comfort out of the way we live. I would, if I were in his place. So would you."

He scowled. "Guess that's right, too. He'd hate it worse if he saw us enjoying ourselves." He stopped to consider the idea, suddenly tempted by it. "If there was any way—"

"I could help saw," she interrupted. "I've done it before; we could get out a few cords and sell it to McLain—he'd haul it with his own teams. And we could take the money and rent Peter-



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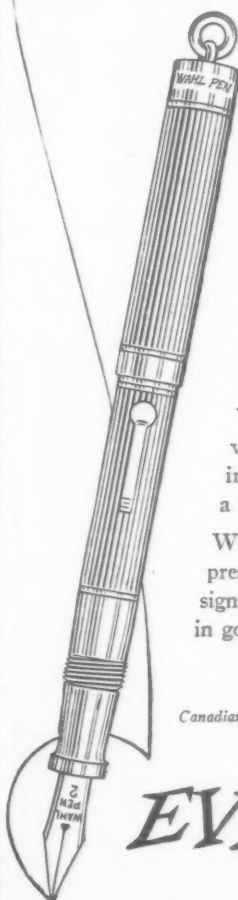
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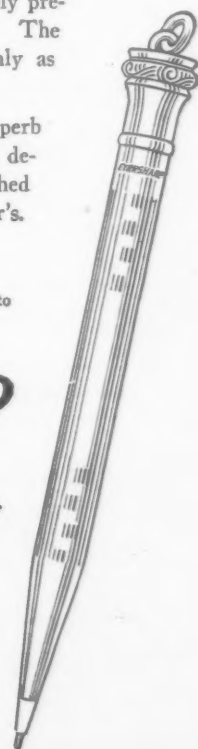
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son's drag-saw, I guess. He's through with it by this time. There must be three or four hundred cords up there. Good hardwood, too."

"Something in that. Let's stop at Peterson's now—I guess I can handle him, all right." He was puzzled at his sudden eagerness; it meant work—back-breaking work—in winter weather, and yet it drew him with a sort of compulsion. If he could show Nathan Hobart that he was prospering—

Peterson, driving a little touring-car, overtook them before they reached his farm, and Stephen stopped him. He was a slow, thrifty man of sixty, and Stephen saw his glance observe the dished wheels of the wagon, the mended thill and patched harness, while he listened to the proposal.

"I never was much of a hand to rent tools," he said deliberately. He met Stephen's eye. "Hear you licked Thad McTague, this mornin'. Did you?"

"Sort of," Stephen grinned at the memory. "He said so, anyhow."

"Hm! Always figgered Thad was a fightin' man. Licked him, eh?" He scratched a new-shaven jowl. "Guess you can take the saw, if you'll use her right. Aint earnin' nothin' in the shed." He shot a keen, narrow-lidded look at Stephen. "Figgerin' to stay with Iz all winter?"

"Uh-huh! Suits me first rate." Stephen guessed that Peterson would spread the word, that it would get back to Nathan Hobart swiftly. And he felt that Peterson was willing enough to help in humbling Nathan's stiff pride.

"Ought to clean up five hundred, anyway," he said, as they drove on. "Maybe seven or eight, if we get good weather. Enough to see us through, easy—"

"We could get another horse, maybe, and fix up the old wagon so we could do our own hauling," she suggested. "And we'd have the team for the plowing, come spring, too."

"That's right." He meditated. "Too bad, the way that bottom land's gone back to scrub. Ought to clean it up, this winter. Might get time for that, too. Good money in the farm, if it was run right."

"Dad never would farm," she said. "I guess he wasn't cut out for it. But he wouldn't sell, either. Nathan Hobart's tried to buy the place a dozen times."

"Well, if he wants to buy it now, he'll have to bid high for it!" Stephen chuckled. "Retta, we're going to give him a happy winter, watching us!"

RETTA DUNCAN lifted questioning brows as he came to the screened doorway. He was mildly angry; and yet, below his irritation, he observed a change in her which seemed to arrest and fix his attention for the first time. It was not wholly a matter of clothes, he thought, although the fresh print dress and the neat shoes had something to do with it. She was softer, somehow—more like other women than the girl who had found him hiding in the fence-corner. Queer that he hadn't ever thought of her as good to look at—not pretty, exactly, but something better than that.

"What's the matter?" Her voice was abrupt. "Did Dad run off again?"

He grinned, his annoyance suddenly gone. "Sneaked the first time I turned my back, the old rascal! And that hay's got to be under cover by tonight. Guess you're elected, Retta."

"All right." She unfastened the blue apron. "I've got the dishes done. I'll have to get on some old clothes, first. We'll have bread and milk for supper—that's all."

He nodded carelessly. With Retta to handle the team, he could get the hay drawn, and the rain which he expected by night would be money in his pocket. He thought of the potatoes in the thirty-acre field along the creek; if the luck held, there'd be two hundred bushels to the acre, when digging-time came. He'd been right about that soil; farm it right, and it would pay better than even Nathan Hobart's land.

He grinned as the name came into his mind, remembering the way Nathan looked straight before him when he passed, the lean jaw set, the gray at his top pace. Nathan must hate the sight of the new roof and the fresh paint and the mown turf of the dooryard, the visible proofs that Stephen was prospering. Next fall, if the crops brought decent prices, there'd be enough to rebuild the old barn and buy a decent buggy—maybe a flivver, with luck. That was Retta's dream—to drive past the speeding gray, some day, in a car. Not a bad idea, either. Nathan hated gasoline.

"All right." She stood beside him, roughly dressed, a wide-brimmed chip hat shading her face. He glanced at her curiously; no, it wasn't the clothes that mattered—the change was in the girl herself. Even in the old things, she was different.

SHE climbed lightly into the racked wagon, before he could lend a hand. The team trotted heavily, and the wheels jolted over the rutted lane, the racks clattering cheerfully. In the field he vaulted to the ground and pitched up the haycocks while she built the load; it was fun, somehow, to lift them with that old trick of leverage which bent the fork-handle without straining arms or back. He worked fast, observing that she kept pace with him, that the load mounted straight and secure above the racks. He scrambled up beside her when it was finished, panting and wet.

"I'm sorry about Dad," she said. "I hoped he'd help, this time—"

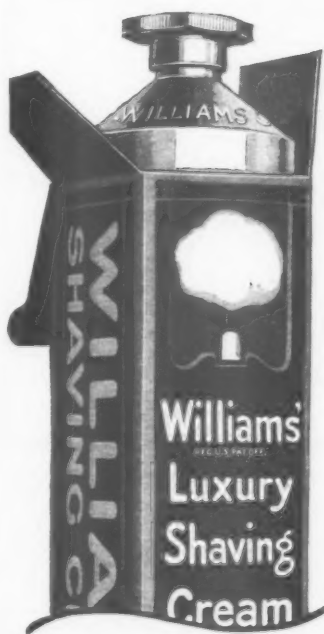
"It doesn't matter—we put this load on twice as fast as he and I'd have done it." He chewed a spike of timothy. "Funny, how he hates to work. He'll take no end of trouble to catch a few suckers, or shoot a red squirrel, but he won't even milk if he can slide out of it." He chuckled.

"He can't help it. He,"—she hesitated,—"he hasn't got anything inside him that drives him, like us. I guess people have to have mainsprings, the same as clocks. Dad hasn't got any."

The word caught his attention. Funny that he'd never thought of it, like that. Something in it, though. If you didn't have something inside you to make you work, nothing outside of you would do



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it. He remembered his drifting days before he had come back to the Glen.

"Maybe you're right." He chuckled again, comfortably. "Not much doubt what drives me, eh? If it wasn't for Uncle Nathan, I don't know if I'd do any more than your father."

He guided the team cleverly into the gangway between the mows, crouching to avoid the roof. Using the fork as a vaulting pole, Retta sprang lightly to the bay and stood ready as he dug his fork into the layer which bound the load together.

"It must be just poison to him—seeing the way you're getting ahead," she said between forkfuls. "I'll never forget the way he looked, that day we bid in the team, right over his head."

"Uh-huh!" He lifted a great mat toward her feet. "This'd grade Number One, I guess, if we baled it. About as good hay as I ever made."

"We wont need all of it," she suggested. "We could sell a few tons, couldn't we?"

He shook his head. "Selling hay's bad farming. Pay better to feed it—winter a few head of beef, maybe. Sell hay, sell soil. Uncle Nathan's right about that."

"He knows how to farm," she conceded. "I'll allow him that."

"Oh, he's got his good points," he agreed, vaguely displeased at her tone. "Funny thing, Retta—I can see his side of things, now. Never used to. But he wasn't so far wrong as I figured, when we split up. He said then I'd ought to stay on the land—said I'd never get ahead anywheres else. I kinda thought it was just an excuse, to keep from giving me wages for the time I'd worked for him. He's hard, all right, and a mule's easy led compared to him; but—"

"Let's hustle," she interrupted briskly. "Clouding over, out there."

THEY raced with the gathering shower till the last load was under cover. Old Duncan, grinning guiltily, displayed a pan of cleaned fish.

"Go fine for supper," he urged. "Aint so big as they used to be. I c'n remember when I wouldn't keep 'em if they was less'n eight inches."

Hobart laughed as he took the shining milk-pails from the shelf by the kitchen door. No use spoiling the old boy's fun with a call-down. Too old a dog to learn new tricks. He milked swiftly, humming under his breath.

The rain came as they finished supper, a savage, drenching downpour, roaring on the roof and the leaves, a queer, angry sound, as if it snarled at finding the grass-lands bare. He helped Retta lower the windows, thinking of the way the potatoes would spurt when the sun came back. He was pleased with himself; he'd outguessed the weather as cleverly as Nathan Hobart himself.

Wheels sounded in the swimming lane, and the barn floor boomed with the noise of hoofs. Somebody taking shelter from the storm, of course. Sensible, too. No use keeping a horse out in that pelting storm. He lighted a lantern and stood in the doorway. A man crossed the open space at a run, crouched and huddled. Stephen did not recognize Nathan Hobart till the older man straightened

under the shelter of the porch, stamping and shaking his shoulders.

They faced each other warily, for a moment. It struck Stephen Hobart that Nathan was getting pretty old. He tried to summon sullen memories, but some perverse trick of thought persisted in recalling the time they had driven over to the Leighton Fair, and had been forced to cover by just such a storm as this. Nathan had always taken him along, on such excursions, instead of leaving him behind, as some of the neighbors would have done. Give him credit for that, anyway.

"Glad you drove in," he heard himself saying. "No kind of a night to be driving that road."

Nathan Hobart nodded. "The storm has done me a service, Stephen, in bringing me here, against my wish. I have owed you amends for months, but it has been hard to humble myself and make them."

"Amends?" Stephen shook his head. "What for?"

"For being overready to think evil of you, and overslow to admit that I was wrong. I thought that you had come back to the Glen to shame me—"

"Well, so I did." Stephen broke in quickly, puzzled at the sudden eagerness to shield the old man from himself. "I knew you'd hate it—me living here, like this. That's true enough."

"But you have not shamed me—you have given me better cause for pride in you than if you had never left my house. In one year you have—"

HE stopped. Stephen, following his glance, turned and saw Retta standing in the doorway. It seemed as if she shook her head, but he could not be sure.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Hobart? Will you come in—or isn't our house good enough?"

Her tone shocked Stephen into protest. "Aw, Retta—what's the sense of—"

"Oh, I knew it would turn out like this! I knew it!" She kept her voice low, but it shook with a passion he had never heard in it till now. "He'd have let you starve, when you came back here with your rags, but he's willing to take you back, now that you've made good. We were fit company for you, the way you looked when I found you, up there in the wood-lot, but we aren't fit, now that you can hold up your head with anybody! And I thought you hated him!" She laughed softly. He could see her shoulders quiver.

"Why, Retta—you—I—"

"Oh, go back with him! Maybe he'll leave you something in his will! Anyway, you'll be a Hobart again—you'll—"

"But I'm not going—nobody's said anything about it. Think I'd quit, in the middle of the season, with all those crops—"

She made a fierce, brushing gesture. "Crops! What do I care about a few potatoes. You want to go—that's all that matters. You don't hate him, any more. You're beginning to stand up for him—like you did this afternoon! You might as well go back—there's no sense in staying, now."



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The words cut through his blurred bewilderment. He saw clearly, as she saw, and more than she saw. His hatred of Nathan Hobart had been the driving power behind him, behind all that he had done since the day when he had waited to rob his uncle's desk. And he had lost that compelling motive, now, with this reconciliation, with the knowledge that his success was no offense in Nathan's sight, but a pride and rejoicing. He saw, too, that she had fed that hatred carefully, nursing it like an unsteady fire, always reminding him: "Wouldn't he hate it if we should whizz past him in a flivver, some day?" Or, as when they had bought the new team, at Gilson's auction: "Did you see how he looked, when you bid them in? It's a good thing he couldn't kill you with his eyes!"

Yes. She'd guessed that such speeches would sweeten his work. No wonder she burst out that way, when she saw that the old spur had worn blunt at last! He ought to be angry; she'd played with him—tricked him into working like a slave on this overgrown, shiftless farm of hers. But he wasn't angry. It puzzled him that he should feel, instead, a kind of compassionate protectiveness. He turned to his uncle, aware suddenly of the need to justify Retta, to make Nathan Hobart understand what lay beneath that flash of ferocity.

"It's all right, Uncle Nathan—she's got reason to feel the way she does. I—"

"I'll be going." It pleased and puzzled him that Nathan should speak in that level tone, as if Retta had said nothing that could hurt or startle him. "The rain is easing off. Good night."

He walked out to the barn floor with the lantern. Nathan untied the halter-strap and climbed in over the wheel before Stephen found speech.

"You mustn't mind what she said, Uncle Nathan—she thought I'd quit—"

"And you will not quit?"

The question came sharply. He laughed. Quit? Just when—

"Hardly. Good night."

HE watched the hooded buggy blend into the darkness before he came back to the porch. He did not see that Retta was still standing there until he lifted the lantern to blow out the flame. The light seemed to bring her face suddenly out of the shadows, as if she had moved soundlessly toward him. He met her eyes, searching his, with the same look he had seen in them years before, when he faced Thad McTague's bullying in the weedy school-yard.

He stood still, watching her and wondering, while the flame bent and wavered in the stirring air, and the lifted glass globe blackened with long smears of soot. Why didn't he want to quit? Why was it that he felt keener than ever to go on? The mainspring that had driven him was gone, wasn't it? What was there left to keep him working, to make him different from old Duncan, drowsing in his rocker by the kitchen lamp?

He felt a laugh rise in his throat as a gust whipped out the light, and the first onrush of the power he recognized at last, drove him forward.

THE ROSE OF KILDARE

(Continued from page 65)

The Englishman hesitated, and then seated himself a little grumpily.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Lieutenant Nunan only twice," he said stiffly. "I believe he was studying law at your Harvard when the war broke out, and he hopped across in time to get into the thick of it. Turned the tide for my regiment one day when we were being cut up a bit. Flew low on the machine-gun nests, and they winged him, but he carried on, you know, and they decorated him. Plucky beggar! Met him once more in London with my daughter, and I rather thought—" He shrugged and stared at the young man in evening clothes. "You'll excuse me now, eh?"

He rejoined his party, paid his bill, and left a little later, pausing at the door for a final puzzled look.

The daughter of Denis O'Moore for several minutes sat quietly at her little table, toying with knife and fork. Then she arose and went to her own apartment on the top floor, where no one but herself had ever set foot. There was a telephone on the writing-desk. The Duchess seated herself and removed the receiver.

FOR the next half hour a woman's voice, soft and persuasive, joined with a woman's wit, sharpened on the whetstone of the gambling world, to piece together an elusive pattern. Sometimes the trail grew cold, but persistently she followed every clue, calling up friend after friend, sometimes in San Francisco, frequently far beyond; and finally her patience was rewarded. When she rose from the telephone, her information concerning the man downstairs was complete and carefully checked.

Nine o'clock came, and found her seated at the dressing-table studying the reflection which the mirror held. The minutes multiplied, and still the one-time Irish Nightingale sat there, silent and absorbed. The little ivory clock sounded musically the hour of ten. The woman before the mirror shivered slightly, smiled, and extended one hand toward a silver beauty-box. The war was on!

At midnight the cymbals sounded a final clatter and clash, and the blare of the trombone was hushed. Devotees of the jazz returned to their tables for one of those brief respites when professional talent took the floor, and waiters scurried about with refreshments. Guests at the Aurora knew by experience that the midnight number was usually the best on the program, and they waited expectantly.

The pianist ran deft fingers along the keys, and then struck a few bold chords. A violin drifted into a melody, light as a hare running through the heather, wistful as the *Leprechaun* when he is chained to a moonbeam and his fairy love is beckoning. The spotlight played against a velvet curtain which slowly parted. A woman came forward, singing—a woman in a black dress devoid of any ornament

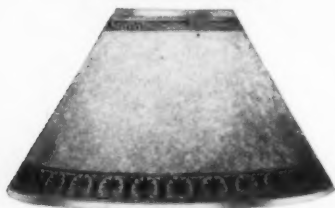
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save a single red rose in the hair that was done high on her head. And her voice held the music of the falls of Lough Allen when they call at night to the stars.

No one remembered having heard that song before, but it was a ballad of Erin which played upon their heartstrings until they forgot that they were in the land of bright lights and laughing trombones, and that overhead the law was being broken:

"The shamrock's for luck, dear, so people all say.

'Twas planted by angels in Ireland one day. They painted each lake just as blue as the sky

With the lilies of purity growing near by."

The singer rested a hand lightly on the chair where sat the new entertainer. He looked up and caught the curve of a white throat, the profile of a face turned toward the far wall. Her voice continued exquisitely:

"Purple's the heather; the bog-land grows brown;

White is the pathway that beckons to town. But red is for love—so you'll find growing there

The Jewel of Erin—the Rose of Kildare!"

THEN the refrain. The last note ascended and faded, but the magic of its heart-clutch remained long after the singer had quietly seated herself. Then came the storm of applause and the rush to the Duchess by those who recognized her. She laughed and shook her head at their entreaties for more. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes humid. By some subtle alchemy twenty years had fallen from her face and figure, and she was again the Irish Nightingale who had dazed the populace of Grand Forks.

The youth with the blue eyes added his plea to those that came from the little circle about them.

"Come on," he urged, "give them 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' That will complete the picture; that will knock us dead. You've got the voice of an angel—and that rose!"

The others took the cue: "Kathleen, Duchess—please!"

She hesitated: "I'm not sure about the words; perhaps if you'll help out?" Her eyes appealed to the new entertainer.

"Gladly!" he agreed, and led the way to the piano.

A moment later they were facing the crowded room together, their voices blending in the familiar words:

"Kathleen, Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking—"

The Duchess closed her eyes, and the slumbering spirit of the past shone in her upturned face. The violins sobbed a soft accompaniment. The man's voice supported hers steadily.

"It may be for years, and it may be forever,

Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Oh, why art thou silent, Kathleen, Mavourneen?"

Finally the enchantment was lifted, and they bowed acknowledgment to the crowd, and then to each other. When

they were again at the little table, the youth with the blue eyes said, huskily:

"I never heard anything like your voice before. It has something I can't fathom—can't express. You must have come from the old country and love it still."

She nodded. "County Kildare," she said.

"Funny," he commented. "My folks came from that part of Ireland too; tell me about it."

So she told him the story of the Droighnean Donn, and the legend of Drumm Criaidh, and of St. Brigid's cell under the oak, but when she was halfway through the story of the Charm of the Curragh, she broke off abruptly:

"I'm tired, and I'd rather listen. Talk to me; tell me—oh, tell me anything!"

So he told her stories of his days at college, and overseas. She watched him through half-closed eyes, reveling in the expression of his mouth, the characteristic curve of the chin, even the quick movement of his hands. More than that, she sensed that in the man before her there was keener sympathy and greater depth of soul than in the one she had known.

The hour grew late, and the crowd thinned. Still the Duchess and the youth with the boyish blue eyes and the clean, firm features, now bright with enthusiasm, faced each other.

Finally he put an impulsive hand on her own.

"I can't quite understand you running such a place as this," he blurted. "You shouldn't be here; you're young yet, and you're beautiful. Why—"

The proprietor of the Great Aurora bit her lips and then achieved a smile. She rose unsteadily.

"Don't be foolish," she said. "I'm an old, old woman, and a—gambler always. Good night!" And she ran lightly up the stairs.

In her own room the Duchess flung herself face down upon the bed. She had spoken the truth; she was no longer young, nor even middle-aged; she was old, and the bitter strain of the rôle she had essayed brought its reaction. Presently the sobs came, harsh and dry at first, until the protests of her shaken body brought hot tears, and eventually composure. Early in the morning she arose and went to her writing-desk, fumbling for pen and ink. And that long letter was the biggest gamble the Duchess had ever taken, for on its outcome she risked her all!

The charm of the Curragh, still feebly struggling against the scythe of Time, saw one week pass—a second, a third; and then one night—

WHAT a team they made! A young man in evening dress, trim, alert and handsome, dancing over the floor of the Great Aurora with a girl as graceful and refreshing as a wildflower bending to an April zephyr.

A dyspeptic individual with shrewd eyes, and a huge diamond in his tie, leaned over and addressed his table companion:

"Think of a girl like that being four thousand miles from Broadway! Fifty a

week, probably, and headed for hell. Damned if I don't tip off Meyers by wire. Funny how California turns 'em out!"

His companion nodded thoughtfully, eyes on the couple, ears attentive to the tuneful patter of the melody.

"She certainly hasn't been long in the game—the man either, for that matter; too much pep! They look like a couple of kid sweethearts singing to each other. Monte, I lay you twenty dollars they've either just been married, or just going to be!"

"All right—but I never won a bet in my life."

"You won't win this one, either; that's an up-stage romance, or I never saw one."

The music quickened, and with a final pirouette, the girl sprang lightly from the floor, was caught by her companion and whisked back of the velvet drapery.

Silver coins tinkled, and knife-handles banged upon the tables, but there was no acknowledgment. Behind the curtain, the man still held his partner close.

"You little witch!" he stammered. "Elsie, I—"

SHE freed herself and laughed up at him, but her cheeks were flushed, and her blue eyes trouble-cast.

"We'd better go back; they're calling us."

"Let them call," he flared. "If any man ever throws money at you again, I'll kill him! I'm going to take you away from all this—take you away right now."

He caught up her cloak impetuously. She drew back.

"Aren't you forgetting yourself—Larry Nunan of the District Attorney's office!"

His face whitened, and he stared at her.

"That is my name," he acknowledged, and I was in the office; but I talked with the Duchess one night, and I resigned the next day. Then you came, and I stayed on because I couldn't help it. It seemed as if you were singing to me alone, dancing for me alone—from the very first night. It was Fate that brought you here. Let me tell you—"

"Don't," she demurred. "I know more than you do. It wasn't Fate that introduced us; it was the Duchess. I was in school at Los Angeles."

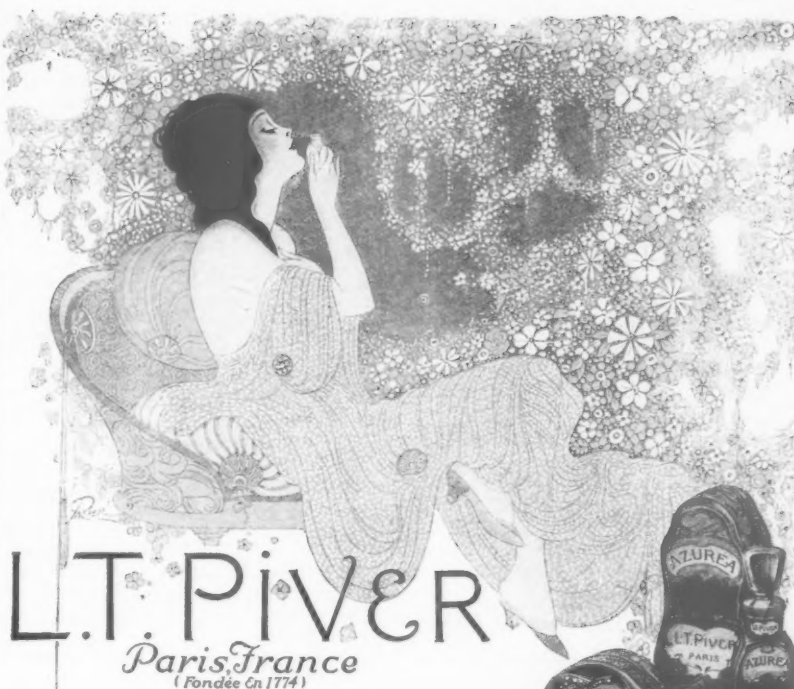
He thought this over a minute. "Don't tell me that she hired you for my benefit—that she deliberately exposed an innocent young girl!"

"To an innocent young man," interjected the girl, "who wears the Cross, and whose father once danced with her mother the charm of the Curragh. For the Duchess is my mother, Larry. Let's walk in the garden, and I'll tell you the story."

A half-hour later she looked up, the moonlight jeweling her hair. Behind them, the jazz orchestra rattled and blared from open windows.

"It's just like a fairy-story, Elsie," he said, "and it's all going to come out happily in the end."

She regarded him wistfully. "That's the mistake that Mother made, Larry; we can't do things that are wrong and make them come out right, not even in a fairy-story. Some one must pay the penalty. How can I marry the son of a



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district attorney, while my mother continues to run a gambling-house?"

"But surely, for your sake—"

"I wouldn't ask it, Larry. There is a code that neither you nor I can quite understand, but it will bind my mother until her dying day. Just as she kept faith with your father as a girl, so she will be true to those who made it possible for her to feed me, and clothe me, and give me every advantage. It may be all wrong, and no doubt it is; but—"

Larry Nunan's firm jaw set stubbornly. "The first thing to do," he affirmed, "is to hunt up the Duchess and tell her she's lost two entertainers. Then you're going to marry me."

"Larry!"

"Well, that's just what your mother intended, wasn't it? You won't catch me breaking any Curragh sticks. If Dad holds to prosecuting, and the Duchess sticks to gambling, we'll say good-by and let 'em fight it out. Come!"

She permitted him to lead her gently toward a side-entrance where winding stairs led to a barred door. On the little balcony overhead they saw the figure of a man outlined against the light that poured from a window.

"That's Squeaky Joe," she whispered. "From the day that Dad died, Joe has followed my mother around like a faithful old watchdog. He never gambles, but whenever she's in where the tables are, he stations himself by the windows, watching—always watching. There's the hideous reality of lawbreaking, Larry—tragedy always lurking in the wings."

"That's why I'm going to take you away tonight," he answered. "Ten minutes, and we'll be on our way. Perhaps, when we tell her that, the Duchess of her own accord will abdicate."

THE girl entered a troubled negative to this, and paused irresolutely on the stairs. "Larry, we can't start life with this cloud hanging over us; we're compromising your father, and you're sacrificing your career. It's impossible." For answer, he bent swiftly and kissed her.

"Wait downstairs for me," he urged, "and I'll talk to the Duchess alone. It isn't possible that we should meet like this if the angels didn't intend it."

She turned away obediently, and he hurried up the remaining stairs, and knocked three times on the door. A panel slid back, disclosing the face of Jack Cumberland. A moment later Nunan stood in a long room where twenty or thirty men were grouped around tables illuminated by overhanging lights. At one end of the room he saw the Duchess, and made his way to her side. She looked up, caught the sparkle in his eyes, and smiled.

"Elsie and I are going to the city," he said tersely. "I'm going to marry her, and we want you to come with us."

The expressionless mask of the gambler settled on the features of the Rose of Kildare. She looked away a moment, her eyes on the little marble spinning in a near-by roulette-wheel. The white ball clattered against the studs and dropped into place.

"Seventeen, black and odd," droned the man at the wheel. He measured

defly the winning stacks. "You play what you choose, and you win or lose and—the ball goes round again!"

The Duchess smiled faintly, and looked up at the youth standing by her side. "Life's a good deal like a roulette-wheel," she whispered: "when the players win, the house loses. Be good to my little girl, Larry—and by all means take her away at once if she is willing."

"And you?" he pleaded.

"Not tonight," she answered. "I'm in one of my bad moods; I'd spoil the party. There are so many strange faces here that Cumberland's worried, and something tells me I'd better stay."

SHE looked suddenly very tired and helpless, and he hesitated, scanning the faces of those in the room. Over by the door he saw a man watching idly the blackjack game. He had an uncomfortable impression that he had seen the man's face before, in the lobby of his father's office. He communicated his suspicion, and the Duchess nodded apprehensively.

"I was afraid of something like that, but don't worry about me. Take Elsie away. Go—go quickly."

She pushed him toward the door, but before he had taken a half-dozen steps, the man they had been watching looked casually at his watch, and then blocked the path to the exit. He snapped his fingers three times; and at the signal, a dozen men stood up suddenly from as many tables. In their hands were automatics.

"Don't move, anyone," called the man at the door. "You're all under arrest."

The leader beckoned to another man. "Call the Chief," he directed; "he's outside in a machine."

With the philosophical stoicism of gamblers, they remained silently in their places, awaiting the next development. All except the Duchess. Her fingers twisted nervously the gorgeous rings that adorned her hands; her eyes were set appealingly on the open door. In a flash, Larry Nunan understood what the next picture would be, for he recognized coming up the stairs the heavy, deliberate tread of his father. His heart went out to the woman behind him, and to the girl downstairs, but before he could formulate either speech or action, the District Attorney entered the room to supervise the conclusion of the raid he had himself planned and directed.

The eyes of the prosecutor surveyed the scene grimly and finally encountered the challenging gaze of his son.

"So, Lawrence," he said quietly, "I couldn't even trust you to help me!" Then apparently for the first time, he became conscious of the woman. Their eyes met and held.

"Barry," she said. "Barry!"—and waited, just as she had waited in the Eldorado dance-hall twenty years before.

The District Attorney seemed dazed. He passed a hand uncertainly across his forehead, and looked about him as if to confirm the reality of his surroundings. It was all real enough. His lips tightened.

"Eileen," he stammered, "I'm sorry—very sorry; but the law must be respected. It could have made no difference had I known."

He turned resolutely away; and as he did so, Fate gave one last tug at the levers. Jack Cumberland's hand flashed to the electric-light button on the wall, and a vigilant deputy leaped at him. The Duchess sprang forward between the District Attorney and an open window that led to a balcony. Her scream knifed the smoke-filled air; her body and outstretched arms shielded the prosecutor:

"No! Joel No! Please!"

But the blanket of darkness and the *spat-spat* of an automatic were almost simultaneous. Before anyone else had time to move, the flood of light returned. A man with a gun rushed to a window, fired twice, and then stepped cautiously out on the balcony with his revolver leveled.

Larry Nunan's glance swept the room; everyone was standing. Then he looked again at the Duchess. She was leaning against one of the tables, her face turned to his father. In her eyes was the dull wonder of a child, and her lips were quivering. Even as he stared, horror-stricken, her hands fumbled at her breast, and she swayed forward.

Quickly as Larry Nunan moved, some one else was there before him. The District Attorney caught the falling figure and eased it gently to the floor.

"A doctor!" he cried. "A doctor! Quick!"

THEY were all in the little room upstairs, with its quaint old Irish prints upon the wall, and the relics of County Kildare grouped on the mantel, among them two dry twigs from St. Brigid's oak, tied with a bit of green ribbon.

The District Attorney stood by the window. At one side of the bed knelt his son and Elsie Avery; opposite them bent a serious-faced young doctor. The Duchess opened her eyes, and the physician read the question in them.

He nodded, slowly.

"How long?"

"Not more than an hour, I'm afraid."

She accepted the verdict just as she had always taken the flip of the card, or the turn of the wheel. But finally she closed her eyes and her mind wandered, lips moving in the childhood rhyme about St. Brigid's cross. Later she looked up again and recognized them all. Comprehending the feeble gesture, Larry Nunan put his arm around Elsie and nodded assurance.

The Duchess smiled, and her gaze shifted to the man standing by the window. He too indicated mute assent, for in the little room all things had been made plain, and the Charm of the Curragh, working against handicaps, had at last caught up with the passing years.

The lamp of life flickered, and then for one moment blazed bravely. A voice—low, but clear as the falls of Lough Allen when they call at night to the stars—sounded through the little room:

"Though the blue seas divide us
My cushla machree
The love-light will guide us
And waft thee to me—"

As her voice faltered and faded, the fresh young tones of Larry Nunan caught



Snow White and Rosy Red

Framed by the rosy curve of her lovely lips, her smile reveals the flashing white of perfect teeth.

Her beauty blooms triumphant over Time because she knows the secret of a healthy mouth.

Pyorrhea, which attacks youth's radiance as a grub destroys the budding rose, has passed her by.

Do you face your telltale mirror as fearlessly as she?

Four out of every five people who pass the fortieth milestone have Pyorrhea. Thousands younger are not immune.

Its danger signal is tender, bleeding gums. Quickly its deadly work is done, unless you halt it in its course.

The gums recede from the teeth. Germs attack the roots, seep through the system. Sickness follows, the teeth decay, loosen, drop out or must be pulled.

You can stop Pyorrhea abruptly in its course of havoc. At the first sign of warning, see your dentist for treatment.

Then go to your druggist, buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums, and use it regularly.

Forhan's For the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

It will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently.

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At all druggists.

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Forhan Company, New York
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"Wonderful!!"

That's what is said after sick, aching, burning feet have been fitted to the

New **A. E. LITTLE SHOE** Arch Supporting Suspension Conditioning

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There is not an hour of the day or night that STEERO bouillon cubes will not be useful to you.

For lunch or dinner, hot STEERO bouillon is of course delicious. But there are many other times when a steaming hot drink is most welcome. In the middle of the morning, for afternoon tea, or when you come home from an entertainment. Hot STEERO bouillon takes only a moment to prepare. Send 10 cents for samples and sixty-four-page cook book.



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up the melody. The woman on the bed closed her eyes and smiled. Her head sank deeper into the pillow like that of a contented child who enters the portal of pleasant dreams; her breath was scarcely perceptible.

The District Attorney's lips moved in unison with the voice of his son:

"When the moon's swinging low, 'twill be seeking a kiss
From the Jewel of Erin, the lips that I'll miss,
And the night-wind will sob, while my heart in despair,
Will be all in you—callin' you—
Rose—of—Kil—dare!"

FURNITURE

(Continued from page 46)

in the world so sensitive to the times, financially speaking, as advertising. A little depression in Wall Street, a tightening of call money, a flurry on the other side,—where they make a specialty of flurries,—and advertising shrinks, and stays shrunk until all's serene again. That's why I say you ought to have more capital. You've got a heavy overhead in this office—"

"I know, Bill; I know everything you say. And I've said it myself a thousand times. I know I'm doing it on a shoe-string, and that I've got no more than a fifty-fifty chance to put it over. But I'd be an infernal quitter if I didn't take that chance."

"Yes, I suppose you would—but—"

"I know what you're thinking—that I ought to have more money saved. You know I'm not very much on opening up and talking about my private affairs, but hang it, I could have saved plenty, if it hadn't been that Elsie—well, you know how women are. They see other women with things, and they want them too. And it's been my one pleasure in life to give her everything I could. I'd never have got to where I am if it hadn't been for that—when you come right down to it, Bill, that's the secret of many a man's success—his wife wanted things, and he wanted to give them to her."

Billy Traill heaved a fat and somber sigh. "Yes, you've got me there. A man who wouldn't take a chance or two for Elsie would be a poor fish. I'm not given to slobbering round about my private affairs myself, Fred; but—but you know how I feel about Elsie. Sweetest little woman in the world—and the only one I ever wanted. Even now, when she looks at me with those big brown eyes of hers, I can feel my old heart hop. And when I say this, y'understand, Fred, it's not with anything but the right sort of feelings. I know she chose the better man."

"Yes, I do understand—but I doubt that you're right about the better man. Anyway, you see how it is—a man who'd deny Elsie anything she wanted would be a dog. She was tickled to death when I went with Bickel and Glaum, and now that I'm setting up an agency of my own, and there's twenty-five thousand a year in sight, she's as pleased as a child at a Christmas party. I tell you, I've got to make good on this—and I'm going to. All the same, I could wish the overhead wasn't so heavy. Still, if you don't have the right kind of an office, and have it in the right kind of location, why, you're through before you've begun. Isn't that so?"

"Yes—it is. First impressions count

a lot with these big business birds. You'd be a fool to locate in an out-of-the-way place, with little, dingy, dark rooms, and cheap help. Now, this place isn't ostentatious, but it looks expensive, and if there's plenty of room and light, and—no, I don't see how you could have done anything else. But you've got to keep a sharp eye out to windward, every minute."

"Don't you worry about that."

"I must get along. Good night, old chap."

"Night, Bill. And thank you for negotiating the loan."

"Business is always business. Good night," chuckled Bill.

Fred Craven sat still and looked about him. The Craven Agency had been open exactly a week, and its outward appearance was, as Billy had said, calculated to make the wariest client confident that he was doing business with prosperity. Yet Fred Craven knew that all this counted very little in the long, hard pull before he would be on solid ground, financially. He considered his assets fairly. He knew that his best were three: his reputation for squareness, his record of building solid successes from businesses languishing in the doldrums, and his own personality, which won him friends wherever he went.

His liabilities were nothing more serious than borrowed money. And what was that? Every business man had to borrow money. He ran his fingers through his crisp hair, and his spirits gave a sudden upward surge of happiness. After all, he'd done it—he'd landed. He'd made good, more than made good. With the fine fistful of accounts, as old Bill had called them, already on his books, and his prospects—he could snap his fingers at the world. And Elsie—Elsie could have everything she wanted—Palm Beach, a new car, the sable coat, a house—He paused: was it wise to consider buying a house just yet? Oh, well, if not this year, certainly next.

THE door opened, and Elsie looked in, the same sweet, appealing Elsie of five years before, but changed in that now she expressed the very essence of smart grooming. Beneath her tilted French hat her hair shone in waves of burnished gold; her slippers, her gloves proclaimed "made to order;" her tailored suit and silver fox shouted of exclusive shops.

"Here I are, old dear," she said. "Am I late? Has Bill gone? I thought we might run him uptown to dinner with us."

"He's gone. Come in, Mrs. Craven,

and look about you. You haven't seen us since we got furnished. Not so bad, eh?"

"It's perfectly lovely—really. Oh, Fred, aren't you proud?"

"Are you?"

"I'm so proud I want to prance along the Avenue and tell everybody I meet that my husband's the biggest man in New York."

"It would make an awful hit with me—but the police might not appreciate it. Still—for ten years in the big city—it isn't exactly poor."

"It's marvelous—it's gorgeous! But dear, don't you think we'd better go? I'm always so nervous about leaving the car more than a few minutes."

They went downstairs, and presently Elsie Craven was steering her way cleverly through the heavy uptown traffic. It pleased Fred Craven to see his wife drive—she did it so well, and with such keen enjoyment of her own ability. She was no stiff-armed, intent-eyed chauffeur, though perfectly alert and ready for any emergency.

"Fred, dear—how much will you draw out of the agency for yourself, do you think?" she asked presently, while they were rounding the curves of Grand Central.

"About twenty-five thou'—for a minimum. I'm playing safe when I say that, too."

SHE gave a little sound of utter content. "Then we *can* have a new car."

"If you don't go too steep—yes."

"And we can go to Florida in January—and we can— Fred, are we going to get a house?"

"I was thinking of that just before you came. Wait a year, Elsie—a house ties up a lot of money that you could otherwise have to spend."

"Oh! Well, I'd rather have it to spend."

"Babe, if things break right, you can surely have the house, another year—and everything else too."

"Oh, Fred, you're a perfect darling."

"Of course I am—have you just found that out?"

"You're fishing."

"Who wouldn't—look at the bait."

"Silly. By the way—I saw Ada Grable today."

"Hm! Still got her old job?"

"Why, she's been promoted—she's evidently making plenty of money. I told her I wished she'd come to see us—but she wasn't very cordial. I never could understand why she got so cool to us so suddenly after you got your big job at Bickel and Glauum's. I didn't think Ada was the sort to be envious. I know I never did anything to offend her."

"Oh—women are queer."

"Fred Craven, that's a tiresome generalization. Women are not queer at all—at least not any queerer than men. I was perfectly willing to keep on being friends with Ada, even though I'd met so many other nice people—people of our own class, you know—"

"What is our own class, Babe?"

"Oh, you know what I mean—women who don't have to work. I hate to say it, but it always seems to me that women



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who have to work lose something of their femininity—and their charm. I do like a domestic woman—and besides, they have their afternoons free, and can go to matinees, or play bridge."

Fred Craven glanced at his wife and grinned covertly. Blindly as he adored Elsie, her little prejudices and ignorances could not wholly escape his attention. But he loved her the more for them, just as one loves a child for its quaint whims and fancies. He decided to let the subject of Ada pass along in silence.

"I believe you know all the traffic cops in town," he said presently as a blue-coated giant nodded smilingly to Elsie.

"Of course I do—and a very good thing, too. Ah, here's our street. I wish you'd look at that car, parked right in front of the door. Some people have more nerve."

THE apartment that they presently entered had all the old radiant glow and harmony of their first one, enriched, worked out with more luxury in its details, but with the same beauty and the same value of entire homelikeness. Fred looked about it contentedly, but Elsie's eyes, though they brightened, were critical.

"I never come in here, even when you're not home, Babe, without seeing you and feeling you. No matter if we get a house next year—even if it was the grandest house in New York—this place is perfect."

"It is nice. And I love every stick of it. Oh, even if we get a house, we're not going to discard these things—they're too good, and they cost too much. But I was just thinking that now I'd be able to replace a piece or two with something better of the same type."

"Don't change it. I wish we could keep this room just as it is for a sitting-room in the new house, when we get it. Couldn't we?"

"I don't see why not. I'd like that too."

He came and put his arms around her. "No man ever had such a dear and wonderful wife as you, Elsie."

She laid her cool rosy cheek against his. "No one ever had such a wonderful, successful husband as you, Fred. I always wanted to be the wife of a millionaire, and I know you'll be one before long."

"Don't be too sure, honey. This is an awfully big thing, and things have got to break just right if I manage to put it over."

"Things are going to break just right—they always have—they always will—for us."

"But suppose they shouldn't—what then? Could you begin all over again, Elsie, and go through all the lean years again? Could you, dear?"

"Of course I could, with you. But because I'm with you, it isn't going to be necessary to begin all over again. Don't begin to distrust yourself now, when you've turned the last big corner, Fred."

"There's a long way to go yet."

"Oh, not so far—only to next year—and the new house, and the new car—and everything else I want."

"Greedy kid!"

"I only love things because you give them to me," she said. "Now come on; don't stand talking. We must get dressed. We're going to the theater tonight to celebrate. I got the tickets before I came for you."

She gave one last appreciative complacent glance about her domain and whirled him away.

"BUT I can't believe it—I can't believe it. How—how did it all happen? It simply can't be—not everything? Oh, Fred—not the house, too?"

Elsie looked from her husband to Billy Trill, and back again, her voice breaking into sobs, the tears welling up in her eyes, rolling helplessly down her cheeks. They were in the sitting-room of the new house, surrounded with the same furniture that had made their old apartment so homelike. The two men faced each other across the table, paper and pencils, rows of figures, and a big account-book or two between them. And Elsie drooped, a limp little figure of woe, in the beloved big chair.

"I'll tell you," said Fred wearily. "Briefly, it's this, Elsie: My biggest clients, the Hinterland Motor and the Tronson Company have both gone to the wall, put down and out by the new financial conditions. The bank's called my loan. I might have weathered the one thing, but I can't the other. So it seems to Billy and me, after canvassing everything, that I'd better liquidate."

"Nobody in the world could have foreseen it," began Billy, taking up the tale, "nobody. Of course, Fred might take a little office somewhere, or desk-room, and try to skin along—but no, he can't even do that—not in the face of these." He indicated the rows of figures before him.

"But my house! And my car! Oh, Fred—will we have to sell the car? Oh, I can't give that up—I can't."

"But we can't afford to keep it, Babe. Rightfully it belongs to my creditors. I want to pay as far as I can—I'm going to pay everything in time, every doggoned cent, you can bet; but I can't fail, and keep anything that can be sold to pay what I owe. Don't you see that, dear?"

"No, I don't. I think it's perfectly absurd for you to give up the things you've worked so hard to get. And they won't bring very much—you know secondhand cars never do; and then there's the mortgage on the house. What about that?"

FRED looked at Billy and shook his head. "You don't understand about business, dear, and I'm afraid I don't make it clear. But the house has got to go, and so has the car, and the sooner we get out the better. I'll pay up the servants and fire them, and we can go to some little hotel until we can find another place to live." The hard weeks just before had left lines on his forehead, touches of gray in the hair at his temples, and turned his confident boyishness into grim and patient manhood.

"But what are we going to do—what are we going to live on?" wailed Elsie.

"Don't worry about that, dear. I'll get a job as soon as we get this mess

cleared up. Maybe I can get my old place on the paper again." He grinned a faint and rueful grin at Billy.

"Have you go back to the paper and live on that dreadful stingy little salary again—I can't do that—I won't."

"You're all wrought up and nervous," said Fred. "Don't say things you don't mean. We don't have to decide about that tonight. And don't worry. I can still earn a living for my wife—even if my agency is gone."

"There's nothing more I can do today," said Billy uncomfortably. "I'll be moving. Don't cry, Elsie—heaps of men have failed and come back again, stronger than ever. Fred, here, is going to do just that." He gave Elsie one last look. "Poor dear little soul!" he murmured as he went.

WHEN Traill had gone, Fred Craven went over to his wife and took her in his arms. "I don't care for myself," he said; "it's you that's been on my mind right along, Babe. That's why I put off telling you until the very last minute. I kept hoping something would turn up and pull us through. This last month has been plain hell. Talk about torture—"

"Fred, will I have to give up my jewelry?" she whimpered.

"I wish you would, Babe, all except the little things I gave you before I got to making money. Of course, if you want to keep it, I don't think the law can touch it; but I sort of hate to think of owing people money while my wife's wearing a bunch of diamonds that could be turned into cash. I've heard remarks about people who did that kind of thing, and they weren't exactly pleasant."

She wriggled away from him. "Well, I'm not going to give up mine—not one of them. And I'm not going to give up my furniture, or my silver, or anything that's mine. Not one thing, do you hear! I'm not going to let all my friends see my things go up at auction, and sneer and laugh—"

"Oh, Elsie, what does it matter what they say—that gang of women you play cards and go to afternoon teas with? Look here, dear—this is the point: We owe a lot of money, and we oughtn't to keep back anything that could go toward paying it. We haven't any moral right to."

She looked about her with tragic eyes. "You may talk about moral rights as much as you want to, but it won't change me a bit. Everything that I can keep, I'm going to. Every single thing! I'm going to ask Billy tomorrow to save me everything he can, and fix it so that no old law can get hold of it. And I tell you now, Fred Craven, I'm not going to live as we used to, in a horrid, little, poky old flat, with a noisy dumb-waiter, and no servant or anything. I'll go home—to Father and Mother; that's what I'll do. I'd rather be there than here where everyone I know will talk about me, and pretend to sympathize, and ask prying questions. I don't see how you could have been so reckless and foolish as to ruin us—I don't see why you ever started that great big agency, borrowing money and doing all sorts of



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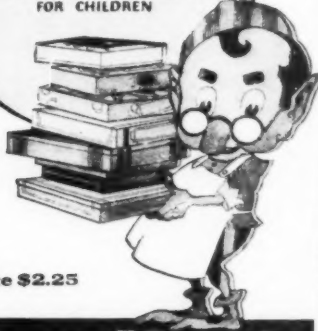
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reckless things. I don't see why you didn't ask Billy's advice then—he's got too much sense to get into anything like that. He's not such a fool as to try to do something he can't—"

"Don't, Elsie—please. I've just about got to the breaking-point. There's no use going into the past. The only reason I've ever tried to do anything was because I wanted to give you all the things you wanted."

"Fred Craven—don't you dare blame me for this mess! The least you can do is not to hide behind your wife. I never heard of anything so mean—"

But she was talking to an empty room. And once more she gave herself to tears.

GLOOM hangs over every house upon which financial disaster has fallen; and Fred Craven, flinging himself from his own front door, felt the cool outside air gratefully against his tired and aching head. What Elsie had said far overshadowed to him all the rest of his trouble. He had dreaded to tell her; but he had expected, when he did tell her, sympathy, understanding, courage to supplement his. Ah, well, it had been too great a shock to her—even he, who had known it now for days, could hardly get used to the idea. And she had not known it twenty-four hours. Perhaps tomorrow—but argue and explain it away as he would, he could not get over the sensation of having reached with confidence and affection to grasp a warm human hand, and instead seized on sharp and cold metal. He walked on and on through the dusk, until at last he had walked away the edge of the shock, the keenness of the hurt. Some one speaks of being "exalted by great sorrow," and a little of this rare feeling came on this night to Fred Craven. He owed more than he had in the world; he had worked hard and honestly to build something he believed in, and it was shattered; but the unconquerable fiber of the human heart kept him from despair.

He stuck his hands in his overcoat pockets to keep them warm,—he had forgotten gloves,—and presently he was whistling, his own soft tuneless whistle that indicated returning courage.

If only Elsie—Elsie—what had she said about going home for a while? Perhaps that might not be a bad solution. It would save her the unpleasant contacts she dreaded; it would save the anguish of parting with the things she so loved. He wondered how it would be if he saved from the wreckage just the things they cared for most, the things they'd had in their first little home.

... If Elsie knew that those things were going to be saved, it would reconcile her to parting with the rest. The creditors wouldn't press a matter like that, for the stuff wasn't worth enough to make any perceptible increase in the cents-on-the-dollar he'd be able to pay. Bill would arrange it for him. They could be stored in Elsie's name. And just as soon as he'd got a stake again, he'd get them out, and Elsie would come back, and they'd begin all over.

It suddenly occurred to him that it was near his dinner-hour, and he had an unpleasant moment when he realized

what dinner at home would be like tonight. He simply couldn't face it. He looked about him and saw that he was near one of the many elaborate skyscraping (yes, prices too) hotels that make the metropolis so homelike. He went into it, and approached the telephone-booth. The second maid was informed that Mr. Craven would not be home to dinner, and was requested to inform Mrs. Craven of the fact.

And then Fred Craven came out of the hotel, without a glance into the great rosy dining-room where people were just beginning to drift in—bare-shouldered, sleek-coiffured women, men in evening clothes, their assembled shirt-fronts drolly like a collection of gigantic white melon-seeds—and made his way again into the crisp night. Presently he turned in at a crowded little white-tiled hole-in-the-wall, and shortly thereafter sat in a wide-arm chair and devoured a huge ham sandwich, a glass of milk and a wedge of pumpkin pie with the appetite that is a guarantee of a good conscience and high courage, as well as of a sound digestion. And when he came out, he whistled all the way home.

He opened the door, and as he passed he heard voices in the sitting-room. He stopped and listened. There was no mistaking; it was Ada Grable speaking.

"My dear, the minute I heard it, I came right to you, because I knew you'd need all your old friends now. Oh, I was afraid of this. Fred's always been such a plunger—so reckless. And of course you're the one who's had to suffer. What are you going to do with all your lovely things?"

Fred Craven walked lightly past the half-shut door. He did not wait to hear what Elsie would reply. Ada's speech was enough! Ada! He smiled grimly.

"That woman's a buzzard," he thought, and went on to his own room.

IT is always well when we can strike the high note of courage in the very blackest pit of our misfortunes; for the remembrance of it helps us through the long, hard drag afterward, with the petty plague of small annoyances, mortifications, humiliations, compromises, that always come to one who has been up in the world's estate and is made low, though through no fault of his own. Sometimes, in looking back to it, Fred Craven thought of the night when he had told Elsie of his failure as almost the easiest of all the bitter experience. And at other times he thought it was the hardest. But in doing it he had at last found something within himself to carry on with. And so, as cheerfully as he could, he carried on:

Carried on through the dismantling of his business, the assignment to creditors, the stripping of himself to the skin in order that there might be no question of his honor—

Carried on while those he had counted friends went back on him and gave him the cold shoulder, and those whom he had not counted on at all came forward and did what they could to make it easy for him—which is the experience of all men in like circumstance; and sometimes the kindness is harder to bear than the cruelty—

How Ten Minutes' Fun Every Day Keeps Me Fit

By Walter Camp

Famous Yale Coach's "Daily Dozen" Exercises Now on Phonograph Records

ONE night during the war I was sitting in the smoking compartment of a Pullman sleeping-car when a man came in and said, "Mr. Camp?"

I told him I was, and he continued, "Well, there is a man in the car here who is in very bad shape, and we wondered if you could not do something for him."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"This fellow is running up and down the aisle in his pajamas," the man said, "trying to get them to stop the train to let him get some dope because he hasn't slept for four nights."

I went back in the car and found a man about 38 years old, white as a sheet, with a pulse of 110, and twitching all over. I learned that he had been managing a munitions plant and had broken down under the work because he had transgressed all the laws of nature and given up all exercise, and had been working day and night.

"For God's sake," he said to me, "can't you put me to sleep? If somebody can only put me to sleep!" He was standing all bent over.

"Don't stand that way, stand this way!" I said, and I straightened him up and started putting him through a few exercises to stretch his body muscles. Pretty soon the color gradually began to come back into his face, and the twitching stopped. Then I said to him, "I am going to put you through the whole set of 'Daily Dozen' exercises once. Then I am going to send you back to your berth."

So I did that and didn't hear any more from him, but the next morning he came to me in the dining car and said:

"You don't leave this train until you've taught me those exercises. I slept last night for the first time in five nights."

I taught him the "Daily Dozen" and two months later I got a letter from him saying: "My dear good Samaritan, I am back on the job all right again, and I am teaching everybody those exercises."

The "Daily Dozen" was originally devised as a setting-up drill for picked young men—the boys who were in training during the war. But its greatest value is for those men and women who are hemmed in between four walls most of the time and are beginning to realize that their bodies aren't as fit as their minds.

I applied it to middle-aged men, and men past middle age, too, during the war—including members of the cabinet in Washington—who simply had to do much more work than they were used to doing, without breaking down. In the "Daily Dozen" I soon found I had something that would actually increase their reserve power. They grew progressively more fit as we went along.

People think that they can take an orgy of exercise and make up for a long period of neglect, when they do not take any exercise at all. You can not do that. Do not go to a gymnasium. That tires you to death. That is old-fashioned. We do not have to do that any more. A man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with six or seven minutes a day. There is no reason why a man at 50 or

60 or 70 should not be supple; and if he is supple, then he grows old very slowly—but the place where he must look after himself is in his body muscles.—Walter Camp.

Mr. Camp is famous as a great Yale football coach, and athletic authority, but few people know that he is also a successful business man. Although sixty years old he is

Mr. Camp discovered that men and women can imitate the caged animal with enormous profit to their health, he devised the "Daily Dozen"—to provide this indispensable exercise—the only exercise people really need to keep in proper condition.

Many people have written to the Health Builders telling them of the benefits they have received. Here is part of one letter:

"We wish to express our satisfaction and delight with our set of records and exercises. Our entire family of eight, including the maid, are taking them. The children are fascinated with them and bring the neighbors' children to do them."—Mrs. CHARLES C. HICKS, 828 Vine St., La Crosse, Wis.

The Health Builders' improved system now includes the entire "Daily Dozen" exercises, set to specially selected music, on large 10-inch double disc phonograph records; twelve handsome charts, printed in two colors, with over 60 actual photographs illustrating each movement of each exercise; and a little book by Walter Camp explaining the new principles of his famous system.

Any man or woman who exercises with this system regularly, even if it is only six or seven minutes a day, will feel better and have more endurance and "pep" than they have had since they were in their teens—and they will find those few minutes the best fun of their day.

Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try it. So we want to send you, absolutely free for five days, the "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records, and charts illustrating the movements. These full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records playable on any disc machine contain the complete "Daily Dozen" Exercises, and the 60 actual photographs accompanying the records show clearly every movement that will put renewed vigor and glowing health into your body—with only ten minutes' fun a day. A beautiful record album comes free with the set.

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon, below and get Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records. Enjoy the records for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can pay for them at the easy rate of only \$2.50 down, and \$2 a month for four months until the sum of \$10.50 is paid. Thousands of people have paid \$15 for the same system, but you can now get it for only \$10.50 if you act at once.

Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself at our expense, the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better, and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address: Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 812, Garden City, N. Y.

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Since the war, the "Daily Dozen" has been making busy men and women fit and keeping them so—and the exercises are now proving more efficient than ever—due to a great improvement in the system. This is it:—

With Mr. Camp's special permission all the twelve exercises have been set to music—on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine.

In addition, a chart is furnished for each exercise—showing by actual photographs the exact movements to make for every one of the "commands"—which are given by a voice speaking on the record. So now you can make your phonograph keep you fit.

With these records and charts a man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with only a few minutes' exercise a day—and it is so much fun that some of the "Daily Dozen" fans go through the whole twelve exercises to the spirited music twice every morning—just as a matter of sheer enjoyment.

Mr. Camp says that the place where we must look after ourselves is in the body or the trunk muscles.

This is so because we are all in reality "caged animals." When a man stops hunting and fishing for food and earns it sitting at a desk, he becomes a captive animal—just as much as a lion or a tiger in the Zoo—and his trunk muscles deteriorate because they cease to be used. Then comes constipation and other troubles which *savage* men never have.

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How? Simply by constantly stretching and turning and twisting the trunk or body muscles! When



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Carried on while Elsie reluctantly and bitterly gave up her treasured jewels, and packed her trunks to go home, paying little heed to his assurances that it wasn't a disgrace to fail, that in a little while he'd be on his feet again, and that he'd saved for her the things that he knew she cared most for. (But she took the paid-ahead storage receipts, which were in her name, and stowed them carefully away. Fred thought that was a good sign.)—

Carried on, alone and lonely, after her going, while the house was sold, and the rest of the furniture, and the car that Elsie had so loved to drive. It gave him a special pang to be forced to let that car go—

And finally carried on through the disheartening process of hunting a new job. He knew that those who might employ him would fight shy of him because they would think that he'd never make a good supernumerary again, and being a failure, he couldn't, of course, be given the direction of anything really big and executive. But at last old Bickel, of Bickel and Glaum, stood by him stanchly, even to the extent of trying to lend him money, which he wouldn't take—sent for him and told him gruffly that there was a place on his advertising staff—not much, but until he could find something better—it paid three thousand—the very salary he had married on.

Fred Craven carried on through all this, and the gray on his temples became still grayer, and there were a good many more lines in his forehead than there had been a year before. But somehow he got through it, because there was that urgent necessity of making good all over again, in order that his creditors might be paid in full, of course—and then—then for Elsie.

IT was a long year. He went to see Elsie twice, but he didn't like to use up his money in carfare. He was living on as little as possible, now, and he wanted every cent he could save to get that load of debt off his shoulders. Besides, Elsie still regarded him as a failure, and herself as a much-injured person, and so his two visits were painful. He sent her money regularly, but she made very small demands on him, and that touched him, kept his love for her warmly tender.

He saw nothing of old Bill. After the bankruptcy proceedings were over, they had gone to dinner together once or twice, but it irked Fred to accept a hospitality he could not return. And though Bill had been kind enough in the thick of things, a note of patronage and pity crept into his attitude that Fred couldn't stomach. No, he found it better to leave Bill alone; and when he did so, he discovered that Bill was quite content to leave him alone.

In the meantime he worked like a slave for old Bickel, and at the end of the first three months of the second year the old man called him into his office.

"As usual, you're getting results," he said peevishly, as though this was a fault. "And say, Tenney's going to leave me. I suppose I oughtn't to do it, and it'll make Herbert sore, but I'm going to

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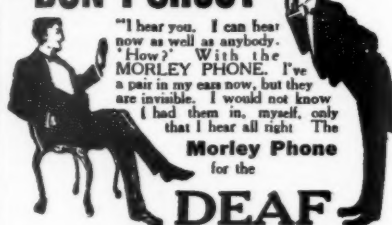
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See page 136

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CIVILIZATION

—Our Children and the Future

By M. MERCER KENDIG, B. A., Vassar



THE Inferior individual in this nation is increasing thirty times faster than the Superior. The attitude of the Inferior toward all Government ranges from dull, unreasoning dislike to flaming hatred and rebellion. Standing as the only bulwark against the Inferior's revolt against Civilization, is that fast diminishing minority, the Superior Man.

The Intelligence Tests conceived by Binet in 1905 and later employed by the American Army authorities develop the startling fact that the Inferior individual in this nation is increasing thirty times faster than the Superior.

The results obtained from the American Army examination of 1,700,000 physically perfect men showed that of superior intelligence, there were only nine per cent and of low average intelligence only twenty-five per cent. The balance constituted men of inferior intelligence and worthless rejects. Using these tests as a basis for calculation as to the intelligence of our entire population we find that only one individual in every eight will show superior intelligence and only one in twenty-three can be considered as of very superior intelligence.

These disturbing phenomena of race tendency indicate the dire necessity for the individual training of rising generations. We need more boys and girls, men and women, of superior intelligence and character, and we need them about thirty times faster than they are now produced.

The qualified Private School is the nursery of superior intelligence and exalted charac-

ter. Its systems of teaching and training consider the individuality of the intellects upon which they operate and strive to develop intellectual capacity to the stature of forceful leadership; a leadership that will carry on the higher purposes of the human race and fortify it against that Inferior swarm which threatens to destroy not only the progress but the very existence of Modern Civilization.

The higher intelligence and sturdy character of our children is more imperative than the purely material opportunities they inherit. If the nation's superior elements do not greatly increase, the Inferior Man will in a few generations wreck the structure that Civilization and Christianity have built.

To the great and essential task of the Private School, The Red Book Magazine lends its co-operation and support. Among the schools appearing in its pages are those best qualified to carry on the work of educating the Superior Man.

If you do not find among the school announcements in the front of this issue, one which seems to meet your needs, write to our School Department for free information and help. Your inquiry will receive personal attention.

Director, SCHOOL DEPARTMENT
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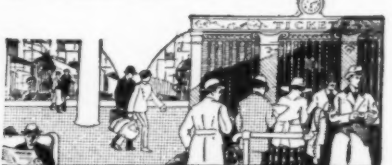
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give you back your old job as head of the department, but at eight thousand, not ten. Next year it'll be ten. And the next year twelve. Only, look here: you mustn't get any fool notion of starting another agency for yourself right off. Give me time to get accustomed to how you look around the office, wont you?"

SOMETIME or other in every man's life he wants to cry like a girl, and this was Fred's. The only reason he didn't was because he knew it would probably shock and enrage old Bickel so much that he'd take his offer back. He wanted to cry; he wanted to dance; he wanted to shout; he wanted to rush out to the nearest telegraph-office and wire to Elsie.

But he did none of those things, though old Bickel probably suspected him of every one of them by the way he stammered his thanks and the way the old-time boyish look came back, and by the way he got himself out of the room as quickly as he could. As he went out, another scheme came to him. He would not let Elsie know—yet. He would wait until he was a little more firmly on his feet, until the promotion had really taken place, until he was farther out of the woods of debt. Then he would go himself, and surprise her. And suddenly he realized how hungry for her he was, how terribly, devastatingly hungry for her, how he longed for her, what her being away from him was costing him in the imponderable coin of happiness.

It was no use trying to work any more that day, and it was near closing time, anyway; so he took the subway uptown, and got out at Christopher Street, walked over to the Square and mounted to the top of a 'bus. It was a day fair enough for good fortune, and he rode through it dreaming. Here was his first step out of the woods of his troubles. Here was his first lap on the race toward the goal he must make. He took a bit of paper from his pocket and figured again the remainder of his debt, and how this additional money might be applied to it. And while he did it, Elsie's golden hair danced before his eyes, and Elsie's soft, clear voice sounded in his ears, and Elsie's cool, soft skin was ready to his touch.

SO immersed was he in his thoughts and dreams that he did not see a smartly dressed if somewhat showy lady who got on the 'bus at Seventy-second and the Drive. But when she saw him, she started, and then she leaned over and touched him on the arm.

"How funny!" she exclaimed. "I was thinking of you today and was going to phone you. I heard you were back with Bickel and Glaum, and I wanted to know how you were getting along. I really wanted to ask you to come up to dinner."

"Why, Ada—"

"Not Ada Grable any longer. I'm Mrs. Stilz now—Mrs. Henry Stilz. I married the son of one of the firm, and I was just down here calling on my mother-in-law. She lives in one of those old brownstones on West Seventy-second, but we've got an apartment on the Drive at One Hundred and Seventh.

Look here, why wont you come home with me and have dinner tonight, anyway? Henry'll be pleased to meet you. Do come."

In the end she persuaded him. Even the memory of the last time he had heard her voice could not make him hold ill-will against her tonight, with all the world again before him to conquer. It would be rather amusing to see her Henry, and her home. It would make something to write to Elsie about, since he was going to keep his big news from her for a while. Sometimes he found it hard to write to Elsie. Which reminded him that it had been over three weeks since he had heard from her—but she had never been a good correspondent. And her letters didn't express her—she had always thought that.

He was still thinking of Elsie as he entered the apartment house Ada indicated, and only half listening to her ceaseless flow of words.

"Henry's home, I know, because I phoned just before I left his mother's," said Ada, fitting the key into the lock. She flung the door open, and with an accession of nervousness and a strangely heightened color motioned him to enter.

He walked in, unexpectedly, and on the threshold he stopped, struck into immobility, unbelieving what his eyes told him was before him.

THERE before him was his own living-room, his and Elsie's, every piece of furniture in its place, the same curtains, the same cushions, the same luster bowl on his smoking-table.

He shut his eyes for an instant, then opened them again. He took a step forward, blindly, holding out his hands as a man might who finds himself on unsteady footing.

The voice of Ada, clacking in his ears, came to him from far away. "I suppose you're surprised to see your own things—though maybe not. You know how crazy I always was over your place; so when I got married, I begged Elsie to sell me the whole outfit, and she finally did."

Still he could not believe it. He came in, looking about him, slowly, almost fearfully. Elsie had sold these things! The very flesh and blood of their home! The things he had saved for, that she had longed for, that they had made festival over buying, that were a constant joy of possession to both of them!

He looked at last at Ada, and saw in her eyes an expectant malice, slipped of its leash—the expression of a revenge long awaited, and most delicious to her taste.

"I suppose she didn't like to ask you for the money, considering the use she was going to put it to. And her parents were dead set against it—they didn't want her to do it. But of course Bill's so awfully well off, and he's been after her ever since you two separated. There's scarcely been a week that he hasn't been up there."

Slowly disentangling sentences from the many she was hurling at him, Fred Craven asked slowly: "What—what did Elsie want money for? And what—what has Bill got to do with it?"

He saw that she was gathering herself

together to enjoy the final blow—the *coup de grâce, coup de théâtre*—call it what you like. She gave a little laugh of pretended unconsciousness.

"Why, Elsie wanted money for her ticket to Reno, and her stay there, of course, stupid. Do you mean to say you've been in ignorance of it all this time? How funny some women are! You know I always said that Elsie was a perfect little caramel for sweetness—and for sticking, too—to what she wants. And I told you, didn't I—or have you forgotten it?—that she only wanted things—and it didn't matter who gave them to her. I reckon you see I was right now."

SHE walked farther into the gracious and lovely little room, and added nonchalantly: "Do sit down—in your own chair, wont you? It'll make you feel at home. And I'll call Henry."

Fred Craven looked about him again, slowly, looked at every one of these dear treasures of his past; and finally his gaze came back to Ada and her bright, hard, glowing smile. He smiled, too, his old boyish smile, without rancor, truly joyous. "I know you didn't mean to—but you've done me a great favor, a really great favor," he said hesitantly. "It was all—just furniture, wasn't it, Ada? The whole thing. I can see that now. No, I won't stay to dinner. I never fancied eating in a morgue—and that's what this place is. But thanks for asking me—and I'm sorry not to have seen Mr. Stiltz. He must be a very happy man—please give him my felicitations."

She stood staring, disappointed, as he shut the door. Of all things, a handsomely done, long-planned revenge that falls flat, is the flattest affair possible. She felt thoroughly cheated, almost sorry she had taken all the trouble. But of course she had the furniture, and she had not paid too much for it. As she eyed it, some of her complacency returned.

But not all! How was it Fred Craven had managed to cheat her again? She shook her head, finding no answer. She had meant to rob him of his closest, most cherished illusion; but from the laughter in his eyes as he turned away, she might only have tried some unsuccessful, rather stupid joke.

She could not know, could not understand that the man, leaving her door in the darkness, recognized at last the supreme futility, the shallowness of these illusions, and even in the pain of their going felt life more clear, more stable without them. It had all been just furniture, as he had said—Elsie, too, as well as the cluttering, demanding mess of material things with which she had loaded him.

"And now," he said to himself, "now I can begin to work for *work's* sake—and everything will be all right."

Sophie Kerr, who wrote the above absorbing tale, has written another charming story—with the wife in a reverse rôle—for an early issue. Be sure to read "The Barnacle."

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See page 136

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CONTRABAND

(Continued from page 80)

fluttered up from her side and dropped again; she bit her lip. "Because," she said in the lowest of voices, "I love you—and—and where you were, I—wanted to be."

The chair which supported Evan tipped forward and clattered again into place. He stared at her as if she were some very strange laboratory specimen indeed, and then said in his most insistently didactic voice, punctuating his words with a waggling forefinger: "You don't mean to stand there—and to tell me—that you love me!"

Carmel gave a little laugh. "Don't you want me to?"

"That," he said, "is beside the question. You—you—love me?"

She nodded.

"I don't believe you," he said. "You couldn't. Nobody could. I've been studying this—er—matter of love, and I am assured of my complete unfitness to arouse such an emotion."

Her heart misgave her. "Evan—you—love me?"

"I do," he said emphatically. "Most assuredly I do, but—"

"Then it's all right," she said.

"It's not all right. I don't in the least believe you—er—reciprocate my feeling for you. You are—er—deceiving me for some reason."

"Evan—please—oh—" Her lips quivered, and her voice became tearful. "You—you're making it—terribly hard. Girls don't usually have to—to argue with men to—to make them believe that they—that they love them. You—you're hurting me."

"I—er—have no intention of doing so. In fact I—I would not hurt you for—anything in the world. As a matter of—of fact I want to—prevent you from being hurt." At this point he bogged down; the wheels of his conversation mired, and progress ceased.

"Then," demanded Carmel, "why do you make me do it?"

"Do what?"

"Propose to you, Evan Pell. It's not my place. I have to do all the courting. If you—you want me, why don't you say so—and—and ask me to marry you?"

"You—you'd marry me?"

"I don't know. Not—I won't say another word until you've asked me—as—as a man should."

HE drew a deep breath, and bending forward, searched her face with hungry eyes. What he saw must have satisfied him, given him confidence, for he threw back his shoulders.

"I can't come to you," he said gently. "I want to come to you. I want to be close to you, and to tell you how I love you—how my love for you has changed my life. I—my manner—it was because I couldn't believe—because the idea that you—you could ever see anything in me to—to admire—was so new. I never believed you—could. I—was satisfied to love you. But—Carmel

—if you can—if some miracle has made you care for a poor creature like me, I shall— Oh, my dear, it will make a new world, a wonderful and beautiful world. I—I can't come to you. Will you—come to me?"

SHE drew closer slowly, almost reluctantly, and stood before him. His grave, starving eyes looked long into hers.

"My—my dear!" he said huskily, and kneeling upon the chair with his sound leg—in order to release his arms for more essential purposes, he held them out to her. . . .

"Your arms are strong," she said presently. "I had no idea. You are very strong."

"I—exercise with a rowing machine," he said. And then: "Now we must think. I didn't much care—before. But now—now I have something to live for."

His words brought Carmel back to the realities, to the prison room in which they were locked, and to the men below-stairs who had made them prisoners for their sinister purposes.

"I have found Sheriff Churchill," she said.

"His body?"

She nodded. "And this house is full of contraband liquor. Five big trucks—loaded."

"All of which is useless information to us here."

"What—do you think they will do with us?"

Evan turned away his head, and made no answer.

Carmel clutched his arm. "Oh, they wouldn't! They couldn't! Not now! Nothing can happen to us now!"

"At any rate," he said gravely, "we have this. It is something."

"But I want more. I want happiness—a life with you. Oh, we must do something—something."

"Sit down," he said. "Please—er—be calm. I will try to think out what is to be done."

He sank into the chair, and she sat close beside him clinging to his hand. Neither spoke. At the sound of footsteps in the hall outside, their heads lifted and their eyes fastened upon the door. A key grated in the lock, and the door swung inward, permitting Pee-wee Bangs to enter. He stood grinning at them—the grin distorting his pinched face.

"Well," he said, "here you be—both of ye. How d'ye like the accommodations?"

Pee-wee evidently came to talk, not to be talked to, for he did not wait for an answer.

"Folks that go meddlin' in other folks' business ought to be more careful," he said. "But numbers haint. Now you was gittin' to be a dummed nuisance. We've talked about you considerable. And say, we fixed it so's you haint goin' to be missed for a day or

so. Uh-huh! Had a feller telephone from the capital sayin' you was back there on business."

"What—are you going to do with us?" Carmel asked.

"Nothin' painful—quite likely. If you was to turn up missin', that'd make too many missin' folks. So you haint a-goin' to. Nope! We calc'late on havin' you found—public-like. Sure thing. Sheriff's goin' to find ye."

"Sheriff Jenney?"

"That's him. We're goin' to kind of arrange this room a little—like you an' that teacher feller'd been havin' a nice leetle party here. Understand? Plenty to drink, and sich." He drew his head back upon his distorted shoulders and looked up at them with eyes in which burned the fire of pure malice. Carmel turned away from him to determine from Evan's face if he understood Bangs' meaning. It was clear he did not.

"Don't git the idee, eh?" Peewee asked with evident enjoyment. "W-a-ll, since we got a good sheriff and one that kin be depended on, things is different here. He's all for upholdin' the law, and he aims to make an example out of me."

CARMEL was at first puzzled by this. "Sheriff Jenney make an example of you!" she exclaimed.

"Funny, haint it? But that's the notion. You bet you. Goin' to kind of raid my hotel, like you might say, and git evidence ag'in' me. Dunno's he'll find much. More'n likely he wont. But he'll find you two folks—he'll come ram-pagin' in here and find you together as cozy as bugs in a rug." Peewee stopped to laugh with keen enjoyment of the humorous situation he described. "He'll find you folks here, and he'll find how you been here together tonight and all day tomorrer. And plenty of refreshments a-layin' around handy. Reg'lar party!"

"You mean Sheriff Jenney will come to this hotel—officially—and find Mr. Pell and myself in this room?"

"That's the ticket."

"Why—why, he'd have to let us go."

"Sooner or later," said Peewee. "Fust he'd take you to the jail and lock you up—disorderly persons or some sich charge. Drinkin' and carousin' in my hotel. 'Course he'll have to let you go, sometime—maybe after the jedge gives you two thirty days apiece in the calaboose."

"Um, I think I comprehend," said Evan slowly. "I—in fact, I am sure I comprehend. Sheriff Jenney did not originate this plan, I am sure. Nor you. It required a certain modicum of intelligence."

"Taint no matter who thought it up—it's thought," said Peewee. "And when the town of Gibeon comes to know

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all the facts—why, I don't figger you two'll be in a position to do nobody much harm. Folks haint apt to believe you like you was the Bible. Kind of hidebound, them Gibeon people. Shouldn't be s'prised if they give you a ride out of town on a rail."

"Nobody would believe it. We would tell everyone how we came to be here." This from Carmel.

"We're willin' to take that chance," grinned Peewee. "Seems like a certain party's got a grudge ag'in' you, miss, and he allus pays off his grudges."

"As he paid off Sheriff Churchill," said Carmel.

"Killin'," said Peewee sententiously, "is quick. This here'll last you a lifetime. You'll allus be knowed as the gal that was arrested with a man in the Lakeside Hotel."

He turned on his heel and walked to the door; there he paused to grin at them maliciously before he disappeared, locking the door after him with elaborate care.

"They—nobody would believe," said Carmel.

"I am afraid, indeed, I may say I am certain, everybody would believe," said Evan. "I have seen the reactions of Gibeon to affairs of this sort. Gibeon loves to believe the worst."

"Then—" "We would have to go away," said Evan gravely.

"But—I'm afraid the story would follow us."

"Yes," answered Evan, "such stories always follow."

CARMEL studied his face. It was Evan Pell's face, but for the first time she saw how different it was from the pedant's face, the schoolmaster's face, he had worn when first she met him. The spectacles were gone; the dissatisfied, supercilious expression was gone; and in its place she perceived something stronger, infinitely more desirable. She saw strength, courage, sympathy, understanding. She saw what gave her hope even in this, her blackest hour. If the worst came to the worst, she had found a man upon whom to rely, a man who would stand by her to the end and uphold her and protect her and love her.

Yet—she closed her eyes to shut out the imagined scenes. To be branded as a woman who would accompany a man to such a resort as the Lakeside, and remain with him there for days and nights—carousing! She knew how she regarded women who were guilty of such sordid affairs. Other women would look at her as she looked at them, would draw away their skirts when she passed, would peer at her with hard, hostile, sneering eyes.

That would surely be her life thenceforward—the life of an outcast, of a woman detected in sin. It would be horrible, unspeakably horrible—unbearable. She had valued herself so highly, had, without giving it conscious thought, felt herself to be so removed from such affairs as quite to dwell upon a planet where they could not exist. She had been proud, without knowing she was proud. It had not been so much a sen-

sation of purity, a consciousness of purity, as a sureness in herself, a certainty that evil could not approach her. And now!

"Evan—Evan—I am frightened," she said.

"If only you had not come!" he answered.

"But I am here—I am glad I am here—with you."

He stretched out his hand toward her and she laid her hand in the clasp of his fingers.

"We have until tomorrow night," he said. "Twenty-four hours."

"But—"

"Empires have fallen in twenty-four hours."

"Maybe—some one will come to look for us."

He shook his head. "They will have taken care of that."

"Then you—think there is no chance for us?"

"I—Carmel, dear—the chance is slight. I must admit the chance is slight. But with twenty-four hours—If—" His eyes traveled about the skimpily furnished room, searching for something, searching for it vainly. "If I could walk!" he said. "I'm—almost helpless."

She went to him, trembling, the horror of the future eating into her as if it were an acid-coated mantle. "I—I won't be able to live," she said.

HE did not answer, for his eyes were fixed on the door which led, not into the hall, but into an adjoining bedroom. They rested upon its white doorknob as if hypnotized.

"Will you help me to that door?" he asked. "I'll push the chair along. You—do you think you can keep me from falling?"

Slowly, not without twinges of hot pain in his injured ankle, they reached the door. Evan felt in his pocket for his penknife, and with it, set about loosening the screw which held the knob in place. Twice he broke the blade of his knife, but at last he managed the thing. The white doorknob rested in his hand.

"There," he said, "that is something."

"What? I don't understand."

He sat in the chair, removed the shoe from his sound foot and then the sock. He did this slowly, methodically, and as methodically replaced the shoe on his sockless foot. Then he lifted from the floor the stocking and dropped into it the doorknob. It fitted snugly into the toe.

"Er—I have read of such things," he said. He grasped the sock by the top and whirled it about his head. "Mechanics," said he, "teach us that a blow delivered with such an implement is many times more efficacious than a blow delivered with the—er—solid object held directly in the hand!"

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PEAK OF THE MOON

(Continued from page 60)

found himself growing really uncomfortable. What the devil was the old man after? Was it even remotely possible that—

LATE in the afternoon a skinny, wiry figure hobbled its way up to the camp. It was Babakori, and he was not at all tired, though he had come all the way from the ocean and the town that day. Nor was he so hungry that the chunk of cold wallaby tossed to him by Conroy impeded his talk. Squatting on the ground, with his horny toes in the warm ashes of the fire, he stowed away the meat and retailed his adventures, without hindrance to either process.

"One steamer come in," he narrated. "Me I go along steamer. I want I ask some white man he give Babakori one sillin, two sillin."

"Greedy old beggar."

"Yes. One man he give, one girl he give. Me say: 'Tank you, missis, you good girl. I like you makem wife belong my Taubada.' Den altogether white man too much he laugh; girl he say: 'Dis funny old man, you make him photograph.' Den white man he makem photograph. I go way; morning time I come back; I say: 'Me want my photograph.' Altogether man he laugh some more—he give me one. I think he make me pay—I run away very quick. Taubada, I look altogether along Pors Moresby girl; I askem cooky boy belong house, all that cooky boy he say you girl no stop. Dis girl along steamer he good girl; you better catch him. Dis girl give plenty something along me, suppose you have him."

"I'm afraid I can't oblige, Babakori. You know the boat will be gone by now."

The old man gave a grunt of disgust, and sat for a moment looking at his leathery toes. He wriggled them about in the warm dust, drew them out reluctantly, and suggested:

"Maybe we go soot one big fig."

"Show us your precious photo," said Jimmy, who did not feel particularly like shifting. Something had got hold of him—some ill spirit of the wilderness, that weighed down his limbs and paralyzed them as the limbs of one who moves beneath deep water. Some nameless, nibbling pain was at his heart. Confound old Babakori and his talk of girls!

He reached for the picture, looked at it in the flaring sunset, once—looked again, jumped to his feet, and let loose a shout that sounded across the valley. "God!" shouted the wall of forest back at him, profanely.

Babakori, handling his pig-spear, did not seem much moved. You never could count on what a white man might do.

Jimmy Conroy, with the little print clutched in his hand, had forgotten Babakori as if he never existed. The figure standing on the *Marsina's* deck at the old man's back—peering forward, laughing into the camera—was that of Cecily, the Girl. The tall man, almost hidden, was James Weston, Cecily's father.

Of course—of course! Weston, director of many companies, had big interests in the newly acquired mandate territory farther north, near Rabaul. It was the likeliest thing in the world that he should go up to look after them. And Cecily, when she heard about his going, would be sure to tease him to take her with him. She was such a darling tease.

No, he was sure she didn't know anything about him. Had forgotten he was alive, no doubt, or tried to, so far as the damned newspapers would let her. And the *Marsina* by this time probably was gone. And once people got to Rabaul, you couldn't tell by what route they would return. The only sensible thing for him to do—the only thing, in fact—was to go out pig-hunting with Babakori, give the old man back his photograph, and forget.

By way of beginning, he pulled out of his pocket his most cherished possession, a four-bladed, silver-handled knife that Cecily had given him, and offered to exchange it for the picture. Babakori showed his appreciation by snatching it like a dog, and retreating to a safe corner behind a heap of stones, where he could gloat upon his treasure. He squatted down and examined it from every point of view, testing each blade, opening and shutting, holding the knife aloft to see its silver engine-turnings shine in the westerling sun. Satisfied at last, he came forth, the knife concealed in his small bag of treasures.

Jimmy Conroy was gone.

THE savage is hard to surprise.

Babakori, looking to right and left, seeing the mark of footsteps on the path that led down toward the plain, and missing, at a glance, the brown suitcase that held his Taubada's personal goods, only made several small pig-grunts, and went back to light the fire. No matter what white men did, sensible people must eat. And it was good to have command of the stores.

Late that night, when the town of Port Moresby had been long asleep, Conroy came quietly up the wide, grassy street, and slung his mosquito-net beneath the piles of an empty house. He had no money for hotels; well, he had food with him, and he could wake before sunrise, wash and shave at some tank, and be about before anyone thought of rising.

The *Marsina*, from what he had heard along the road, was not leaving until noon. There would be plenty of time to see Cecily, and see her he was determined to do, if the whole world and everybody's fathers stood in his way.

He did not sleep much, though his hard bed was not uncomfortable, and the air, under the house, came fresh and cool, far cooler than it would have been in a bedroom of the stuffy hotel. He was thinking, with thoughts made clear by the long tramp down, by the sudden shock of seeing Cecily's picture, above all, by the silent, lonely weeks away in

No Man's Land where he, like other men, had gone to find he knew not what, and in seeking for it had found—himself.

He knew now that he had been wrong in doubting himself. He, Jimmy Conroy, was no thief, not if a hundred hotel-keepers and a thousand newspapers said so. The money was to have been in the bank; the dead man had promised; and he wasn't the sort who ever broke promises. It had been due before. Conroy, being suddenly out of cash, wrote the check, in response to the manager's demand for money. He had been foolish, but not criminal, in his own eyes; and those were the eyes that mattered. That the bank wasn't one in which he had ever had money did not matter. His dead friend had been repaying a loan by installments, mostly delivered in person, but however they were paid, never late. This last payment was a big one; he had therefore told Jimmy it was to be banked. All that had been said in court, and promptly disbelieved. If it was true, why was there no memorandum among the dead man's papers? "Because," Jimmy had explained, "it was a very private matter."

"In what way?"

Jimmy wouldn't say. He was not going to tell the fellow's widow that her husband had been tangled up with a blackmailing woman. One had to keep one's mouth shut about some things. And George was really one of the best.

Well, that was how it had gone. But Jimmy Conroy now knew that he had not been a thief. And somehow the knowledge was very much to him. It seemed to free him—to open the road.

He fell asleep.

Toward morning he half woke, with the feeling of "something wrong." It held him for a minute or two, and then fatigue had its way, and he dropped back into sleep again.

With the dawn he opened his eyes, saw the dim forest of the house-piles all round his bed, and the lightening road beyond; smelled the wild mint of Port Moresby, fresh in the dew; and heard the first faint sound of somebody's ax going for the morning fire. He pulled aside his net, and came out from under the house. The sun was nearly up by now, and the sea was a sheet of opal blue, hemmed in by hills of purest amethyst. The long black wharf stretched many-legged out into the deep; and—there was no ship there.

"I knew it," he said to himself without excitement, feeling his hands grow cold, his feet cling to the ground, heavy as stones. "I heard her go in my sleep," he thought. "I ought to have waked up. Midday, damn them! It was mid-night they meant. If I'd known, I could have made better time, got on board for a minute, maybe."

There was nothing to do about it. He went back.

DURING the next week or two he did more thinking than ever he had done before in his life. It had not been one of Jimmy Conroy's habits, to say the least; but now he thought and thought, for hours, for half a day,



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seated on one of the big warm rocks that overhung the plain, looking, without seeing, out across the matchless view that stretched to the Coral Sea. The view that held his eyes was quite another—that of his own life. Jimmy was looking it over, and he did not find it good.

"Everything," he said to himself at last, his cold, smoked pipe hanging unheeded from one corner of his mouth, "everything that ever happened to me has been my own damned fault."

That was something. On another day, this struck him:

"People don't understand. They judge me, all the pack of them, by what I've done."

Why shouldn't they? It took him some while to arrive at an answer to that. But by this time he had come to trust Magani. In that blue, empty world, you need only throw a question out, and wait patiently; by and by the answer was sure to come.

"I've got more in me than they know," was his final judgment. "If I had another chance, I could use it. If I had money again, I could make a decent hand of things. I know the horse I'm riding—now."

In the end it worked itself down to a fine point. He had to get money again.

Always, when he came so far, he used to get up, stretch himself, and begin to stare about. Papua was a curious country, and it did strange things to your mind. Jimmy recognized that. He did not laugh at the blind, fitful instinct, not to be explained, that kept urging him to look—look. He knew there were odd scraps of knowledge scattered somewhere in his consciousness, that might leap suddenly into a connected chain, if only one got hold of them at the right end, and pulled. But what was the end?

HE found himself, one day, climbing where he had not gone before—up the narrow, rugged spire above his camp, called by Babakori, in native language, the Peak of the Moon. The old man saw him, and yelled to him to come back. There were evils there, he said. The moon had dropped down; the moon left ill-luck behind it. Did not everyone know that a man went mad, or lost his sight, who dared so much as to sleep in moonlight? He did not want the Chief to lose his sight; what would happen to Babakori if he did?

Conroy, laughing, desisted. He had grown almost fond of the queer old creature by now. Coming down the rocks again, he chanced upon the copper coin he had thrown away. It lay in a nest of moss; it was almost as green as the moss, from exposure.

"Look," said Conroy, and held it up.

Babakori shook his head. "No good, no good, Taubada," he said. "Dat split!" (spirit) "no liking you; him t'row back you' money."

"No, he doesn't like me," laughed Conroy, and came down to the camping ground. The picture of the Girl was in his pocket; he drew it out, unconsciously, and looked at it, as he looked half a hundred times a day.

Babakori, chewing sugar-cane, and

spitting it out unpleasantly, was understood to say that the Girl would have had better luck—that was, supposing she was a good girl, which girls on the whole were not.

"You black pig," said Conroy, suddenly flaming, "how dare you say such a thing? She's—she's—" He faltered for a word that might express to this savage-minded old heathen something of what Cecily—gay, teasing, sunny-hearted maiden—was to him. Under his feet he saw his answer. He picked it, and held it up to Babakori—a slender, pure white flower.

"That's what she is," he said, and there was a note of reverence in his voice that even the old savage understood. He laughed, and plucked a red hibiscus bloom.

"New Guinea girl, dis one," he said. "Very nice girl, New Guinea girl." He chuckled, the reminiscent, wicked chuckle of age.

Conroy stripped his white flower, carefully, of its thick green leaves and placed it, together with the picture, in the little bark case that he had made. He wore the case now, always, in the breast-pocket of his shirt.

And the days passed, and the days passed, till it was a fortnight. The boat was due again.

Conroy did not go down to the port for boat-day. Where was the use? He had procured a passenger-list, before leaving the town last time, and had seen in it the names of Cecily and her father—single trip only. It was plain they did not mean to return by that route. The *Melusia*, running directly south from Rabaul, would probably take them.

Nevertheless on steamer day he could not rest. He watched, from his far headland, the little black plume of smoke show out on the horizon, saw the tiny speck that represented the *Marsina* creep antwise over the sea, and hide behind the hills. Now the boat was alongside. Now the passengers would be coming off. But not Cecily. She was running south, south, ever so fast, a long way off, on the *Melusia*; Port Moresby would never see her again.

Conroy, in his little house of sheet iron, dreamed strange dreams that night. They ought to have been melancholy dreams, but they were not. He could not recall them in the morning; he wished he could remember them; they had left a pleasant flavor.

But Cecily was gone.

ALONG toward midday Conroy was cutting up a wallaby that had been shot somewhat later in the day than usual. His knife and hands were covered with blood; in a tin pan beside him, afloat in blood, lay the liver and the kidneys and the big fleshy tail. He was severing one of the thighs, blood dripping on the ground as he worked, when he chanced to look up, and saw, with a thump of the heart that turned him sick, James Weston.

The lean gray man who walked the ways of this world circled with rainbow haloes for Jimmy (and who knew for how many other young men, since Cecily had her full share of success?),

came forward as if he had just parted from Conroy an hour ago.

"Well, young man," he remarked, "you seem pretty dirty, and pretty busy."

Jimmy dropped his knife, and ran for the basin. Slushing himself with water as he spoke, he answered in a tone of cool self-possession that Weston had never heard:

"I'm very glad to see you; are you making a stay in the country?"

"That's as may be," answered Weston. "I had to see a mineral prospect at the foot of this mountain, and something told me to come farther up. You have quite a nice little camp here, haven't you?"

"If you'll stop for lunch," said Jimmy, "my boy can give you a nice bit of steak; I'm sorry there won't be time to make wallaby-tail soup."

"So am I," replied Weston, "if he's anything of a cook. I've a weakness for wallaby-tail soup. However—that your house there?"

"Yes. Wont you come in? The sun's a bit strong at this hour."

WESTON preceded him into the little house. It was cool, notwithstanding the heat of the morning, for Jimmy had built it well, and left full space for ventilation at the top. A hammock chair made out of sugar-bags invited to rest. The gray man dropped into it. His eyes, sharp as skewers, roamed round the narrow room. There was one whisky-bottle in it, unopened. Other bottles, empty, were piled away in a corner; their labels told of their former innocent contents—sauce, olives, baking-powder, vinegar, oil. The place was neat and clean; a range of books, on a bamboo shelf, seemed to have been in fairly constant use. Whatever the place was, it was not the home of a man who had sunk down in anything but income.

Conroy, opening the whisky, and dipping water from his tin bucket, played the host. Weston, meanwhile, talked lightly, drank a little, looked about him, and seemed, all the time, to keep something unsaid within his mind. By and by it came out.

"Jimmy, you damned young fool!"

"What!" was all that Jimmy found to say.

"Jimmy, if you'd waited a bit, you'd have known that Mrs. George came along and told."

"Mrs. George! She didn't know, herself."

"My dear Conroy, when you get married," Jimmy turned vivid crimson; and Weston, amusedly, scorched him with his eyes,—"you'll find out just how much a wife does and doesn't know, generally. I reckon she knew all along. Anyhow, when she got over his death—you know she was altogether knocked out by it; they had her in the hospital—she told the whole yarn. Nobody bothered much, because nothing had been done to you anyhow—"

"Nothing! My God, nothing but ruin!"

"Rats! You deserved the little bit you did get, my boy; take it from me, a man who draws a check against a



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MISCELLANEOUS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11



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credit that he doesn't know—know—know—to be existent, is looking for what he'll get, one day if not another. But I reckon you've had your lesson."

Conroy, being of the same opinion, had nothing to say. He sat on an up-ended log, drinking his own moderate portion of whisky, ("Not afraid of it, anyhow," thought Weston,) and wondering, so hard that his mind seemed almost at bursting point, whether Cecily—

AS if the name had somehow traveled through silent air, Weston spoke it aloud.

"Cecily's a very modern daughter."

"Oh?"

"The new girl—not like their mothers. Well, thank heaven, my kiddy's straight. But there's no shrinking violet about any of them now."

"Cecily—" began Conroy, almost furiously. Weston lifted up his hand. "I know all that," he said. "You might let me finish. Cecily—maybe because her mother didn't stay—is as up-to-date as any of 'em, in some ways. Not that I'm quarreling with it, or her. She's better friends with her old dad than I dare say we were with our parents. Well, the long and the short of it is that Cecily thinks you proposed to her."

Waves of fire seemed rolling over Jimmy. He could not have told, under oath, under torture, whether it had ever got so far between himself and Cecily, or not. He had said all sorts of things, he knew. But then—it didn't matter; she knew.

"You might as well mention," said Weston, with horrid coolness—he was slowly lighting a very good cigar. "Have one? No? Well, between man and man, you might as well say if she's correct?"

"Yes!" shouted Jimmy. True or not true, he didn't care.

"Well," continued Weston, "the kiddy was fretting somehow, off her feed and all that, and I took her on this trip. And on the way I got it out of her. But we hadn't a suspicion you were here until that very extraordinary savage henchman of yours came down to the boat to hunt for a wife for you, and happened to mention your name."

"My name? Confound his—"

"Oh, no, don't confound him; it was just as well. My girl—well, you can find out all that for yourself."

He paused, and Jimmy realized that his luck was not yet at an end. He sprang to his feet.

"Is she there?"

"Didn't I say that something told me to come on up to the top? I reckon Cecily thinks she amounts to something—"

The sentence was not finished before Weston found himself alone.

OUTSIDE, in the wind and the sun of the mountain-top, was Cecily, wearing the most modern of knickers and puttees, with a big shade-hat upon her wavy hair, a climbing-stick in her hand, and a most old-fashioned blush upon her face. Jimmy, grown suddenly bolder, took her by one gloved hand, and said, devouring her with his eyes:

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"If—if you'll come a little way back and see the view—"

They went a little way, to a spot where you could see some burnt trees and a few large lumps of rock. And Jimmy hugged her like a man. And Cecily, crying—why?—stretched up and hugged him back.

"I always did want you," she said. "You've been cruel to me, Jimmy. Dad could have got you a job."

"I'll get myself one," answered Conroy with newfound hardihood. Not even in that moment could he picture himself as thus depending on Cecily's father. Then he said other things, pleasanter for the Girl to hear.

They were interrupted, after a long, short time, by Babakori, who came, without apology.

"You make you' girl frowem money," was his remark.

"Go to hell. —I beg your pardon, darling," was Jimmy's dual reply.

"What does he want?" asked Cecily, tidying her hair. Conroy explained.

"Oh, but I simply must," cried Cecily. "It sounds ducky. Where do I throw?"

"You frowem you' money, up dat hill," directed Babakori. He scanned the girl the while with an appraising glance that made Jimmy all hot. "She doesn't understand," he thought. But he hurried the little ceremony, and when Cecily had thrown, he brought her back to Weston without more ado. Babakori remained squatting on the ground, mumbling and laughing to himself.

"We'll have to be going down now," said Weston presently. "We're putting up a mile or two from the foot; got our camp there. This mineral proposition—gems they say it is—well, there may be something in it, or there may not. So far, I don't feel actually in love with it. There's been no real find."

Jimmy was glad to hear so much. It might mean delay.

WHEN they were gone, Magani grew dark, though the sun was not yet down. Jimmy, seated on his high rock, cursed himself for a fool. What, lament at her loss, when he had won her! There were a thousand and a thousand tomorrows.

But he was not so joyous as he might have been. Between the fair vision of Cecily and himself rose always that one galling sentence:

"Dad will get you a job."

It might have suited the Conroy of months ago. It rang all wrong in the ears of Conroy today.

"I'm worked up," he thought. "I'll go for a walk." And of course, there was only one walk to take—the way that Cecily's feet had taken her, when Babakori made her climb up and throw. . . .

Why, surely to goodness! Was that the silver coin she had thrown, far up, above his head? She must have the very deuce of an arm for a throw, thought Jimmy, not quite admiringly. But he climbed up after the coin, which shone out wonderfully, in the fading sunset.

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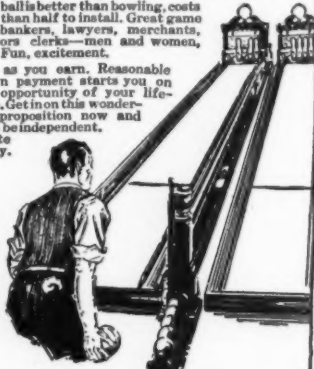
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looked. It was quite a long while before he found breath to swear, quietly and emphatically.

"Opal!"

The crest of the rock was a sheer mass of opal matrix, hidden by foliage from below. When you mounted up close, you could see, at one point only, an amazing outcrop of the precious gem—pale, gleaming, moon-colored under the sinking sun. "Peak of the Moon," indeed!

Jimmy Conroy, at the height of his high luck, neither laughed nor—as some men, in such moments, have done—broke into tears. He simply looked and looked, and said to himself with the calmness of one who knows the gods have heard:

"It seems that I'll be giving Dad the job—after all."

And the sun sank down upon Magani. Of Babakori? He is back again in his village, but they do not neglect and starve him now; for he is rich.

WHEN THE FISHING'S GOOD

(Continued from page 50)

on *Le Havre*. We're on our way home, when ahead an' to loo'ard we see Ben takin' his dories aboard. Bat runs down and speaks to Ben. It's blowin' a little at the time.

"Swinging off some, are you, Benny?" hails Bat.

"Soon's I nest and gripe my dories inboard," answers Ben.

"Ben gripes and double-gripes his dories, and away we go. Soon it breezes up good. I'd made a couple o' hard passages with Bat before this, and I've always said that the man who's ever been with a real sail-carrier drivin' home with another sail-carrier in a gale o' wind, aint got anythin' much else can happen him at sea to be scared of again.

"It breezed up an' it breezed up. A fair wind, but blowin'—oh, blowin'! It looked a few times as if something was going to happen, but nothing happened. We made Gloucester. There's a couple o' men in the crew who'd never been Bank-fishin' before, an' soon's we got her all tied up, they jump onto the dock, and up to Mr. Duncan's store they go all out o' breath, with their bags on their shoulders.

"What's the matter—you through?" asks Mr. Duncan of one.

"I'm through—yes sir."

"What's wrong? Don't you like Captain Roughan?"

"Oh, I like Captain Roughan well enough. Captain Roughan's one o' the finest men ever lived."

"Then what's wrong? Is it the vessel you don't like?"

"It aint the vessel. She's a wonderful vessel. If she wasn't, she'd 'a' capized a dozen times comin' home this passage."

"Mr. Duncan turns to the other one: 'What's wrong with you?' asks Mr. Duncan. 'Don't you like Captain Roughan?'"

"It's not Captain Roughan. I don't ever expect to sail under a finer skipper than Captain Roughan."

"Is it the vessel?"

"No sir, it's not the vessel."

"Then what's wrong?"

"We came home this time, an' we're racin' Captain Rowe. It was terrible. I spoke to some of the crew about the carryin' sail like that an' the way it was blowin'."

"An' they say to me: 'Blowin'? Call this blowin'? Wait till you come home sometime with these two men when it is blowin'." An' Mr. Duncan, Captain Roughan's a fine man, but I don't want

to be comin' home with him sometime when he's racing Captain Rowe an' it is blowin'."

"An' that's me," says the other one. "I don't want to either—not when it is blowin'."

"About half an hour after us Ben Rowe shoots into the slip, and when he does, there's Bat lookin' down at him from the stringpiece.

"Benny," says Bat, "did you happen to see a vessel—not so old as this one—walkin' into your wind between here an' *Le Havre* lately? Or maybe you didn't get near enough to her stern to read what her name was?"

"Oh, stop your clucking an' come up the street an' have a drink," says Ben."

THEY talked the watches around with tales of Bat Roughan, the worshipful Johnny Duncan on a locker seat listening. No telling how long they would have talked, but the weather having moderated, in the middle of the afternoon Captain John ordered the dories over.

The crew were out and the men heaving away, when the topsails of another vessel lifted above the westerly horizon. John Larkin put the glasses on her. "Benny Rowe, I'd say it is. Looks as if he would stand down."

Benny Rowe it was; and he stood down. When he was near enough: "Hullo, John! Hullo, Johnny. S'pose you heard about Bat Roughan, John?" hailed Ben.

"Being washed overboard—yes."

"Washed overboard? Who ever told you that? Bat wasn't washed overboard."

"What? Bat's not lost?"

"I didn't mean that. He's lost, yes, but he wasn't washed overboard. Bat was makin' a passage, and he had young Bat out for a vacation trip. An' young Bat was standin' on her quarter with the little red-jacks and the little oilskins that his father'd had made for him. Remember how he'd talk of the boy, John? 'Yought to see him!' he'd say. 'He can take his trick to the wheel—less it's blowing too hard—and out on the grounds when they're pitchin' the fish aboard, he'll hold a dory's painter—hold a painter, man, till she rolls her mast-heads under!'"

Captain Larkin nodded: "Many's the time. Go on, Benny."

"Well, there's little Battie on her

quarter this day, an' the vessel drivin' for home, when this big sea comes aboard and sweeps him over the rail. When anybody sees the poor boy again, he's a cable-len'th to loo'ard. Bat has one look at the boy bein' swept away, and then over the rail he goes after Battie. He's loaded down with heavy boots and oilskins, an' heavy clothes inside the oilskins.

"They bring the vessel to and make ready a dory. But in that sea an' tide! For a second or two they see Bat clawin' toward the spot where the boy'd gone over. But there wasn't a chance for either of them. Knew the boy, didn't you, John?"

"Knew him well. A fine boy. Off his father's model he certainly was. The first time I ever saw him he was five years old or so, and Bat had him by the hand coming down Main Street. A few of us were into Johnny Moore's, and we hailed Bat to come in and have a little something, but no coaxing him in that day. He smiled down on little Battie: 'I think I'll drift along with the boy for a while,' says Bat. And then—this time not smiling: 'He likes me to be with him when I'm ashore. Kind o' lonesome since his mother died.'

Ben Rowe nodded. "Did you ever see him steerin' the lad into a drugstore on Main Street, John, sittin' him up to a soda counter and havin' one of them college ices with him? And then feedin' himself and the boy ice-cream with one o' them long slim spoons—one big spoonful to the boy an' one little spoonful for himself? An' he gettin' more fun out of it than if haulin' in a big white halibut to every hook."

There was a silence.

"Well, good luck, John."

"Good luck, Benny."

Ben Rowe jibed his vessel over, gave her the wheel once more, and away on her heel she went—a shapely, tall-sparred vessel slipping lightly through the slate-colored swells. Johnny held the glasses on her for a while. Then turning in-board, he curled himself up on the cabin house and took to watching the men in the dories.

BIG Roy McKinnon was hauling in a white halibut, a big one which plainly did not want to be hauled in. It thrashed the sea white under the bow of the dory; but steadily, inexorably, Roy snubbed it up to the dory's gunnel. With his left hand Roy held it there; with his right he picked up the gob-stick and hit Mr. Halibut a neat, powerful blow on the nose. The big fish stopped thrashing. With an easy swing of one arm and shoulder, Big Roy heaved it into the waist of the dory.

"He'll weigh all of a hundred and fifty, that one," said John Larkin.

"Easy. What a whale Roy would be in a line of college forwards! Men's work, isn't it, Captain John?"

John Larkin smiled by way of answer; he was recalling to himself that day in Gloucester when Johnny's uncle had come to him, saying: "There was a crew of Johnny's school chums up to the house over the week-end, Captain John, and they had much talk of the better classes and the what they called the pro-

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress August 24, 1912, of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, published monthly Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1922.

State of Illinois,) ss.
County of Cook,)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles M. Richter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Red Book Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Consolidated Magazines Corporation..... 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago.
Editor, Earl Edwin Harriman..... North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Managing Editor, None.
Business Manager, Charles M. Richter..... North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Louis Eckstein..... North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of the stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.....
(This information is required from daily publications only.) CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1922. [Seal.] LOUIS H. KERBER, JR.
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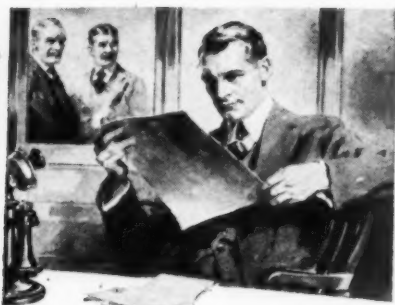
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letariat, who it seems are only fit to raise children for the better classes to govern."

"Themselves being the better classes, of course," interrupted John Larkin.

"Of course; and when it wasn't that kind of talk, it was talk of this and that make of car, and how much they paid for what they called their sport-clothes. Sport-clothes? Overalls it was, for half their fathers."

To which John Larkin had said: "Alec Duncan, you sent him to that expensive school mainly because it was expensive, and he's a most human boy. What other kind could he find to mix with?"

"Fair enough—you have me there, Captain John. But I'll see that he mixes with another kind from now on. I'm asking you to take him for a trip to the Banks. I want him to dwell for a while with men who when they roll out of their bunks of a morning have something more to worry about than the temperature of— Would you believe that one of them up the house, without shame for himself, hauls a gold-mounted thermometer from his bag, a gift from a fond mother, to be certain the water for his bath would be the right temperature in the morning? Would you believe that?"

"So you take him, Captain John, and let him see how men handle little sailing vessels in the North Atlantic winter weather,—toy boats wrestling with huge seas and great gales of wind,—that he may come to understand that if such men have become masters of the sea, they have become so not because they are the sons of their fathers, good seagoing men though their fathers may have been. Let him see that hard service out to sea, on top of what their fathers could tell them—that and only that has made those men the masters of the sea. Let him learn that, Captain John, and he may come in time to learn that money may be any man's inheritance, but high leadership is something else."

RECALLING that talk, John Larkin now said: "Johnny, the for'ard gang must have told you some great stories of Bat Roughan today?"

"Oh, great stories! Dozens!"

"And you heard Benny Rowe telling of what love he bore his boy?"

"I heard. A fine man, Ben Rowe, isn't he? Look at him walking his vessel to the east! Already she's no more than a little topsail on the horizon."

"She's a fast one, Johnny."

"It must be a great feeling for a skipper to know that he has such a fast, able vessel and such a fine crew of men sailing under him. Sometimes, Captain John, I wish I had to go fishing for a living."

"You will have your own trade later, Johnny. And there are ways besides fishing to show your quality. Did any of the gang speak of Bat as a hero?"

"No, but I sort of hinted at it. And the cook busts in with: 'Hero? Nobody there to see him lost and write up three or four columns in the paper—how can he be a hero?' Johnny smiled: "What a waspy tongue the cook has sometimes! But wouldn't you call Bat a hero, Captain John?"

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"M-m! One day last winter, Johnny, I happened to be into your uncle's place. Bat was in at the same time, after a hard trip. The papers had much to say of the hard weather, because an ocean steamer had been lost off Cape Race and half her people lost with her, a light-ship or two had gone adrift, and the whole coast from Newfoundland to Hatteras was marked with wrecks.

"There was a visitor in the store, and he had read the papers, and now he was listening to Bat telling of what his vessel had gone through, or not so much telling as answering your uncle's questions about it. And this visitor says to Bat: 'It must be awful rough and dangerous, the winter fishing, Captain?'

"Oh, it's sometimes rough—and what you might call dangerous maybe other times. But that's part of it. Let's forget that part and thank God, boy, when the fishing's good."

THE wind had abated, and the seas smoothed down; the sun had broken through the clouds; the dories were riding the low swells with a long, gentle, heaving motion. John Larkin, seated comfortably on the wheel-box, was jogging the vessel easily in and out among the dories: "Call Bat Roughan a hero when alive, Johnny, and he would think you were trying to have fun with him. But you can rest assured he was a real fisherman."

"I guess being a real anything is the main thing, after all. And Bat would call it good fishing now, I'll bet. Look at Sam, hauling them in one to every second hook! And Big Roy already loaded to the gunnels! A good market, and the crew will share big when they get in this trip, Captain John?"

"They should, yes. But good or bad market, one other thing I'll be sharing when I get home this trip."

"What's that, Captain John?"

"A few pleasant pipefuls of your uncle's tobacco. And maybe a word or two of sport-clothes and gold thermometers."

"Sport-clothes? Thermometers?"

Captain John smiled broadly. "Why not? And hot baths and the uses of the proletariat. . . . But Big Roy has his anchor in. Stand by to take his painter when I lay him alongside. And pass the word for the others to hurry aboard, for that's our last set this trip."

"Last set? Whoop-ee!"

"Oh, let her have both tops'ls, give her the big balloon:

Up with the staysail jam to the truck, For the wind is fair and wild as a duck, Full to the hatches fore and aft she's bound away for home.

Oh, an able, driving trawler, An' she's rollin' low for home."

That was the latest of what Big Roy called his poetry. Johnny roared it till the most wind'ard dory heard it.

The cook heard it and stuck his head above the fo'c'sle hatch. He looked at Johnny, and from Johnny to Captain John. With a most pleased expression, the cook dropped below again. Johnny was coming on pretty well.

A "Jack of All Trades" is usually Master of None



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A GIRL OF THE FILMS

(Continued from page 71)

began to write. Vivian was horrified and puzzled, but unable to move. When he had finished, he handed the slip to Driver, whose eyes danced acquisitively.

Suddenly his face clouded as he noticed the signature. "Say—what's this you're pullin'? Jan Morsowski? That isn't your name. Whatcha doin'—kid-din' me?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten. That's the way I used to spell it, Driver. See—'Jan' is 'John,' and just drop off the 'owski' and you have it—'John B. Morse.' I put the 'B.' in for Uncle Bill."

Vivian sank to the window-seat, while the room swam before her eyes. Of the following conversation she heard only an occasional sentence, but it was enough to hold her speechless.

"Driver," went on the young man to his astonished listener, as though monotonously reciting a piece learned by heart, "did you offer this stuff to Miss Vane?"

"Yes, and she refused to buy it."

"Good!" replied Jack with a smile. "I knew she'd turn you down when you attempted to crowd your blackmail."

"Blackmail! Whadda you mean?"

"Don't get excited, Driver. I said blackmail, for which you could go to San Quentin for years."

"You'll see if it's blackmail—you—"

"I've already seen, Driver. I've just returned from New York; and I too have some evidence in the way of affidavits. Listen to this: 'Judge Jackson deposes that Tessie Boggs and Kitty Pilky were never legally wards of the court. As neither would tell on the other as to who robbed the cash register, no conviction was had, but they were both subjected to a good scare, and were told to report to Mrs. Davis once a month. He further deposes that it was his firm belief that Kitty Pilky stole the money and that Tessie Boggs was simply trying to shield her friend by sharing the suspicion.'

"Here's another one: 'Judge Crowe, of the Superior Court of Brooklyn, deposes: That in the trial of Kitty Pilky the testimony showed that one Willy Stacy, a so-called camera-kid, outraged that his friend Tessie Boggs had been publicly accused of stealing a mandarin coat from the wardrobe department of the Climax Studio, and knowing her to have got it, on the night it was seen, from Kitty Pilky's apartment, turned private detective, and when he offered his evidence some six weeks later to the management, Miss Pilky's apartment was searched and found to be filled with loot from the studio wardrobe. He further deposes that Miss Pilky confessed, and when confronted by a Mrs. Davis of the New York Juvenile Court further confessed that it was she and not Tessie Boggs who had robbed the till of a place called the Pork and Beanery, where they had previously worked. That, because of the pleas of Driver and Belmont, the girl was given suspended sentence and set free.'

"Now, Driver, as you've known this stuff for six years, don't you think your threat is blackmail?"

"Well, the publication of the straight facts along with these pitchers wouldn't be blackmail."

"No, and I'll admit that their release at present would be very offensive to Miss Vane, so I guess I'll have to ask you for them."

"Fer nothin'?" exploded Driver, jumping to his feet.

"Well, let's not bargain right in front of Miss Vane's house. We'll step down there behind that set where no one will see us."

SO confused was Vivian by the startling dénouement she had just overheard, that she sat in a state of utter collapse and did not even know of the men's departure.

"Now, Driver," said Jack when they were safely out of sight behind the big Moorish interior, "give me that stuff."

"For ten thousand plunks."

"For nothing."

Driver grinned, buttoned his coat tight about the envelope and shook his head.

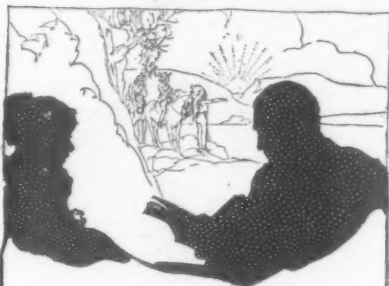
"Don't make me take it from you, Driver."

"Take it from me! Take it from me! Say, child, don't make me laugh; I've got a split lip."

"Driver, the joke is old, and the tense wrong. What you meant to say was that you are going to have"—a stinging blow on the mouth sent the man reeling—"a split lip."

Surprised and stunned by the sudden, unexpected blow, Driver stood still for an instant, gathering his addled wits together; then as his objective world came again into focus, he lunged forward like an enraged bull. Had his arms and legs been able properly to correlate their activities, Jack Morse would have been killed on the spot. But Driver's reflexes lacked perfection, and this was not Jack Morse before him, but Jan Morsowski. And so instead of biting his antagonist in two, Driver's own chin collided with two terrific uppercuts that temporarily turned off his mortal gas to such an extent that his eyes became slightly crossed and his mouth took on that unintelligent look one sees in the faces of tired alcoholics when suddenly awakened.

But if Driver's reason was for the moment in suspense, his instincts were still active. Seizing a six-foot stage brace, shod on its battle end with a wicked-metal hook, he raised it to strike; but with his hands above his head and his north and equatorial zones quite undefended, he presented to the former middleweight champion of the Olympic Athletic Club a most vulnerable and inviting target. Having a wide choice, Jan decided upon the pit of the stomach, and while Driver was still contemplating, if not murder, at least mayhem, the young oil-engineer sent in such a crashing blow to the sensitive spot that the poor fel-



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low doubled up like a boy with cramps. Rolling him over, Jan unbuttoned Driver's coat and took from his inside pocket the documents relating to Tessie's past.

Hank Todd, working on Stage VI, had seen Jim Driver and Mr. Jack Morse go behind the big set, and something in their manners prompted him to follow. He arrived on the scene just in time to see Driver lying helpless and battered, while Jan (now Jack) was endeavoring with meticulous care to withdraw without soiling his trousers.

"Well, for the love o' Mike!" exploded the grinning Props. "Looks as though a cyclone had struck my old college chum."

"It did," replied Jack with a wan smile, "a Polish cyclone." But before Hank could get the significance of the remark, he added hurriedly: "Hank, Driver has just been trying to black-mail Miss Vane, and I think he ought to be removed from the lot. I understand there is a ceremony goes with the expulsion of traitors to the Filmart Studio."

"I'll attend to it," replied Hank with decision. And Jack, dusting himself off, adjusted his straw hat (which had never left his head) and walked over to the cottage. Vivian, he thought, might be wondering at his delay!

Chapter Twenty-seven

JACK found Vivian still sitting in the window-seat, staring at him with eyes like those of a startled fawn.

"Oh, Jack!" she said faintly, extending her hands to greet him. In three steps he had seized her in his arms; then he picked her up like a child, and began carrying her around the room.

"It's all right, it's all right," he comforted her. "Driver has gone, and he'll never bother you again." But her only reply was to bury her face farther in his neck, pat him on the back with her encircling arms, and repeat over and over again: "Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you are here."

For fully five minutes he leaned against the table holding her in his arms while Vivian gave way to her pent-up feelings in a flood of tears. Gradually the storm passed, and releasing her tense, possessive grip, she finally lay perfectly still in delicious relaxation.

"I was by the window, Jack, and heard it all. How long have you known that—that—"

"That you were little Tessie? Ever since that day you caught me snooping in your den. I took my picture from the frame and saw that old inscription that you wrote so many years ago. You've changed in many ways, dear, but you still make your P's just the same—for as soon as I reached the club, I looked up your note asking me to play that football game, and sure enough, there it was—the Y with the curious flourish, just like the one on the picture."

"And it's true that you are Jan! It is all so strange and wonderful. But Jack, dear, how? When? Oh, there are so many things I want to know."

It was a long talk that followed, and we will quote here only occasional fragments—thus:



"She is yours, Master," muttered the trembling slave-dealer.

Sick at heart the crouching girl heard the dreadful bargain and hated her beauty for having brought her to this fate. How could she escape from this veiled monster into whose hands she had been given—this mysterious man of mighty power—whose icy voice aroused a nameless fear in strong hearts—whose will made slaves of brilliant men—whose face none had yet seen!

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" . . . Then after that night in the Beanery your wan little face—it was wan in those days—haunted me until one day. . . ."

"And did you go over to the Climax looking for me?"

"Yes, but you had gone. I learned about the mandarin coat row, and—"

"Did you think I stole it?"

"No, nor did anybody else—least of all Driver. He had sworn to no warrant, but you had run away—"

"Oh, I was so afraid of the Juvenile Court."

"Judge Jackson had told me there was no charge against you there either, so I wanted to find you and let you know, but Hank wasn't at the address Spike gave me. . . . Then one day Fack McGurk, one of the boys who was with me that night in the Beanery, told me of seeing you in Frank's place, and—"

"Then why didn't you come and tell me?"

"Why? Well, I regretted it many times afterward. But I had to appear at a smoker that night at the Olympic, and so I telephoned Judge Jackson, and he said Mrs. Davis lived over in Jersey, and he'd ask her to stop in that evening and tell you—"

"Mrs. Davis? Why, I saw her at the train."

"Yes, when she got to Frank's they told her you were leaving that night for Chicago. She hurried down, but the train was just pulling out."

"And that is what she was there for! Oh, heavens, if—"

"She told me how she tried to pantomime the good news to you, but you disappeared from the window in abject fear. The good old soul felt so badly about it that she telegraphed a Juvenile officer in Chicago to meet the train, but the stupid fellow missed you."

"No, Jack, he wasn't stupid; I was too smart—that's all. Oh, to think I didn't know all this before! I've lived in terror all these years. And to think; I would have met you then."

"Maybe it was better to meet as we did."

" . . . And then when I saw what Driver was up to, I thought I'd better go down and get evidence of his blackmailing threats. That's why—"

"Oh, my fairy prince, I knew you would kill the dragon!"

And so for a long time these two children of the slums, whom Fate had snatched from that sterile soil, recounted their adventures. Nor did they marvel overmuch at their final meeting, for in the happy security of each other's arms they believed it had been ordered from the first. But—let us see what is happening to the dragon.

Chapter Twenty-eight

"BOYS," cried Hank Todd, when some three hundred loyal subjects of Vivian had gathered round the bewildered and half-prostrate form of Driver, "this here doity dog has been tryin' to blackmail Miss Vane. Mr. Jack Moise—who some of you guys thought was a bit too light-waisted—has reduced the piece of cheese to this. Now what'll we do with him?"



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"The razor!" came from three hundred throats.

"All right, mates. Bring on the chariot. —And here, Al, you and Tim go over to his bat-cave and get his stuff. We don't want him leavin' his poisonous effects behind him."

In less than a minute the chariot arrived,—a wheelbarrow of generous proportions,—and Driver, by now furious and protesting, was placed in it, with his feet hanging over the front, and—lest he feel an inclination to get out—a huge packing case full of his "poisonous effects" laid in his lap, so as effectually to anchor any motor reaction his turgid mind might suggest.

When all was ready, the great procession formed, with Todd at the handles of the chariot, and proceeded up "Main Street," then around the lot—first through the wicked gambling quarters of "Nome," then into a "quaint old Virginia village," across "Fifth Avenue" and a subway station, through the court of the Saracen caliph, around back of the Crusaders' banquet hall, and finally along the rutty road of an old mining town, appropriately named Hell's Gate. For it was here that the lot ended, and Driver's cinematic obsequies were to be consummated.

The big gate was now thrown open and the whole variegated population of Makebelieveville, from the scenario-hounds with the "June-bug" spectacles to the tinselled extras in kaleidoscopic costumes, and the camera-kids, lined up in two columns, while Hank Todd wheeled his offensive burden down the street.

NOW, it stands to reason that anyone living, or having even a few hours each day of his being in Movieland, is bound to become blasé regarding queer noises. Exploding guns, or crashing glass, which in most other walks of life would fetch everybody to the windows, are not even heard in this hectic world of tumult and catastrophe. Consequently when McGowan, in conference with some department heads during the noon hour, was interrupted by loud cheers, he met the interruption with bored indifference. Suddenly the telephone rang.

"Mac, this is Bess. Did you know they're giving Driver the razor? They're wheeling him through Virginia now. I can see the procession from my window."

Like a shot McGowan, manager of the Vivian Vane Company, the largest and most important unit on the Filmart lot, jumped from his office, ran diagonally across Asia, Africa and most of America, arriving at Hell's Gate just as Driver was to be dumped out.

Hot and out of wind, the chief waddled down between the lines of yelling ex-communicators and raised his right hand.

"Aw, hell," went up three hundred profane indignations, "he's going to grab the party."

But to their utter amazement he did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, after a word with Todd, the "hearse" proceeded, and at the dramatic moment, when Driver was dumped outside the gates of Movieland and lay sprawling amidst his "effects" on his hands and knees, the fat, genial manager of the Vivian Vane Company stepped up and

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gave the excommunicant a kick in the south equatorial zone that, though hardly compatible with the dignity of his office, nevertheless resulted in a tremendous emphasis being placed on Driver's exit.

Chapter Twenty-nine

A WEEK after the hectic events of that historic Monday Jack and Vivian appeared at the office of Benjamin McGowan, general manager of the Vivian Vane Company. They rapped formally, entered hand in hand, in mock embarrassment, and took their seats like two naughty children.

"Mac," said Vivian (and she was blushing, at that), "Jack and I are going to be married. First we decided to elope, but then we thought it wouldn't be fair to you and Bess and Uncle Bill. You are the only relatives that either of us have, and so—"

"Children," interrupted the beaming manager with the air of a stern parent, "your wedding has been all arranged. Bess and I have worked it out down to the last detail. You will both do just as we say, or you won't get any cut-glass coal-scuttles or hand-knit neckties, or unmarked exchangeable silver, or anything."

"In that case, Mac," answered Jack gravely, "we'll have to follow your continuity. But Mac, honestly, we don't—"

"No but's now, Jack. I've managed Vivian so far, and I give up my job at the altar—not before. After that, I leave it to you to make her give up her secret gum vice. No. Vivian must have a wedding adequate to her station, and as I'm the parent that's putting up for it, I insist upon a free hand."

What "adequate to her station" meant may be gathered from the fact that the Morse-Vane wedding was one of the notable events of the year in a world where notable events were always surprising and colorful.

"Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. McGowan and Mr. William Morse, left in a private car for an extended trip in the East." (Thus the newspapers.) "It is estimated that five thousand loyal fans were at the station to see them off, and needless to say, moving pictures were made both of the wedding and the departure, though the former was exclusively a personal record and will not be released to the public."

DURING their two weeks spent in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Morse were subjected to a bombardment of dinner invitations and other social affairs, but on several occasions they managed to escape their pursuers and go on sight-seeing trips like ordinary outlanders.

Then on the last Saturday night before leaving to return to California, they sallied forth on an adventure both had planned with curious anticipations. Leaving the hotel by a side entrance, where they would not be observed, they jumped into a waiting taxicab and pulled down the blinds. "Drive down to the Bow-



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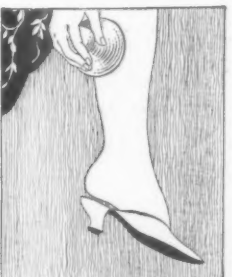
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The Vaco Reducing Cup, through a gentle suction, creates natural circulation in the fatty part. The congestion is loosened and the fat vanishes like magic. The wonderful Vaco Reducing Cup is based on the scientific principle of suction-massage. It goes directly to the part affected. It removes only the fat you want to lose. The suction of the Cup holds the flesh in a gentle grasp and the vacuum created circulates a flow of fresh, active blood to the spot—the fatty spot. Then, with a gentle rotating motion, the spot is massaged for only three minutes and the blood is urged through the congested fat, which is quickly dissolved and carried away.

Try the Vaco Cup for Five Days. No Money in Advance.

No matter where the flesh has accumulated—at the arms, legs, thighs, hips, bust, neck—this wonderful new scientific device quickly takes off that flesh and leaves the part firm, slender, beautiful! Think

of it—the very flesh you want to lose—the very part you want to reduce! And without one bit of self-denial or privation of any kind.

Let us send you the Vaco Reducing Cup so that you can use it in your own home for five days and actually see for yourself how you can lose your superfluous flesh in this new, easy, natural way.

The test need not cost you a cent if you are not absolutely delighted.

Special Reduced Price.

The Vaco Reducing Cup is of soft pliable rubber, made with the wonderful pressure-regulator. It is packed in a plain unmarked container. It will be sent to you at once upon receipt of the coupon below.

Thousands have sold at the regular price of \$6.00 and \$8.00. But when it is in your hands simply pay the postman the special price of only \$3.85 in full payment—and the Cup is yours. After the five days' test you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the Cup if you are not absolutely delighted, and your money will be immediately refunded.

Free Introductory Offer.

For a limited time only we will include with your Vaco Reducing Cup a splendid set of books on "How to Reduce"—six interesting, illustrated books which you will find of permanent value to you. There are valuable hints in these books which tell you how to preserve youthful shapeliness in the whole body.

Send No Money.

Don't send us a cent in advance. Simply fill in and mail coupon below. That will bring you the remarkable Vaco Reducing Cup, together with the six interesting books on "How to Reduce." We want to prove to you that the Vaco Reducing Cup quickly takes off flesh just where you want to lose it. See what five days will do! And then if you are not completely satisfied in every way, merely return the Cup and you will not be out a single penny.

Remember, you save at least \$2.15 on this offer. But you must act at once. Mail the coupon today—while this splendid opportunity is before you. Modern Research Society, Dept. C-2512, 43 West 16th St., New York.

This Coupon is Worth \$215 at Least

Modern Research Society,

Dept. C-2512, 43 W. 16th St., New York, N. Y.

Without money in advance send me the Vaco Reducing Cup. The six books on "How to Reduce" are to be included free. I will pay the postman only \$3.85 (plus few cents postage) in full payment on arrival, with the understanding that I have the guaranteed privilege of returning the Cup and having my money promptly refunded after five days, if I am not delighted with results. As the free books are valuable, I agree to return them with the Cup if for any reason I do not find the Cup highly satisfactory.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Astonishing Results Obtained by Thousands

"Loses 26 Pounds."

"Before using the Vaco Cup I weighed 167 pounds. The first five days I lost 2 pounds. Today I weigh 141 pounds. I am very much pleased to see a reduction of 26 pounds in only a few weeks." Miss F. H.

"Would Not Part With Vaco Cup For Any Money."

"I am more than pleased with my reducing cup, and am reducing rapidly and feeling much better. I would not part with my cup for any money, if I could not obtain another." Mrs. C. H. B.

"Loses 4 Pounds in 6 Days."

"I have lost 4 pounds in the last 6 days. I feel much healthier and can stand long marches and perform other duties without the least exertion." Mr. T. H. C.

"Loses Inch From Thighs in Few Days."

"Using the cup three minutes in the morning and evening on each thigh, by the tape measure I have lost one inch in only a few days' time." Customer No. 1008.

Note: In deference to the men and women whose statements are reproduced above, we have omitted their names and addresses. However, their letters, together with hundreds of others, are in our files and names and addresses will be furnished on request.

Is Beauty Skin Deep?

Perhaps. But the roots of the hairs which mar your beauty are hidden below the surface of the skin. Why dally with ineffective depilatories? They merely burn away surface hair and leave the roots to thrive, thus tending to promote heavier and more ugly growths. You have at your command an absolutely certain method for destroying the growth by easily, quickly and painlessly removing the roots. ZIP has solved the problem of unwanted hair for all time. It is known the world over.

Don't miss this opportunity. Write today. Use the coupon below and get absolutely FREE a copy of my 24 page book: "Beauty's Greatest Secret" which also explains the three types of superfluous hair. I shall also send you a liberal sample of my Massage Cream. When in New York call at my Salon to have FREE DEMONSTRATION.

AT ALL GOOD STORES



Madame Beville
Specialist

ZIP
IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Mme. 152 5th St., Berke
Dept. 332 (40 St.) New York

Please send me your FREE Book "Beauty's Greatest Secret" also free sample of your Massage Cream guaranteed not to grow hair.

Name _____
Address _____
City and State _____

THE LITTLE SHOE

has a message for you.

See page 136



YOU can now wear and own a really fine strand of genuine French Priscilla PEARLS

for only \$1.00 DOWN

Here's an opportunity to wear for only \$1 a beautiful strand of pearls which sells in our own retail store for \$20. Our liberal plan makes it possible for you to easily possess them or give them as a Christmas Gift.

Thousands of women have often wished they could afford beautiful pearls like these and here is your opportunity to get them on terms to fit your pocketbook. These indestructible, iridescent Priscilla Pearls are worn by the leaders of society and famous screen stars. They are sure to prove a charming adornment to those seeking appearance comparable to New York's so-called "Four Hundred."

As an added feature they are made with a patented safety clasp of sterling silver, and are encased in a beautiful velvet box. These rare Priscilla Pearls can only be bought from us. Order a strand of these genuine French Priscilla Pearls from us today. You will be a sensation among your acquaintances.

HOW TO ORDER

Pin a dollar bill to your name and address and mail to us. Your pearls will be delivered by return mail.

When postman brings these charming 24 inch pearls to your door, pay him only \$1.00 and the pearls are yours to wear. Then send us \$1.00 a week for 10 weeks and these valuable pearls are your property.

H. A. E. BROUT COMPANY
1757 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK CITY
Established 1901

GUARANTEE

Every individual pearl on this strand is guaranteed for 20 years against breaking, discoloring or losing their beauty. If not money back. We will also re-set in them FREE anytime while in use year.

ery," Jack called through the tube when they were safe within.

In a few minutes they were again in the midst of their childhood's world, and leaving the taxi, they strolled along arm in arm while the years seemed to fall from their young shoulders and once again they lived over the old sensations.

At last they stopped beneath the awning of a pawnshop whither Vivian had led Jack, making him promise to look in the windows on the way. "Now, turn," she said; and as they both wheeled about, they saw across the street the old familiar illumination. Other signs had come to the Bowery in the years that had passed, but the one that held their excited attention seemed more beautiful than all the rest. "Just think, Jack, the pig has never to this day caught the bean. Look at him go. Only I don't believe he runs as fast as he used to."

Crossing over, Vivian was delighted to see that the day's "specials" were still lettered on the windows. "But Jack, things are certainly changing. Just look at those prices. Beef stew thirty cents! Heavens, and it used to be only fifteen!"

As the Pork and Beanery "caught the swell trade of the Bowery," it was no wonder that Vivian and Jack should make their entrance quite unobserved. Dressed in a tan tailored suit and a small, trim hat, Vivian's very size could hardly attract competitive attention, whereas Jack in his well-known power of self-effacement was always so well dressed that one could never remember what he had on.

"Oh, Jack," bubbled Vivian, "it's just the same—only perhaps a little mellow. Let's take our places in the line and get some of the good old beans."

THEY joined the long queue that formed down the north wall, acting like two school children waiting for Santa Claus to give them each an orange and a cornucopia. But however remote the place, and however careful one is not to face the crowd, there is always some one who will recognize a celebrity. And so it was that two girls, reading a movie magazine at a near-by table, glanced up at the petite blonde in the tan suit, and then at each other. "Why, there's Vivian Vane!" they both exclaimed at once.

The exciting news was soon telegraphed about the Beanery, and Vivian suddenly saw that every patron of the place was gazing at her. Her quick embarrassment betrayed the truth, and in less than a moment the young girl was surrounded by an eager crowd each wishing to shake her hand. "Oh, we read about you in the papers. And so this is Mr. Morse! Hello, Jack, old top, howja do it?"

Knowing Dorgan's penchant for celebrities, some one notified the proprietor, and he was on the spot in an instant taking proprietorial possession of his distinguished guests. "Call Schnitty," he said to a waitress standing on the outskirts of the crowd.

Would they pose for their pictures? Certainly—she did little else, Vivian laughingly assured him, and in less than a minute the tableau was arranged and the flash went off, showing the bride and groom standing by the bean-pot, with

Don't neglect a Cold

Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster but none of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and without the blister.

At the first sneeze or sniffle take down the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

Order Musterole today from your druggist. 35c and 65c in jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



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By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 87 styles of Blues, 150 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Solos, including Ear Playing. A box of REAL Jazz 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer Waterman Piano School 256 Superior Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

STOLEN! MY PHOTOPLAY IDEA

Original plots are worth money and should be protected by copyright before being offered for sale. We furnish copyright protection for scenarios, ideas, stories, by publication in our monthly magazine which is sent to all studios. Advice free. Submit your story. Address: UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION, 980 Western Mutual Life Bldg. Los Angeles, California. Send for free sample copy. Publishers SCENARIO BULLETIN-DIBEST

Cuticura Soap —The Safety Razor— Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 3218 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS: \$6 PER DAY AND UP

Selling concentrated, non-ascorbic food flavors. Always fresh. Put up in collapsible tubes. Ten times the strength of bottled flavors. Guaranteed under U. S. pure food laws. All flavors. Sells in every home. Used every day. Not sold in stores. Big demand. Big repeat. 100% profit.

Men or Women can make big money. Start sold over \$500 in one month. You will find this a big, easy seller and a sure repeater. Most satisfy customers or money back. Write for territory and sample outfit. Get a big line of customers. Get repeat orders every month and have a steady income. Write quick.

American Products Co.
7355 A Marine Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



NERVE EXHAUSTION

*How We Become
Shell-Shocked in
Every-Day Life*

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

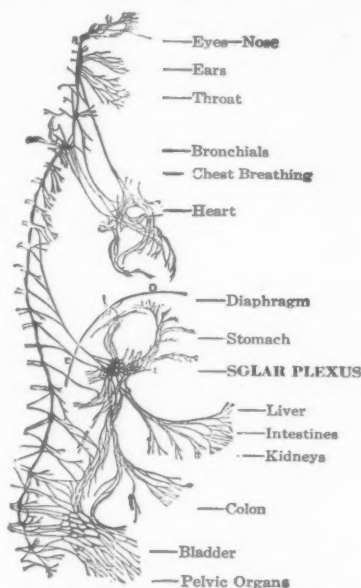
One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion; constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibres in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of today, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food, and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from everyday Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book, "Nerve Force," solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have.

Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all the other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet Prevention of Colds.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet Prevention of Colds will be sent Free upon receipt of 25c with the book Nerve Force. You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books. Address:

PAUL von BOECKMANN

Studio 481, 110 West 40th St., New York



You Too Can Now Have Glorious Wavy Hair!

New Liquid Discovery Quickly Gives
You a Wealth of Soft, Glistening
Curly Hair

No longer need you envy the girl with beautiful wavy hair. For beauty experts have at last found a new, harmless liquid which gives even the most stubborn hair a wonderfully natural waviness and curliness. This new liquid makes your hair fall in soft, fluffy waves and silky curls. It adds a wonderful new charm, youthfulness and beauty to your appearance. No fuss—no bother. Simply moisten the hair with a few drops of this wonderful new liquid called Domino Curling Fluid. One application will keep your hair wavy and in curl usually for a week or more. Why ruin your hair with hot irons, or pay big fees to hair dressers? Try this new, harmless method, and see if your friends aren't amazed at the wonderful improvement in your appearance.

Send No Money

The regular price of Domino Curling Fluid is \$2.50 a bottle. But on this special introductory offer we will send you a full size bottle for only \$1.45, plus a few cents postage. Send no money—just the coupon. Pay the postman on arrival. Then if not perfectly satisfied with results simply return it and your money will be instantly refunded. Mail coupon now, before this special offer is withdrawn.



Domino House, 269 S. Ninth St.,
Dept. C-27C, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me one \$2.50 bottle of Domino Curling Fluid. When the postman hands it to me, I will pay him only \$1.45 plus a few cents postage (in full payment). If for any reason I am not satisfied I will return it within five days and you agree to promptly refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you wish, you may send cash with coupon and save the postage. Price outside U. S. \$1.60 cash with order.

Dorgan smiling beside the white-capped dealer on the platform behind them. As the flash died out, the crowd burst into cheers.

Instantly Vivian's dramatic sense of situation took possession of her, and forgetting all caution, she stepped up behind the rail, slipped on the cap and apron of the serving girl, and seizing the ladle, called out:

"Step right up, boys—a thousand for a dime. Hot, hot, hot, see 'em steam! Ho, there's a black one for luck. What's that? No, you can't beat the good old bean. What makes the Boston boys so smart, folks? It's beans, beans, beans. Boys, there's brains in every bean, and a thousand for a dime!"

If Vivian Vane had hitherto lacked admirers on the Bowery, she won them all at that moment. Pandemonium broke loose, and every diner in the place joined in the line that was being served by America's great film queen.

"Well, it takes an actress to show some of these here dolls their own business; listen to that patter, will you?"

"Why, say, she's a scream, aint she?"

"And pipe the way she handles the ladle."

"Say, Gert, watch 'er, and get a little o' that Fifth Avenue technic into your wrist."

"I don't care if she makes two million a year—she's some goil."

But there was one person in that noisy room who was strangely puzzled. Dorgan, standing beside the pot, attempted to talk to the proud young husband, but hearing that familiar monologue, he could stand it no longer, and while Vivian was in the act of serving the next customer, he edged over beside her.

"There was only one girl in the world who could patter that way," he whispered, "and her name was Tessie Boggs." He looked her squarely in the eyes.

"Sh-h-h, Pop, not now. Later on," she whispered back, patting his arm. And Dorgan closed his eyes, and rocking himself on his toes, smiled.

"NOW for a little visit in your office."

He said Vivian as the last happy diner had his plate filled, and before the hilarious patrons knew what was happening, she and Jack had disappeared into the protecting walls of Dorgan's sanctum.

"God, Tessie, how did you do it? Why, I aint begun to get it clear yet. This'll be a wonderful ad' for the Beanery." Dorgan's muddled volubility was cut short.

"Pop, you mustn't tell—at least not now. If you promise, I'll do something for you later on that will boost the old Beanery more yet. And now tell me: have you ever heard anything of Kitty?"

Dorgan nodded over his shoulder.

"She's here?" exclaimed Vivian, shocked and surprised.

"Yes, she's been here, goin' on four years. She's in charge of the kitchen. She didn't make out very well in the pictures, I guess, or somethin' happened, but—"

"Send for her, Pop. And you and Jack step into that other room so I can see her alone."

When Kitty, fat, faded and looking forty, stood in the doorway, she was



Learn by Mail to Play Your Favorite Instrument

Of all the arts, music has the widest popular appeal. You hear orchestras, bands, singers, instrumental soloists everywhere you go—at dances, in theaters, hotels, amusement parks, etc. There has never been such a great demand for musicians as now. Play any instrument and the way is open to you for earning big money.

The University Extension Conservatory now places at your disposal the teaching experience of some of the greatest Master Musicians of both America and Europe—teachers that are no less than marvelous in their simplicity and thoroughness, leading you from the first rudiments of music to a complete mastery of your favorite instrument. Endorsed by Paderewski. You are taught and coached every step of the way by the individual instruction of a specialist.

What Instrument Interests You?

Write, telling us the course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo or Reed Organ—and we will send our Free Catalog together with proof of how others, both beginners and those more or less advanced in music, have made wonderful headway under our instruction methods.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
706 Siegel-Myers Building, Chicago, Ill.

Whose Fault When Children Disobey?

Often the fault of the parent's method of correction! Willfulness, untidiness and other dangerous habits, if not properly remedied, lead to serious consequences. Now, for the first time, a scientific system in child training corrects the cause of these habits. Endorsed by leading educators. Covers all ages. FREE BOOK—"New Methods in Child Training" describes system and the Parents Assn.—an organization of 50,000 parents. Write for your copy.

PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Dept. 2612, Pleasant Hill, O.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 1 1/2 carat, ring set with a 1/2 carat Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box, postage paid. Pay postmaster \$1.49 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond, return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 178
MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

Here's a Prescription for Coughs

For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds

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make most acceptable, useful
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Los Angeles Cal. Branford, Ont.





"Madame takes her daily clay bath, in her easy chair, and—

Do You Clay Your Face?

America's Loveliest Women Do!

By MARTHA RYERSON

WHEN I WENT abroad I little expected to uncover a secret that would bring any woman new beauty in a new way. Nor did I dream that the discovery would, in six months, have all America claying!

"I went away a slave to complexion cosmetics that all but filled a travel-case. I returned without them—and without the need for them. A wonderful clay peculiar to a certain section of sunny Wales removed every blemish my skin had known—in exactly forty minutes. I shall never forget the afternoon I first clayed. A maiden of the hills persuaded me to try it. I did so out of politeness, but the miracle performed left me fairly speechless. Impurities nothing had ever hidden, were gone! Pores I had always powdered with such care were not to be seen! Color I had never hoped for, appeared—and stayed!

"One look, and father was an eager listener to the story. Together we returned to the tiny stream where Nature had deposited this marvelous clay. His knowledge of chemistry eventually made it possible to preserve its full beauty power and carry some back to America, where it brought the same remarkable results on every type of skin we tried. The story was printed, and father's laboratory soon resembled a post-office; letters asking for the English clay poured in from every state. Just one clay bath and the skin was always cleared—was it any wonder the clay bath

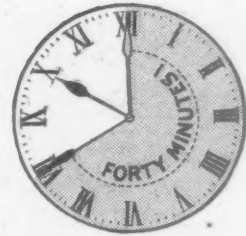
was soon a fashionable furore? Four additional shipments were received and distributed, and still the letters of application piled up. Arrival of a fresh supply now bids fair to fill enough jars that all may have one who request it.

How to Clay

"I guess most women have tried a facial clay of some sort. Years ago I used a domestic clay that often had a good effect for an hour or two. But this natural English clay is a permanent that flushes out the whole skin structure and practically makes it over. Its application twice a week keeps complexions positively blooming. You may think you will wish to add an artificial touch to the result, but you will find there is nothing lacking and nothing to add.

"The whole secret is in the clay itself. Get this particular clay and your complexion troubles are over. Spread it on face and neck; slip into your easy chair; in forty minutes you wipe away every impurity that was buried in your skin, and your face looks and feels a dozen years younger!

"I trust it won't be long before every woman in the land knows that complexion ills melt away at a single application of this natural English clay. It is not just a fad, nor a vogue; claying is a hygienic habit that makes a new skin. No woman is without need of claying if past twenty—or will ever look her best until she does."



—even madame's maid must remark the astonishing result!"

Only \$1.87

for Two Months' Supply of the Genuine
ENGLISH Complexion Clay!

Miss Ryerson's story is published at this time because a new importation of the English clay has arrived and makes it possible to resume general distribution. This is the largest quantity yet obtained and should allow one jar to everyone making prompt response to this offer.

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trembling all over, and she could not look up.

"Why, Kitty, what's the matter?" asked Vivian as she ran toward her.

"Oh, I knew it was you," the poor creature sniffed, her lips quivering. "Driver came in here awhile back and showed me some pitchers of you. He wasn't sure you were them, and he ast me. I saw right away they was you, but I never let on. I knew he was up to somethin'. But I didn't think you'd ever want to see me again—after what I done. You don't know how sorry I've been, Tess. All these years I've been goin' to your pitchers and thinkin'!"

"You poor dear girl!" exclaimed Vivian, throwing her arms about her old chum. "Let's forget all that miserable stuff." And through their tears, they made plans for the future.

In the other room Jack and Dorgan waited impatiently.

"How long have you known Tessie, Mr. Morse?" asked the proprietor after some fencing.

"Six or seven years."

"Before she went into pictures?"

"Yes."

"Why, she was workin' here then."

"Yes, I met her in here."

"In the Beanery!"

"I was living in New York then, and one night I just happened in and met her. Curiously enough, nothing further developed from the accidental meeting until years afterward in California."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Dorgan, "if this aint a funny little world."

Just then the door opened, and the girls walked in with their arms around each other's waists, and though their eyes were wet, their faces were smiling.

"Kitty's going back with me to California, Pop. If she's under obligations to you, Jack—Mr. Morse will arrange it satisfactorily tomorrow morning. We must go now."

Once inside the taxi on the homeward trip, Vivian was very thoughtful. "Kitty was badly treated by the gods, Jack. The poor girl couldn't help it, of course, but she had no character—just good looks; and you can see what has become of

them. But she's awfully happy. I'm going to take her back with us. I've told her she will be in the wardrobe department, and she can wallow in pretty clothes to her heart's content."

CAME Monday night, and the farewell dinner at the Riverside home of William T. Morse. Despite the banter, it was plain to be seen that Ben McGowan had something on his chest. At last it came:

"Vivian, Bess and I have been talking things over with your Uncle Bill here, and we're all of the opinion that the real story of your life is so much better than my poor feeble publicity stuff that we ought to release the true tale authoritatively."

"But don't you think you ought to consult the hero?"

"How about it, Jack?"—this from McGowan.

"I should be proud to be part of such a story," he answered gallantly, "if Uncle Bill doesn't object."

"And as far as I'm concerned," put in the well-known stock-exchange member, "I'm tickled to death to have married into the Morsowskis and Boggsses. That makes three families, at least, who didn't come in the Mayflower. How about your ancestors, McGowan?"

"Oh, they came over the same way yours did, and so did Bess."

"Then why should we Sons and Daughters of the Steerage not be proud to give publicity to such a story as Vivian's and Jack's? Why—"

"But the question is: how shall we do it?" asked McGowan with his usual singleness of purpose.

"I have it," answered Vivian, clapping her hands. "You know Rob Wagner? Well, Rob said to me three years ago: 'Vivian, you've got a corking story inside of you, and if you ever decide to make it known, you must let me tell it.' Rob likes me, and I'm sure he would make me out lots nicer than I am."

"He couldn't!" exploded the boy who was holding her hand under the table.

And that, kind reader, is the way it all came about.

THE END

THREE LINKS AND A DINGER

(Continued from page 85)

the rest of us wearing ferocious scowls. We wept to think of the horrors we had endured. Three Links and a Dinger became a sacred emblem.

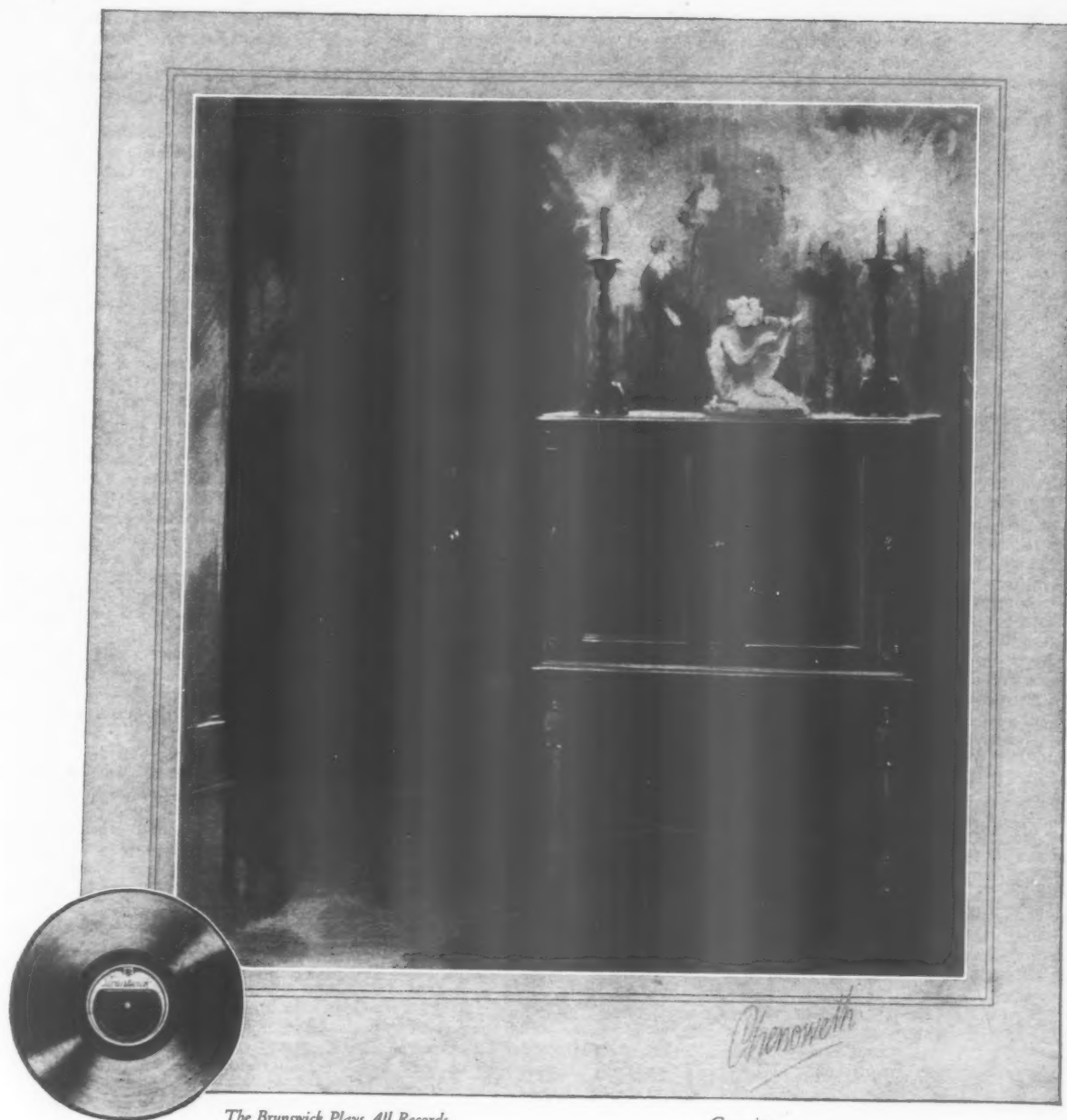
Our grief and rage were complicated now by frightful news. The Caravanchel had no more champagne on ice. Would we have anything else? Think of it. Anything else!

We rose, hurt to the soul; and lock-step, hands on shoulders, we bore our sorrows to the rival hostelry, the California. The more thoughtful of us escorted bottles by the necks—not iced, but some provision against the dangers of thirst while crossing the arid plaza. "Pués'n! Pués'n! Pués'n! puos pués'n!"

The street was full of the big hats and sandaled feet of the common herd;

the Sunday-morning parade of the élite drifted about the plaza. They gave way hastily before us, and then laughed and cheered. They did not understand our strange chant, but they were well acquainted with the use of bottles; they had a kindly feeling for the American dollars we brought to Quetzal, and they saw Mike Alvarez marching proudly in our van. "Vivan los Puros Pués'n!" they cried. "Vivan los Puros Pués'n!"

Sam Kee, the urbane, saw that purposeful column bearing down upon the California and sent out for more ice. Did you ever drink champagne with ice in it? No matter: the thing, the heart-rending thing, was that seven of us, pués'n! had spent the night in durance vile. That memory would not drown.



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the supreme musical qualities which have made Brunswick conspicuously the choice of foremost composers, critics and artists, internationally. Now exhibited by Brunswick dealers everywhere, along with many other equally effective designs; period, console and cabinet.

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BRUNSWICK

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

My impression is that our deliberations were moody and silent, but doubtless we made more or less audible sounds. At any rate the *portales* outside filled rapidly with big hats and interested eyes; and through these suddenly strode the ruthless and forbidding figure of the comandante. Armed to the teeth he was, a revolver at either hip, crossed cartridge-belts bristling; he stood, arms folded, glowering.

"Disperse!" he said.

In a certain kind of hush we got to our feet. Directly before the comandante rose up Peaceful Palmer, a round-headed youth with a pair of freckled fists and rage in his heart.

"I'll disperse," said he. "Watch me!"

But the comandante did not await a practical demonstration. Being a reasonable man, he understood that we needed room in which to disperse; and he gave us room. He gave us all the room there was. His horse stood at the curb; and the big hats in the street had much ado to avoid being ridden down as he departed. Seldom does your man-killer cherish any real ambition to be killed himself.

Breathing loudly, panting for other representatives of the Law to conquer, we halted, milling about in the *portal*.

From the street rose a startling clamor of cheers; brown hands shot up, brandishing cards that we recognized—a score, fifty of them. The photographer, with rare presence of mind, had coined a pretty penny that day.

PEACEFUL'S blood was up. He spied a policeman hovering apprehensively at the corner and struggled toward him, bawling: "*Abajo el Gobierno! Down with the Government!*"

The policeman would have emulated his chief, giving us much room, but he was handicapped; he had no horse; he was hemmed in—hemmed in by big hats and threatening fists brandishing cards. He threw down his club and revolver, showing empty hands.

"I am not of those," he cried virtuously. "I am with you. *Abajo la inquisición!*"

Down with the Inquisition! What inquisition?

Exhilarated by his sudden prominence, the gendarme snatched a card from a convenient hand. "See!" he shrieked. "These señores *Americanos* are our friends, and see how the Government treats them. Torture! It is so that prisoners are ever treated—your fathers, your brothers! But the *Americanos* are strong. They will not endure it. Liberty! Down with the Government!"

Strong? The word described us exactly. We felt strong. We yearned for an army to confront us, so that we might avenge the wrongs we had suffered. Was it not pictured there? Hop White spread-eagled upon the bars, his face contorted with what was doubtless agony. Poor Hop! We nudged him violently in the ribs and swore to avenge him.

"Down with the Government!" we roared, and rushed whooping into the plaza—supplementing the noise of lungs with revolvers banged ferociously into the air. "Down with the—"

ROUND the corner of the plaza jogged a stolid gray-bearded figure on horseback. Before us he paused, lifting a hand; and before the authority of that gesture a momentary quiet fell.

"Boys," he said in that thin, carrying voice of his, "go easy, or you'll break somethin'. It's all right to have a little toot to while the time away, but this here down-with-the-Government business is liable to start somethin' you can't stop."

"You started it yourself, Uncle Joe," yelled Jimmy Siever. "Got us pinched, didn't yuh?"

"I did," said old man Hampson, fishing out his plug of the soothing weed and biting off a large cud. "I same as told you I would."

"Well, look at this!" Hop White thrust a card under his nose. "Looky here what they done to me!"

"Huh?" said the old man, peering. "Hop, did they string you up that-away?"

"That's nothin' to what they do to some o' their prisoners," said Hop pathetically. "You know it. You've heard."

I grunted—not loudly, but painfully. Schuyler had given me a delighted dig in the ribs that all but paralyzed me. It was not necessary for me to counterfeit anguish as I caught my cue—taking off my hat and mutely allowing the old man's eyes to rest on a slight but authentic clot of blood in my hair.

But it was Schuyler himself who clinched the dramatic moment. "Mr. Hampson," he cried, his voice quivering with emotion, "we aren't blaming you. You didn't think they'd dare treat us this way. Look!" He snatched off his hat, baring that vertical gash in his forehead. "Think of all the poor devils that have fallen into their hands! We'll teach them how to treat Americans!"

He caught his breath with a realistic sob and threw both arms into the air. "*Abajo el Gobierno!*" he trumpeted, drawing out the syllables in a long, passionate howl; and the mob answered him. They had seen us confer with our chief, and they had heard the decision.

It was no longer possible to hear, but I made out Schuyler's voice shrilling in my ear: "Teach Uncle Joe a lesson too!" I saw the old man's face harden, and his lips move. "Wait till I see that durned President!" I think he said.

It must have been something about the President, for the clamor of voices took it up. "Down with the President! Death to the President!"

"Keg," shrieked Hop White, "I feel awful weak, don't you? We're liable to faint right here in the street 'less'n somebody buys a drink, *pués'n!*"

We leaned limply upon each other, trying to look pale and emaciated; but heavy hands fell on our shoulders, heavy boots kicked ours into motion. "*Pués'n! Pués'n! Pués'n puros pués'n!*" Lockstep, hands on shoulders, we plowed along in Uncle Joe's wake. We had no time to laugh; we were going to interview the President. Down the street jogged that stolid gray-bearded figure, and now beside him paced a white horse that danced with excitement, a horseman splendid with white linen and the

snowy straw of Jipi Japa. This was one lark Mike Alvarez would not miss.

"*Viva Miguel Alvarez!*"

He rose in his stirrups, dark face glowing, white teeth flashing, aflame with fervor and champagne, and swept that snowy and priceless hat before him in a gesture of magnificence.

"To the Residence!" he cried.

The sun was hot. Step by step we were leaving the iced-drink belt behind, but we plodded on. Would we teach Uncle Joe to interfere with our innocent diversions? *Seguro, Miguel*, we would! Still, the sun was hot. I did not feel so marvelously strong; a nameless misgiving seized me.

Mysteriously in the crowd appeared other horsemen, grave, weather-beaten men who seemed all eyes, watchful, as if they had materialized from thin air, and riding ready to dematerialize at a moment's notice. I caught a murmured name, and it was the name of my misgiving. El Chato Moreno! "*El Chato*" means "The Pug-nosed One," but in Quetzal its translation was *Trouble*. This was a silly commotion we had started!

Something was happening at the head of the procession. It came to us guiltily that we had got Uncle Joe into this, and he was up there alone. Frantically we struggled up to see, stemming with great labor the tide of those who struggled back to avoid being seen.

"You cannot see the President!" said a loud voice.

ACROSS the entrance to the grounds of the Residence stood a scanty and apprehensive score of soldiers with fixed bayonets; and behind them—behind, mind you, not before—one in the uniform of captain, trying to look arrogant. But it was not in his blood to be arrogant before an Alvarez.

"*Capitán*," said Mike, himself arrogant without trying, "command your men to stand aside. A great wrong has been done to friends of mine, and we will see the President."

The captain cast one glance down the street toward the barracks a mile away, and saw no dust of reinforcements. He cast another at the dashing Miguel, the grim graybeard Hampson, and saw behind them two-score burly foreigners closing in—flannel-shirted, heavy-booted, wearing, most of them, a large revolver strapped at corduroy hip; behind these, those wary, silent horsemen from the hills; and yet behind, an endless bobbing throng of big hats whence proceeded a mutter like the seething of sullen waters.

"Go git 'im, Uncle Joe," yelled Regan suddenly. "Don't you let no Spiggotty tell you you can't play in his front yard!"

"Let's go, Mike," said Uncle Joe, and Mike sang out his gay shibboleth:

"*Seguro, Miguel!*"

The captain was a man of judgment. He barked a hasty order, and the bayonets moved aside. He shrugged his shoulders, watching Mike and Uncle Joe ride through, and lighted a cigarette.

Under the hot sun our high spirits had dulled considerably. It seemed no part of humor to allow these human cattle to trample that sweet, orderly lawn, to



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* * *

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This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

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TRADE  MARK

wreck that peaceful shrubbery. We appealed to the captain, but he shrugged his shoulders again.

"What does it matter?" he said.

We strove ourselves with voice and shoulder against that sweating welter. A horse breathed moistly, hotly, in my face. I snatched at the bridle.

"What is this, young man!" roared a voice of wrath.

"*Capitán!*" I cried with the diplomacy of desperation, recognizing that broad face with its unmajestic nose. "Hold these people here! They will obey you and your men. Don Miguel Alvarez speaks for us all!"

"Eh?" said the Pug-nosed One. "Ah!"

Importance bloomed on that broad face. He whirled in his saddle, holding his rifle above his head. "*Alto!*" he roared. "Stay where you are! It is El Chato Moreno who speaks!" He gazed down at me complacently, twirling his scanty mustache. "You see?" said he. "A word from me—"

We abandoned police duty, casting our groggy frames upon the grass. Ah, but the sun was hot and the shade was grateful! This was a witless joke; we would be glad when it was over.

Down the drive passed a white whirlwind on hoofs, a nimble thing that leaped the prostrate and startled form of Regan and raced thudding across the grass. Near the great iron fence stood a round stone turret like a band-stand, and up its winding steps clambered those nimble hoofs. That horse of Miguel's could do anything but speak.

A spectacular figure Mike made there, sitting his white horse high above the crowd—hatless, statuesque, smiling—arms spread wide in acknowledgment of the roar that greeted his appearance. He held the pose until the roar began to die, and then with an upflung hand dropped silence on them. No breath of air stirred under that hot sun, but you could hear a sound like the ceaseless rustle of wind in trees. That was the breathing of a far-flung sea of big hats, the shuffle of sandaled feet on cobblestones.

"Friends," he said, and his voice rang high and unfamiliar in that hot silence, "hear me! The President is gone. The memory of his crimes has made him afraid, and he has fled before his people. *Viva el pueblo de Quetzal!*"

HE sat there, smiling, while a storm of sound swept the big hats aflutter like dry leaves dancing on the wind. It was themselves, the people, that they cheered; and the people of Quetzal esteem The People no less than their northern neighbors. More! And any president, you know, who holds office longer than six months is a tyrant and oppressor. Fernandez del Valle, the Old Fox, had been president sixteen years; but they had moved too swiftly for him this time!

"Shall he return?" cried Mike, and loosed the storm again. *Jamás* is a more final word than *never*. It means *never, not any more forever*.

Up the winding steps went now a stocky figure in the short jacket and tight trousers of a horseman from the hills. The sure instinct for the theatrical in Quetzal is not confined to the great

Alvarez family; it inspires its humble Morenos too. El Chato knew a big moment when he saw one. The President was gone. There was, doubtless, a vice-president; but in Quetzal nothing so tame is to be considered. Beside the white horse emerged El Chato, brandishing his rifle in patriotic frenzy.

"*Viva Miguel Alvarez!*" he roared.

Miguel Alvarez, friend of all the world! The thunder of that cheer rolled down the street and back again. The hats flew; the thin note of feminine shrieks pierced the din, acclaiming our Mike.

"My word!" howled Schuyler, rolling on the grass. "I shall tell my grandchildren about it. I knew Mike Alvarez when he didn't know a straight flush was worth a bet, and now look at him!"

The cheering was muffled suddenly. At yonder edge of the multitude it died first, snuffed out; and even as the uproar had rolled up the street, now the blank silence of consternation rolled after it. I climbed upon the fence and caught the glitter of sunlight on five hundred flickering sabers. Panic muttered in the crowd.

BUT the high voice of Miguel Alvarez was sounding again.

"General Castiello," he cried. "Alfredol!"

"What is this, Miguelito?" came back a voice from the head of the column of cavalry. "Hast thou turned revolutionist in thy old age?"

"General Castiello," cried Mike, "the people have acclaimed me President. Art thou with us, or against us?"

Beside him El Chato lifted a dramatic hand, restraining the thousands that were presumably quivering for combat. No answer came.

Then at the gate emerged from the crowd a splendid and martial figure, gorgeous with braid and ropes of gilt, heroic in tall plumed helmet and jingling spurs and bearing a naked sword. On foot he proceeded across the grass and up the steps. "Come down, Miguelito," he cried as he went, "that I may embrace thee!"

But at the head of the steps he drew himself up, took his saber by the tip and flipped it across his arm, presenting it to Miguel. As solemnly, Miguel returned it.

A vast exaltation sat upon Quetzal. Noble figures, those, President Alvarez and the General of his army. But beside them stood a third, forgotten figure, the humble Moreno, his big moment gone. Bud Regan saw him; and perhaps because Bud was of the stuff of which the Chatos of all countries are made, he was moved in his behalf.

"Mike," he shouted, "what about El Chato? He's a good guy!"

Now, in the first five minutes of his reign, Mike showed his statesmanship.

"Chato Moreno," he cried, "let the people hear your answer! You have never been an enemy of the public, only of the administration that has ceased to be. Will you accept a commission as Colonel of the Rural Police?"

El Chato fidgeted with his hat, and we thought he debated the question. But he was only seeking words, words fitting the solemnity of the occasion. His eyes flitted over his men sitting watchful

in the crowd; and then he threw up his head and roared out his answer:

"*Seguro, Miguel!*" he said.

AH, that Monday! I say, that Monday; for my memory of the rest of Sunday is too kaleidoscopic to relate. There had been, strictly speaking, seven of the genuine *Puros Pués'n*; but an engineer's chain has more than twenty-one links, and any smith can make a dinger. Even today, should you need a bridge built or a railroad laid out, you may chance upon one who wears Three Links and a Dinger. Address him respectfully, for he has made a president. If the number is 6, you look upon myself, Keg Henderson. If it is 24, that is Shirtless Walker; and so on up to 43, which it wont be because—though this was a dozen years ago—Mike Alvarez is still President of Quetzal.

But ah, that Monday! It came to us that perhaps old man Joe Hampson was right. When you are convinced that your arms are by no means long enough to reach the top of your head, a head in which there jolts a loose and tender lump that was once your snugly fitting brain; when building a railroad becomes a business devised for the punishment of wicked souls under a sun that blazes hotter every hour and forgets to go down, there may be something wrong with the way you spend your Sundays.

This virtuous doubt still seemed plausible on Tuesday; but on Wednesday we began feebly to chuckle. On Thursday we roared the joke up embankments and down tunnels; and when the night of Saturday had fallen—oh, Quetzal, what a gathering of the clans was there! Our Mike was the Boy with the Fuzzy Whiskers now, and the horse would walk high, wide and handsome!

In the dining-room of the Caravanchel we saw old man Hampson, and we grinned disrespectfully and spoke hilarious words. Uncle Joe returned our greetings with dignified melancholy. *Pués'n! Pués'n! Pués'n puros pués'n!* Lock-step, hands on shoulders, we weaved into the bar and back again.

Came Mike himself, clad in statesman-like black; and we acclaimed him. Standing a little apart, he bowed.

"Gent-li-men," he said, "I thank you!"

"Cheese it, Mike," we bade him in the formal manner proper in addressing presidents. "Come and have a drink, and your face wont hurt you so much. There's a li'l game on after supper, and you want your socks sewed on tight."

Mike smiled gently on us. "Gambling," he said distinctly, "is es-strictly proheebited."

We roared appreciation. Not yet did we grasp the awful truth. Even as we roared, he bowed again and turned a beautifully tailored but somber back upon us, and took the vacant chair at Uncle Joe's table. Casually Uncle Joe turned and met our concerted—and disconcerted—gaze.

Slowly, impressively, cruelly, his left eyelid closed.

In an early number the redoubtable Keg Henderson, railroad-builder in Central America, will tell the dire tale of "Pure Reason Higgs," a stalwart of that hobnailed band.



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Many a girl is brilliant and interesting without being popular simply because she seems to lack personal charm. A good complexion would make this same girl really pretty and as much admired as more beautiful girl friends.

For every woman passes as pretty if only her skin is fresh, smooth and young. It is within the power of every woman to possess this attraction—to make her complexion as beautiful as she longs for it to be.

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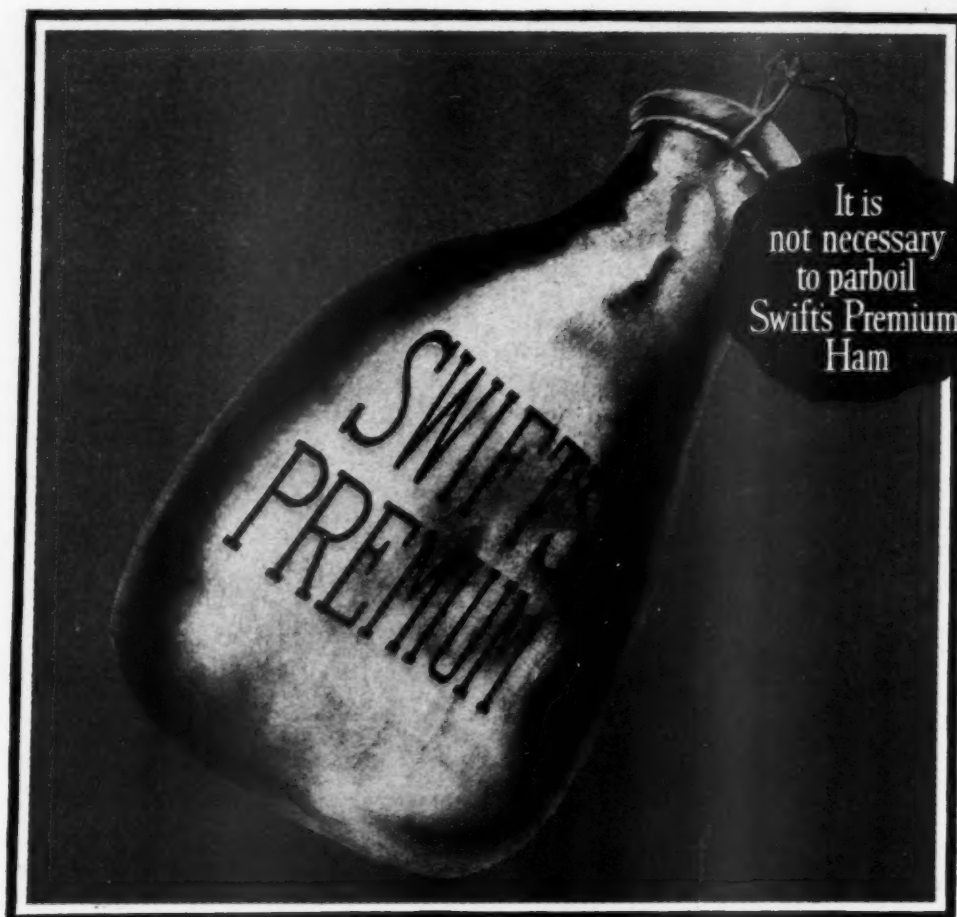
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